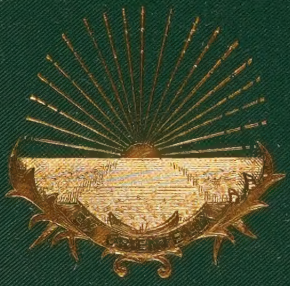

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THE

POETRY OF THE ORIENT.

BY

WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER,

AUTHOR OF "THE FRIENDSHIPS OF WOMEN," "THE GENIUS OF SOLITUDE," "THE DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE."

What precious things I found in Oriental lands,
Returning home, I brought them in my votive hands.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1883.

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FIFTH EDITION, ENLARGED.

CAMBRIDGE:
PRESSWORK BY JOHN WILSON AND SON.

TO

THE DEAR AND PURE MEMORY
OF MY DEAD BOY,

HENRY LODGE ALGER,

WHO LOVED MANY THINGS IN THIS BOOK,

I NOW DEDICATE IT.

40342

PREFACE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

This book, — whose peculiar character and claim have been generously recognized by many choice spirits, — for some time out of print, now wins its way to a fifth edition. The author and editor, separating his own personality and share from the largest part of its contents, feels that the volume contains much, not likely to be found by many readers elsewhere, which is especially fitted to give to a generation absorbed in materialism, toil, strife and doubt, the kind of suggestion and stimulus it most needs. We have too much mechanical labor, routine, outward ambition, sensualism, and frivolity; too little ideal enthusiasm, inward surrender, original sympathy, and spiritual liberty. In the following pages will be found a great many pieces that appeal with singular force and daring to those supreme faculties of faith and reason and imagination, those transcendent forms of meditation, sensibility, and aspiration, without which

all the noblest moral and religious experiences are utterly impossible. A few testimonies to this effect are added here, in the hope of catching the attention of cursory glancers at the volume, who may thus be led to a leisurely discovery of what they would not willingly have missed through haste or contempt. The book is not meant for those who seek amusement in literary dissipation; it is meant for those who seek improvement with delight, and who are capable of appreciating the largest stretches of intelligence and the most exquisite delicacies of sentiment.

James Walker, then President of Harvard University, wrote: "Those who would understand the whole of human nature, and the whole of human experience, will gain much help by reading this book."

George Macdonald, pulling it from his pocket as he stood with the author, before the Staubbach, at Lauterbrunnen, said: "This fascinating and inspiring volume has long been my constant companion, and I have to thank the writer of it for an invaluable benefaction."

Rufus Choate, saying that he had "perused the work with an enjoyment that was vivid, and an edification that was profound," added: "The Orientals are *wonderfully competent to poetry*, abundantly competent to philosophy, fairly competent to science, scarcely competent to virtue, absolutely incompetent to liberty."

John G. Whittier wrote: "I am grateful for this volume of Oriental Poetry. It is full of wisdom and it is full of beauty."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, who had himself ever been an eager searcher after the hidden gems of the Eastern Mind, both in the speculative field and in the imaginative, greeted the first edition with approving interest, writing, "Now that these lustrous jewels are scattered on the pavement, we shall see if people will stoop to pick them up."

Frederic Henry Hedge, in a careful review of the work, used the following words: "To Mr. Alger belongs the praise of being the first American, who, so far as we know, has surveyed the ground embraced in these pages, — certainly the first who has reported the same for the benefit of the American public. He has given us a golden volume, replete with sage thoughts and memorable sayings, — a costly anthology, in which every specimen is either rich or rare. This is no ephemeral production, to be read and done with once for all, but a common-place book of wit and wisdom, to be kept within reach as a constant refreshment and never-failing delight."

Thomas Starr King, in a long and flattering notice of the work on its first appearance, wrote: "This volume will richly repay study to all who can find benefit in change of mental aliment, and who are will-

ing to be led by a scholarly hand through the gorgeous and crowded Athenæum of Eastern Literature."

The writer — arrogating little merit for his personal part in it, fully aware that many things herein are trivial in substance and faulty in form — quotes the above opinions simply to draw wider attention, if possible, to the fact that this introductory collection of specimens of the poetry of the Orient contains much that the Western Mind needs to assimilate, — sentiments unique in tenderness and splendor; thoughts mystic in depth and audacity; expressions surpassingly original in charm and power.

For example: —

The way to God is short when man his sin forsakes:
A single step beyond himself is all it takes.

My heart is rent by separation from my friend;
But God will soon the heart of separation rend.

To what shall I the beauties of the Lord compare?
The day is his sweet face, the night his streaming hair.

For a mirror God maketh each spirit that is,
And confronteth it ever with all that is his;
The amount that it sees makes the sum of its bliss.

PREFACE.

The whole field of Oriental literature, so far as accessible through English, Latin, German, and French translations, has long been with me a favorite province for excursions in such leisure hours as I could command. And during that time I have been in the habit of versifying the brief passages which struck me most forcibly. From the enjoyment these peculiar fragments of meditation and imagery gave me, — from the conviction that others too would enjoy them, — from the difficulty of finding them where they now lie, dispersed and buried amidst repelling masses of dry detail, — and from the expressed desire of several friends, — arose the resolve to venture the present publication.

There seems to me also a striking propriety, and the promise of profit, in bringing to the acquaintance of Americans the most marked mental peculiarities of the Orientals. Must not a spiritual contact between the enterprising young West and the meditative old

East be a source of uncommon stimulus and culture? It is a noble ambition to desire to master all the varieties of lawful human experience; and Oriental poetry offers to our attention fields of thought, modes of feeling, styles of imagination, the most impressively unlike our own. Whoever, born and nurtured in the midst of Western civilization, wishes to understand the whole of human nature and the whole of human consciousness, especially in its more ideal departments, will nowhere else find so much instruction and excitement as in the province to which the present work essays to introduce him.

Many persons seem to think that this region — the poetic literature of the East — is fitted to yield only a barren crop of verbiage, or a tawdry mass of sentimental extravagance. It often has these characteristics. It also possesses all kinds of wealth, in their most exalted degrees, and in their most wonderful profusion. The poetry of the unimaginative Chinese is noticeable for *ethical good sense*, — a wholesome vein of homely truth. Its beat is circumscribed to the ranges of practical experience, neither plunging to metaphysical depths, nor soaring to rapturous heights. The Muse of China is a ground-sparrow. With the Arabs *passion* is carried to its most fiery ecstasies, its most tenacious lengths. Their ideas seem to be transmuted into sensations, rather than their sensations to

be represented in ideas. Imagination itself is heated, vascular, vibrating with the blood. Sanscrit and Hindostanee poetry is characterized, in its most peculiar phases, by an unrivalled *idealization*. Imagination often takes the reins from judgment, and runs riot, and language breaks into a blossoming wilderness of metaphor. But the richness and originality of the result in ideas and emotions, as well as in imagery, are frequently grand and exhilarating. The most distinctive Persian poetry exhibits an exquisite *delicacy of sense* elsewhere unparalleled, a vast and ethereal play of fancy and sentiment, a fetterless jubilancy of reason and faith, the very transcendentalism of wit. All seems strained through the imagination, deprived of grossness, held in solution, ready to dart in electric freedom. The dying Súfi, Mewlana Rumi, says, in anticipation of his funeral, to the friends weeping around him: —

"While your dim eyes but see, through the haze of earth's sadness,
My frame doomed to mix with the mouldering clod,
I am treading the courts of the seventh heaven in gladness,
And basking unveiled in the vision of God."

Where has the divine lesson, "Bless them that injure you," been more charmingly rendered than in the following lines from Hafiz, translated by Sir William Jones?

"Learn from yon Orient shell to love thy foe,
And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe:
Free, like yon rock, from base vindictive pride,
Imblaze with gems the wrist that tears thy side;
Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower
With fruit nectareous or balmy flower.
All nature calls aloud, 'Shall man do less
Than heal the smiter, and the railer bless?'"

The substance of many of the pieces in the ensuing pages, from the great Eastern authors, will be found most surprising. Some pieces will be found merely odd, quaint, grotesque, or bizarre; some are unquestionably trivial; but nearly all, it is hoped, possess, for one reason or other, some peculiarity which lends them a justifying interest, if not value. There is a *naïveté* in the mythological rhetoric of the old Hindu bards mentally provocative in a singular degree. What a glimpse into the pre-historic state and habits of man, in the primeval Aryan world, is opened, when we find, in the Rig Veda, the clouds called cows, the winds calves, and the rain milk! The cow bellows for her calf; that is, the thunder-cloud roars for the wind to draw the rain from its breast! Again, the colors of the spectrum are seven sisters riding together in the chariot of the year, drawn by seven horses. The axle of the chariot is never heated, the nave never worn; its journeying damages not the

four quarters of the horizon; the team never sweats nor snorts, and is unsullied by dust!

The form, also, of Eastern poetry is in many cases very peculiar. The ghazel consists usually of not less than five, or more than fifteen couplets, all with the same rhyme. Here is an imperfect one, translated by Vans Kennedy. In perusing it the reader must know that "cell," in the Súfi dialect, means chapel; "pagans," priests; "wine," Divine love.

"The shade that cypress here bestows, to me 's enough.
The joy that from the goblet flows, to me 's enough.
The cell where pagans wine expose, to me 's enough.
The sign how swift each moment goes, to me 's enough.
If not to you, the joy it shows to me 's enough.
The bliss her converse fond bestows, to me 's enough.
Love sweeter far than angel knows, to me 's enough.
A guileless heart, with verse that glows, to me 's enough."

A divan is a body of ghazels arranged in alphabetical order, according to their isocatalectic letters.

The larger proportion of the specimens given here are faithful representations of Hindu, Persian, and Arab thoughts, sentiments, and fancies, which I have met with in the voluminous records of the different Asiatic Societies, in prose versions from the Vedas and Puránas, and in a thousand scattered sources. Of the rest, the originating hint and impulse alone, or merely the character and style, are Oriental.

I have prefixed to each piece which is strictly a translation the name of the original author, whenever it was known to me. The specimens derived through the German of Herder and of Rückert I am compelled to leave anonymous, as no clew is given to the authors from whom they were derived. I have affixed the letter H. to those drawn from Herder, the letter R. to those drawn from Rückert. All the pieces remaining, in addition to those now designated, are to be ascribed, under the conditions before stated, to the present writer.

With small pretensions, with fervid interest in the subject, this humble offering, brought from the altar of the Oriental Muses, and laid on the shrine of American Literature, is commended to the kind notice of those whose curiosity or sympathy responds to the fascination of Eastern gorgeousness, reverie, and passion.

An edition of this work, numbering sixteen hundred copies, was published in 1856. It is now out of print. The present edition is enlarged by considerable new introductory matter, and by over a hundred additional specimens; also, by an Appendix consisting of poems not of an Oriental character.

Boston, March, 1865.

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AN INTRODUCTION

TO

ORIENTAL POETRY.

HISTORICAL DISSERTATION.

THE three aims of this essay are, to convey to the reader some conception of the vast contents of the imperial treasure-house of Oriental poetry; to present a brief sketch of the labors of modern scholars towards bringing this unique literature to the acquaintance of the Occidental world; and to give an illustrative analysis of the distinguishing characteristics of Arab, Hindu, Persian, and Súfi poems. I am aware that I shall accomplish these objects imperfectly, because my knowledge of the original materials has been obtained through translations, and because the narrow limits within which the exposition must be confined will not allow a full detail even of the facts and illustrations actually in my hands. Still I hope not to be charged with presumption, and ruled out of the literary court as an incompetent intruder, however incommensurate my performance may be with the theme; and would suggest, in deprecation of censure, that the present work, inadequate as it is, will yet meet a real want, and perhaps lead to worthier productions. Those who feel curiosity on the subject will gladly own, that even the meagre outline of

the Eastern Muse given here is better than nothing. It comes into a vacant place where many are looking, and therefore may be welcomed, although it very incompletely fills that place. Thousands desire to know more than they can learn, from means at hand, of that wondrous harvest of Oriental thought, sentiment, and fancy, from which scattered blades, fragmentary grains, stray blossoms, are occasionally reaching them: and while the great scholars, the front reapers in this field, do not drive their loaded wains to our Western mart, the humble gleaner may not be stigmatized as immodest if he brings forward a small sheaf of specimens. Of course, at the best, it must be extremely inadequate; for, as Dschelaleddin says,

> A flower-branch of the garden one brings to the town,
> But brings not the whole garden of flowers to the town.

Oriental poetry includes a much more varied range of subjects than Occidental. A large portion of the religious, metaphysical, geographical, philological, historical, and mathematical treatises of the East are written in measure and rhyme. "The ancient laws of the race were framed in verse, and sung into authority as the *carmen necessarium* of the state." The children's schoolbooks, from Mecca to Borneo, from Bagdad to Pekin, are almost invariably composed in poetic form. A sort of catechism, said to be universally used in the Chinese seminaries of instruction, commences thus: —

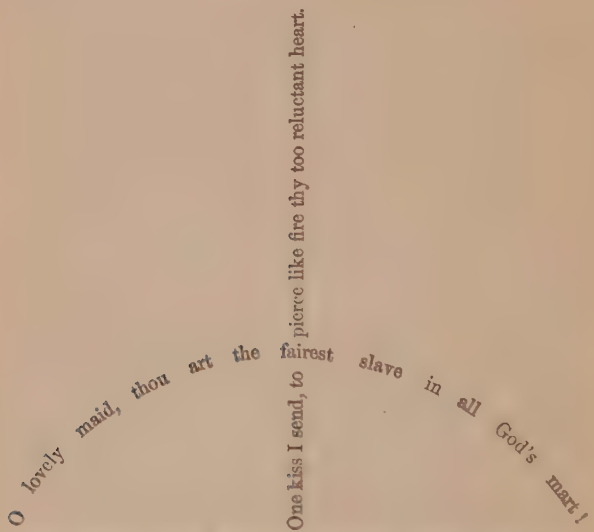
> All men at birth are good alike at root,
> But afterwards they differ much in fruit.

Wilford ascribes to Vikramâditya, the powerful monarch at whose court Kálidása flourished, a work on

Geography, which is still extant in manuscript, in twenty thousand slokas. There seems to be a powerful propensity in the whole Eastern mind to a measured, musical utterance filled with recurring sounds. And so, in one rhetorical form it sets forth the subject-matter of speculation and science, observation and fancy, alike, from the attenuated theses of Buddha's abysmal philosophy, to the Poor Richard maxims of the Confucian sages; from the prayers to Agni, god of fire, in the oldest Indian Veda, to the dry etymological disquisitions in the latest Arabic grammar. Even their prose, as is remarkably shown in the Koran, is thickly interspersed with rhymes, balanced clauses, and pairs of jingling names. Instead of Cain and Abel, the Arabs say Abel and Kabel.

A noticeable feature in Eastern poetry is the quirks, conceits, puns, alliterations, with which much of it abounds. Many of these are wrought up in forms of such exceeding difficulty, that their elaboration must have cost immense pains, as well as ingenuity. The construction and solution of riddles is a favorite exercise with them. These patient authors have composed acrostics, whose lines read the same forwards, backwards, upwards and downwards, at each end, and through the centre. They have written poems in lines of different lengths, and so arranged as to constitute the shapes of drums, crosses, circles, swords, trees. The Alexandrian rhetoricians afterwards amused themselves in a similar manner, — writing cutting satires and piercing invectives in the form of an axe or a spear. The Christian monks of the Middle Age also did the same thing; composing, for instance, hymns in the form

of the cross. I have seen an erotic triplet composed by a Hindu poet, the first line representing a bow, the second its string, the third an arrow aimed at the heart of the object of his passion.



Those charms to win, with all my empire I would gladly part.

Some account of these curiosities is furnished by Yates's paper, in the twentieth volume of the Asiatic Researches, on "Sanscrit Alliteration." If the comparative degree of our adjective "great" were spelt in the same way as the familiar instrument for rubbing nutmegs, the following lines would represent the equivalent of a satirical pun by an Indian bard: —

Thy voice's melody than any man's is greater;
It tears my ear as would the scratching of a grater.

But perhaps the most remarkable example of literary ingenuity the world can afford is those Sanscrit poems wherein all the words have a double sense, — as our word "churn" may be read either as a noun or as a verb, — so that two propositions are enounced, or two narratives related, at once, in the same words. It would be hard to exemplify this with much success, or at much length, in English. But an approximate illustration may be obtained if we suppose all the corresponding words in the two following lines to be spelt alike while retaining their respective significations: —

The even belle thus told when the day's red course was all so dun;

The even bell thus tolled when the Dey's dread corse was also done.

The former line would mean, The undisturbed beauty narrated some incident when the bright path of the sun had grown entirely brown in twilight; the latter, The vesper-bell was pealing a funeral chime in a certain manner when the awe-inspiring form of the dead ruler of Algiers was likewise ready for burial; — while, alike to ear and eye, the words would be in both cases identically the same.

But aside from these rhymed text-books and technical artifices, the literature of the Orient is astonishingly rich in poetry, properly so called. The names of poets renowned throughout those strange and crowded climes are to be reckoned literally by the thousand. It is thought that Persia alone has produced more than twenty-five thousand. Poems of boundless diversity of subject and character, possessing peculiar merits of a superior order, fill volumes amounting to hundreds on

hundreds. This prodigious realm of reflection and imagination, of feeling and art, remained, until within less than three quarters of a century, a *terra incognita*, a world shut up from us. Even now few persons know anything more of its extent and qualities than can be gathered from the little fragments occasionally found in the corners of magazines and newspapers. The present general ignorance is no longer a necessity. Materials enough have been imported into the modern tongues, by scholars who have come freighted back from voyaging over the sea of Eastern languages, to afford quite an extensive acquaintance with this whole province; though those materials are dispersed in numerous channels, not popularly known and often not readily accessible. A slight account, therefore, of what has been done in this direction, by the English, the French, and the Germans, may be of use.

Sir William Jones was the Vasco de Gama who first piloted the thought of Europe to these Oriental shores. It was on one of his earliest expeditions into Sanscritland, that the divining-rod of his sensitive genius, fluttering in response to an irresistible attraction towards the veiled and unimaginable mines of Indian poetry, fastened at last, by magnetic instinct, upon Sakúntala, the master-piece of Kálidása, the happiest production of the Hindu drama, the "As You Like It" of the Eastern Shakespeare. The publication by him of this beautiful play, also of some miscellaneous Persian odes, and Brahminic hymns, and of his famous pioneer essay on the "Poetry of the Eastern Nations," attracted the attention, and stimulated the labors, of many scholars, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, and led to

extensive consequences. He was the first President of the Royal Asiatic Society, which, by its roots at home and its branches abroad, has since done so much to fructify our Western literature with Oriental sap and grafts. Scattered notices and fragments in the numerous volumes of the "Asiatic Researches," and of the "Asiatic Journal," furnish a great variety of translated specimens of the poetry of the East, and a valuable fund of general information on the whole subject. Wilkins early published a prose version of the Bhâgvat Gita, a long metaphysical episode from the stupendous Indian epic; of which also a new translation by Thompson has just issued from the press. Milman has given us, in most faithful and felicitous verse, another episode from that vast and ancient poem, namely, the story of Nala and Damayanta, a tale of the rarest interest, sweetness, and simplicity. Professor H. H. Wilson, the distinguished President of the Royal Asiatic Society of England, whose profound lore and magnificent published achievements have long since won for him the admiring reverence of scholars throughout the world, gave the public, twenty years since, three volumes of Hindu Plays. He has also printed a few small poems from the Sanscrit, together with a happy metrical version of Kálidása's "Megha-Duta, or Cloud-Messenger." The title of the latter production partly indicates its subject, which is the story of a Yaksha, or mountain demigod, who loves and marries an Apsarasa, or heavenly nymph, and resides with her in the celestial regions. But having offended Indra, he is banished from her to the earth. Disconsolate and pining, he stands on a lofty peak, gazing towards his lost paradise.

A cloud floats over him in the direction of the home of the Apsarasas. He sends a message by it to his beloved spouse: and so the plot proceeds to the desired sequel.

There is a volume of "Specimens of Old Indian Poetry" by Griffiths; he has also translated Kálidása's "Birth of the War-God." Eastwick has presented us with a beautiful prose version of the Prem Ságar, or "The Ocean of Love," a history of Krishna, recounting the adventures of Vishnu during his incarnation as a cow-herd-boy in the meadows of Gopala. A most curious allegorical drama, called "The Rising of the Moon of Intellect," likewise exists in an English dress by Dr. Taylor. The Gulistán or "Rose-Garden" of Saadi has appeared successively in the English versions of Gladwin, Dumoulin, Ross, and Eastwick. Gladwin translated, in addition, Saadi's Pund-Námeh or "Compendium of Ethics"; and a philological poem entitled "Resemblance Linear and Verbal." Firdousi's Sháh-Námeh, the great Iranian epic, has been admirably brought into our tongue, in a form of mingled prose and verse, by Atkinson. Episodes from this famous "Book of Heroes" had been previously rendered by Champion, Weston, and Robertson. Selections of the lyrics of Hafiz were published in English verse successively by Richardson, Nott, and Hindley. Professor Falconer has enriched our literature with a small volume of characteristic and exquisite odes and fragments from the Persian. "The Rose-Garden of Persia," a volume by Miss Costello, contains a large collection of interesting metrical pieces from different Persian bards. Milnes has embodied a few delightful specimens of Oriental thought in his book

of "Palm Leaves." And in Trench's "Poems from Eastern Sources" are many which possess remarkable beauty, truth, and power. Several pieces in Bayard Taylor's "Poems of the Orient" scarcely fall below any in our language as representative expressions of the real passion, imagery, and form of the Eastern Muse. The fifty-fourth volume of the Westminster Review has a good notice of Preston's translation of the great Arabian poem, the Makamât of Hariri. A hundred years ago Professor Chappelow published Tograi, or "The Traveller," an Arabic poem. There is, too, a volume by Professor Carlyle, entitled "Specimens of Arabian Poetry, from the Earliest Time to the Extinction of the Khaliphat."

Southey excited interest in the myths of India by "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama,"—justly among the most popular of his publications. Their mythology and their descriptions of natural scenery are quite true to the Hindu belief and clime; but as poetry they are utterly remote from all the native tones of the Sanscrit lyre. Moore's famous and favorite tale of Lalla Rookh is far more successful, every way, in reproducing the breath and raiment of Asiatic poesy. The Moslem and Gheber traditions and associations, the current imagery, local form and color of the Orient, are here preserved and wrought up by a fancy wholly Persian in its revelling profuseness and felicity. Not the very genius itself of Iran's own soil can outvie, in exhaustless wealth of splendors and sweets, the cloying witchery of beauty and melody that crowds the pages of the Irish bard's "Lalla Rookh," and of his "Loves of the Angels." The lines dissolve in voluptuous languor of music;

Oriental superstitions impregnate the thoughts; and as we read, or listen, visions of snowy Peris, red wine-fountains in gushing spouts, porphyry palaces, golden domes, and birds of Paradise, float before us, and a breeze laden with perfumes from "the gardens of Gul in their bloom" is wafted to our nostrils.

At the beginning of this century, Samuel Rousseau published "Flowers of Persian Poetry." A work, too, of a good deal of interest, is Broughton's "Popular Poetry of the Hindoos." More recently Eastwick has given us a fine translation of "The Anvári Suhaili," the Persian version of the Fables of Pilpay. Professor Williams has printed an admirable lecture on "Indian Epic Poetry," followed by an analysis of the Râmâyana, and a summary of the Mahâbharàta, full and exceedingly instructive. And we owe to Max Müller a "History of Sanscrit Literature."

A glance into the Oriental section of French bibliography will show that the eager scholars of that most intellectual nation have largely cultivated this branch of literature. I shall mention only a few of the more conspicuous works. The Bhâgavat Purana, or Poetic History of Krishna, was published at Paris in 1840, in three gigantic folios, in arch-royal style, the Sanscrit on one page, and a translation by Burnouf on the other. It is a vast repertory of adventures, imagery, hymns, metaphysics, and mythology. The History of Hindu and Hindostanee Literature by Garcin de Tassy includes a copious anthology. Tassy is the translator of "The Adventures of Kamrup," an Eastern Ulysses, — a poem of enormous bulk, and teeming with the peculiarities of the Hindu mind. He has also

translated and edited "The Popular Songs of India, Religious, Erotic, National"; and he has published a unique little treatise on "The Female Poets of India." Under the names of De Sacy, Langlois, Fauche, and Chézy, in the last volume of Zenker's "Bibliotheca Orientalis," the reader will find such further notices as he may desire.

The Germans have transplanted much more extensively than the English or the French from this wide and winsome field. More than a score of her heroic scholars, toiling devotedly in this long-neglected department, have enriched the mother tongue of Germany with copious contributions of choice-culled flowers from the Eastern Muses, and made the names of Valmîki, Vyâsa, and Kâlidâsa, Firdousi, Hafiz, and Saadi, well-nigh as familiar on the banks of the Rhine and beneath the lindens of Vienna, as they are along the shores of the Ganges and amidst the kiosks of Shiraz. Large portions of the two great cycles of Indian epic poetry have been brought into their own vernacular by the Schlegels, by Holtzmann, by Wilmans, and by Bopp. The elder Humboldt also published an important critical essay on this subject, which attracted much attention at the time. An entire version of Firdousi has appeared in German, by Schack, besides various portions of his work rendered by different hands. Tholuck translated and edited a "Collection of Fragments from Oriental Mysticism," comprising many gems of rare light and wonderful setting. Herder early became quite a proficient in this province of world-literature, and his works contain an extremely large number of short, select pieces of Hindu wit, wisdom, and imagination. Rosenzweig printed three volumes of important

Persian poems by different authors of eminence. Joseph von Hammer, known later as Hammer Purgstall, has given to the press — besides a Turkish romantic poem by Fasli, called "The Rose and the Nightingale," and a volume of precious "Fragments by an Unknown Persian poet," and "The Divan of Baki," the greatest Turkish lyrist, and Schebisteri's "Rose-Field of Mystery," and the works of Motanebbi, the greatest Arabic poet — a history of Arabic literature, in seven huge volumes, describing the works of ten thousand authors; a history of Persian poetry, with extracts from two hundred celebrated poets; and a voluminous history of Turkish poetry, with extracts from twenty-two hundred poets. Hammer Purgstall's contributions are unrivalled in quantity, and in quality their merits are very high, notwithstanding the somewhat damaging assaults upon his philological pretensions by Von Diez, Fleischer, and Weil. Rückert likewise has added greatly to the wealth of German literature by his innumerable translations from various Oriental tongues, — translations which, for literal and metrical closeness to their originals, and for singular felicity and fire, hold supreme rank. His versions of short poems are countless. His chief works are "Hamâsa," fifteen hundred of the oldest Arabic ballads, collected by Abu Tammâm; "Metamorphoses of Abu-Seid"; "Wisdom of a Brahmin"; "Contemplation and Edification from the East"; "Brahminical Tales." There is a fine rhymed version of the best lyrics of Hafiz by Daumer. A vast mass of valuable examples of Oriental poetry — reflection, fancy, feeling, metaphor, and description — has been deposited in German speech by the hands of Hartmann, Kosegarten, Arnold,

Platen, Hoefer, Wolff, Graf, Bohlen, Peiper, Ewald, Müller, and Heine. The titles of their works may be found under their names in the Oriental sections of the various German bibliographies. Two splendid volumes of Persian poems, "The Fruit-Garden of Saadi," and the Fragments of Ibn Jemin, translated by a learned German lady, Ottokar Maria, were published at Vienna three years since. And a version, by Dursch, of a Sanscrit poem, called "The Shattered Goblet," has just appeared in thin quarto form. Bodenstedt not long ago published a charming little volume of the "Songs of Mirtsa Schaffŷ," a living poet, under whose instruction the translator studied Persian literature, at Tiflis. In 1850 Bodenstedt issued an account of his travels in the East, of his studies with Mirtsa Schaffŷ, and his observations of Asiatic character and life. It is called "A Thousand and One Days in the Orient," and is one of the most charming books of the kind ever written. Especially entertaining and peculiar are the details given in it of the mutual criticisms and squibs which passed between Mirtsa Schaffŷ and Mirtsa Jussûf, who were rival teachers of Persian at Tiflis, and both of whom were anxious to secure the patronage of the young student from the West. Dr. Jolowicz also has recently issued a noticeable collection of well-chosen specimens of the best poetry of twenty Eastern nations, executed by a large number of distinguished persons, and constituting a great quarto of six hundred and fifty pages, called "Polyglot of Oriental Poetry."

In this hasty survey the name of Goethe should not be omitted; for he has done much to acquaint the Western

world with some peculiar traits of the poetry of the East. His "West-Oestlicher Divan" is a series, not of translations, but of original poems, written by him, in the spirit and method of the East, after he was past sixty years of age. Milnes, certainly a competent judge, says of this work: "Any one who has made it the companion of his Eastern tour will acknowledge the wonderful success of the experiment, and feel more strongly than ever the genius of that consummate artist, to whom all faiths and feelings, all times and events, seem to have ministered, as certain of being well understood and rightly used as if their master had been Nature itself. He will feel how truly Rückert, in his 'Eastern Roses,' has sung: —

> 'Would you feast on purest East,
> You must ask it of the selfsame man
> Who the best has served the West
> With such vintage as none other can.'"

The metrical literature of the Oriental languages admits far more freedom and variety of movement and measure than our own. The laws of versification established by the Indian bards include three distinct methods of measure; that which is determined by time alone, that which reckons merely by syllables, that which is divided entirely by feet. And then all possible combinations of the foregoing methods of rhythm are allowed, and the actual diversity of metre amounts literally to many thousands. This interesting point is elaborately explained by Colebrooke in a long paper on "Sanscrit and Praerit Poetry," in the tenth volume of the Asiatic Researches. The oldest, simplest, most commonly adopted measure is the *Sloka*, — a sixteen-

syllable line divided at the eighth syllable. There is a class of poems, called *Ghazels*, comprising a large part of the lyrics of the East. Its law is that the first two lines rhyme, and for this rhyme a new one must be found in the second line of each succeeding couplet, the alternate line being free. These poems sometimes contain forty or fifty couplets. Here is a brief specimen of the Ghazel from Trench's Eastern poems.

THE WORLD'S UNAPPRECIATION.

"What is the good man and the wise?
Ofttimes a pearl which none doth prize;
Or jewel rare, which men account
A common pebble, and despise.
Set forth upon the world's bazaar,
It mildly gleams, but no one buys,
Till it in anger Heaven withdraws
From the world's undiscerning eyes:
And in its shell the pearl again,
And in its mine the jewel, lies."

But let us pass from form to life and substance. It is unfair and misleading to say, with indiscriminate universality, that Oriental poetry is thus, Western poetry so; because, among the immense treasures of Eastern literature, gathered by its native bards during so many generations, there is almost every conceivable variety of subject and treatment, marked by almost every possible mode and degree of thought, imagery, and emotion. Eastern writing is not, as many seem to think, all compact of foolish hyperbole, petty conceit, and mystic jugglery. It is not all, as many of the specimens most

circulated might lead us to imagine, in the strain of "He lifted his head from the collar of reflection, drew aside the veil of silence, and strewed the pearls of his speech to the bewildering delight of his auditors." In its different departments, though it is indeed often characterized by this childish profusion of weak and huddled metaphors, it yet possesses narrators as graphic in precision and directness as Homer; elegiasts as touching in clean simplicity of conception and thoughtful pathos of phrase as Simonides; epigrammatists not a whit inferior in brevity, point, and beauty to Callimachus; humorists whose sketches and colors are as admirable as the most genial of Sterne's; satirists whose lines are as sharp-edged as the most cutting of Swift's; ethical and descriptive poets whose hortatory appeals, and pictures of nature and life, will not suffer by comparison with similar productions by European authors of the most respectable rank at the present time; thinkers as profound as Plato, as subtile as Fichte; in whose speculations lie the germs, and many of the developments, of every philosophical theory now known, from Spinoza's to Locke's, from Berkeley's to Hegel's. The truth of this general statement might easily be proved and illustrated by citation of authorities and examples, if that were needed or appropriate in this connection. The justice of it will be recognized at once by all who are acquainted with the translations of Von Hammer and Rückert, and with the Sankhya and Vedánta systems of Hindu metaphysics. This is sufficient to show the injustice of depicting two strongly contrasted faces, and, pointing out their unlike lineaments, exclaiming, Behold there the Oriental, here the Occidental Muse!

The respective literary progeny of East and West often closely resemble each other in many particulars by mutual or alternate approximation, although commonly, as we should naturally expect, there are certain family features, and an indefinable expression, distinguishing them. As it is no rare thing for Asiatic authors to compose like European, so Europeans frequently write in the fullest vein of the Asiatics. Shakespeare out-orients the Orient with his apostrophe to "eyes that do mislead the morn." What inspired child or frantic devotee of the Persian lyre ever transcended such figures as "flecked Darkness like a drunkard reels from the pathway of day as gray-eyed Morn advances"; "I would tear the cave where Echo lies, and make her airy tongue hoarse with repetition"; "Heaven peeps through the blanket of the dark"; and ten thousand other images equally astonishing, born in our English speech? Sir William Jones strikingly brings together a prose-translated ode of the Persian Bulbul, and a kindred ditty of the British Swan, to show that the poetic imaginations of the two countries are, after all, not so different as has been supposed. According to our poor versification, thus run the notes of the splendid Bulbul of Shiraz: —

Sweet gale! my love this fragrant scent has on thee cast,
And thence it is that thou this pleasing odor hast.
Beware! Steal not; what with her locks hast thou to do?
O rose! what art thou when compared with that which blew
In blush upon her cheek? She 's fresh, thou 'rt rough with thorns.
Narcissus! to her languid eye, as blue as morn's,
Thine eye is sick and faint. O pine! in thy high place,
What honor hast thou when compared with her shape's grace?

Sweet basil! know'st thou not her lips are perfect musk,
Whilst withered, lifeless, scentless, thou shalt lie at dusk?
O come, my love! and charm poor Hafiz with thy stay,
Even if thou linger'st with him but for one short day.

And then thus in unison chimes the strain of the wondrous Swan of Avon:—

"The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand;
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath:
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But scent or color it had stolen from thee."

The two antipodal realms of poetry often coalesce, and reflect each other in corresponding products, springing from similar exercise of like faculties, and contemplation of the same phenomena, and impulses of identical experience. The human heart is like a harp borne through many lands, in every place, when played on by the fingers of nature, time and fate, love, hope and grief, yielding the same tones, though variously colored by the different associations of scene and race amidst which they sound, and variously echoed by the different temperaments and objects upon which they strike. It is

also true, that, especially of late years, innumerable images, fancies, modes of reflection, and tinges of sentiment have found their way from the immemorial plains of Hindostan, the vales of Cashmere, and the cities of Arabia, to our modern and far-away minds and books. "The seeds, there scattered first, flower in all later pages." Verily, as Milnes has happily rendered Goethe's thought,

> "Many a light the Orient throws,
> O'er the midland waters brought;
> He alone who Hafiz knows
> Knows what Calderon has thought."

Still we may say, in general, in regard to the distinction between the light literature of Asia and that of Europe, that they do, for the most part, greatly differ in the religions, philosophies, mythologies, traditions, customs, names, scenery, costumes, and ruling aims reflected in them respectively. And it must be owned by every one, that the East is, in a striking degree, more poetic — that is, more gorgeous, sensitive, passionate, subtile, and mysterious — than the West. It is to us what wine is to water, the peacock to the hen, the palm to the pine, the orange to the apple.

> "Eastward roll the orbs of heaven,
> Westward tend the thoughts of men;
> Let the poet, nature-driven,
> Wander eastward now and then";—

for who would appreciate the poem must travel in the poet's land, and on every such excursion the lyric heart will find itself at home in that region, for it is native there. Humanity was cradled in the nest of dawn, and

a secret current in our souls still turns and flows towards mankind's natal star, standing above Eden, over the birth-spot of Adam. Whoso would plunge into the primal font of poesy, and bathe his soul in the very elixir of immortal freedom, must not turn his face after the sun in the circling course of industrial empire, —

> "But crowd the canvas on his bark,
> And sail to meet the morning."

We think of the East as the home of magic and wonder, the misty birthplace of wisdom, the haunted shrine of an antique civilization, crowded with mazy immensities of human experience before the gates of Tadmor were swung, or the crown of Palmyra had been so much as dreamed of. It rises in our thoughts with its dim-swarming peoples, now sunk fibreless in soft seas of sense, now frenetic with superhuman inspiration, as a kingdom whose hills are ribbed with silver shafts, its streams bedded with golden sand, its trenched ravines lined with pebbling diamonds, the edge of its strands covered with coral, the floor of its bays strewed with pearls, the breath of its meadows odorous with myrrh, its flowering trees of perennial green and bloom ever sagging with delicious fruit, cool fountains spouting in every court, and entranced bulbuls warbling on every spray. Its geographical features and its intellectual conceptions, alike, are on a scale of prodigious grandeur whose vastitude crushes the power of sense, but provokes Imagination to the fullest expansion of her cloudy wings. Its Ganges encounters the ocean with a shock that shakes the globe, and its Dhawalaghiri makes Olympus but little better than a wart; its banyan over-

shadows armies and flourishes a thousand years; its cosmogonies dwarf the hugest dreams of Greece and Scandinavia; in the background of its legends stalk deities to whom Jupiter Tonans and Hammering Thor are Lilliputian dandies; and its annals enclose eons of epochs in which successive universes exist and perish like breaths in a frosty air. The poetry we should expect, and have found, is as the clime, — vast in mystery, warm with passion, far-vistaed with reverie, rich in jewels, redolent with perfumes, brilliant in colors, inexhaustible in profusion.

The metrical compositions of the CHINESE are of three kinds in subject, scarcely ever varying from a certain ethical moderation of thought, or going beyond a prosaic level of emotion, though sometimes displaying *wit* of a quite excellent mirth. The first sort of Chinese poetry consists of simple moral tales with admonitory applications. The second consists of the aphoristic expressions of a shrewd observation and a cunning judgment. Such as the striking couplet,

> "Who, in politeness, Lokman, was thy guide?
> The unpolite! the learned sage replied."

Or such as this proverb, by one of their most renowned mandarins: —

> Who sues a mite
> Will catch a bite.

The following is one of the sentences of Confucius himself: —

> Wisdom brings joy, clear as a crystal fountain:
> Virtue brings peace, firm as an iron mountain.

The third is composed of feeling reflections on human

life, of which a fair example may be found in the following fragment of an address to the people by an aged governor on leaving office: —

> When I look backward o'er the field of fame,
> Where I have travelled a long fifty years,
> The struggle for ambition, and the sweat
> For gain, seem altogether vanity.

The *Shi-King*, one of the five sacred books which stand at the head of the Chinese literature, is a collection of lyrical poems, three hundred and eleven in number, selected by Confucius from a much larger number existing in his time, as most worthy of preservation. They belong mainly to the epoch 1122 – 650 B. C.; a few, however, claim, and doubtless with justice, to date from 1766 – 1123 B. C., and are accordingly among the very earliest poetical productions of the human race still preserved. They are in part of popular origin, ballad-like; partly satires, or panegyrics upon persons high in station; partly hymns recited at the offerings to the dead. Their poetic value is very unequal, but they far exceed, upon the whole, most of the lyric productions of later ages, containing not infrequently noble, unartificial feelings expressed in a style of simple majesty and inimitable energy.

The next poetical work in the Chinese literature is the *Ts'ù-Tsse'*, ascribed to the fourth century before Christ, and to a single author, but probably the work of different authors at different times. It contains moral declamations in poetic language, but no proper poetical compositions. Nothing farther appears until the period A. D. 618 – 906, when a much more artificial construc-

tion of verse was introduced, and when an astonishing number of lyric poets appeared. A single, great collection, published by imperial command in 1707, contains the poems of more than a thousand poets and poetasters of this period, giving the biography also of each one, and a critical examination of his works. The productions of this period are regarded as models for all subsequent times.*

Palestinian poetry needs no illustration here by examples, because it is already universally accessible and familiar. The grand national characteristic of the HEBREW Muse is fervent rational piety, based on the bounded intellectual conception of a personal God, whose favor towards his children depends on the two conditions of his own disinterested love, and their moral qualities. The spirit and sum of Hebrew poetry are certainly the loftiest, purest, richest, the whole ancient world affords. Arabic literature, including its boasted Korân, is challenged to exhibit a production which can rival the story of the Idumæan patriarch in beautiful argument, imaginative sublimity, and descriptive eloquence. In all the Persian tongue's erotic wealth no Anacreontic idyl can at all approach the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's. No Hindu sage has wrought such a peerless mine of apothegmatic wisdom as the manual of proverbs by the young Judæan king, at whose feet the far-come queen of Sheba fell, crying, "The half

* I am indebted for the latter part of the foregoing sketch to the kindness of Professor W. D. Whitney, whose labors, in connection with Dr. Röth, in editing the Atharva Veda, are an honor to American scholarship.

was not told me." No Greek or Roman moralist has ever sung the experience and enforced the lesson of a sensualist's life in such solemn lines and freighted periods, with such melancholy refrain, and such divine conclusion, as the author of Ecclesiastes. And beyond all emulation stand the religious hymns sung in Zion to the harp of David as the monarch-minstrel swept its chords. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard, and their words have gone out to the end of the world. Their echoes have floated, and will float, amidst the heart-strings of uncounted generations of exulting, sorrowing, confessing, worshipping humanity. And what is there in the most thrilling strains of the whole earth besides, to equal the martial ardor, the terrible pomp, the all-marshalling imagination, in the warlike bursts and inspired improvisations that drop burning from the lightning lyres of Isaiah and Habakkuk, amidst visions of meteor standards, staggering armies with garments rolled in blood, melting hills, falling stars, and a darkened universe! To those who would really appreciate Hebrew poetry, Dr. Noyes's translations deserve to be emphatically commended for the faithful purity with which they render the original into Saxon speech of crystal clearness. His translation is far more literal, concise, properly divided, and intelligible than the common version, and his notes are admirably judicious in rendering all needed helps.

It is the purpose of the present work to illustrate the poetry of the three great families occupying Southern and Western Asia, stretching, on the upper extremity, from the Black Sea to Samarcand; on the lower, from Sumatra to the Straits of Babelmandel.

These families are the Hindus, the Arabs, and the Persians, including under the last head the Turks, as possessing the same imaginative type and literary traits. The subjects common to all their metrical authors, and upon which the poetic lore of each of the countries has an enormous quantity of productions, are philosophical meditations, moral parables, fanciful tales, old traditions, feats and adventures of heroes and travellers, pure creations of imagination, love-odes, theosophic musings, religious hymns, descriptions and moralizings of natural phenomena, and such like. But while the three peoples have certain themes and styles of treatment in common, each also has some subjects and a prevailing spirit peculiar to itself.

The doctrine of the metempsychosis, which saturates so much of the literature of the East with its manifold influences, — its ascetic aims and painful penances reducing all life to a ritual system, — properly belongs to the Indian race. That luxuriousness and indolence and Epicurean proclivity which we so often associate with the Orient, are Persian. But martial movement, bounding arteries, indefatigable activity, love of perilous enterprise, thirsting rage, are Arab. The first may be represented by the Elephant, the second by the Gazelle, the third by the Lion. The Hindu Muse is pre-eminently characterized by *pensiveness*, love of meditation. Her children see everything reflected in reverie. The world is suspended in Maya, or illusion, and they mildly think upon it. The Arab Muse is pre-eminently characterized by an ardent *objectivity*, active passion, freedom from morbid introspectiveness. Her children love outward things, deeds, descriptions. Their stories are of the

headlong race across Sahara, encounters with the lion, or smiting a foe. The sap in their trees seems blood, and the blood in their veins fire. The Persian Muse is pre-eminently characterized by delicacy of *sensation*. A vital fancy, now finical in its conceits, now world-grasping in its illumined dilation, is over and through all her works. Victor Hugo, in his "Les Orientales," says "the Persians are the Italians of Asia." There is a fourth Muse in these countries, differing essentially from the foregoing; not confined to either clime, but having the freedom of each, and reckoning as her servants a large class of the most gifted poets in them all. I refer to Súfism, whose pre-eminent characteristic is an intense *subjectivity*. Her adherents turn all faculties inwards in concentred abstraction, and heighten their consciousness till it is lost in boundless identification. Thought and sensation, transfused and molten, flow through formless moulds into ecstasy.

The Hindus possess a distinguishing treasure in their drama. The most charming specimen of this known to us as yet is Sakùntala, — an episode drawn from the Mahabhárata, and constructed by Kálidása, of which a fresh translation by Professor Williams has but now been published, in a volume of profuse beauty and costliness. Goethe paid this play the following magnificent compliment: —

Wouldst thou the blossoms of the spring, the autumn's fruits,
Wouldst thou what charms and thrills, wouldst thou what sates and feeds,
Wouldst thou the heaven, the earth, in one sole word compress?
I name Sakùntala, and so have said it all.

There are two cycles of Hindu traditions and myths, wrought up, unknown ages ago, into two tremendous epics; the elder, the Ramâyana, attributed to Valmîki, the other, the Mahabhârata, ascribed to Vyása. The Ramâyana is a history of the avatár or incarnation of Vishnu in human shape, to deliver the world from a gigantic demon, Ravana, who was tyrannizing over mankind, and had extended his power into the lower heavens. By terrible penances he had wrought from Brahma the promise that no mortal being should destroy him. Upon this he began openly to oppress all the good in his dominions, and to promote the impious. The curtain rises, and the action begins with a solemn conclave of the gods on the summit of Mount Meru. The senate of the Indian Olympus is filled with dismay at the invincible power bestowed on the tyrant by Brahma's promise. At last Vishnu advances, and offers to be born as a man, to vanquish the common enemy. The next scene is on earth, at the court of Ayodhya, where King Dasaratha finds himself in old age without a son to succeed him. A saint advises him to perform the celebrated sacrifice of a horse, the Aswamedha. He does so, and his three wives bear him four sons, the eldest, Rama, being Vishnu himself. Rama has a great many adventures while his youth is passing, but at last is about to inherit the throne, when he is supplanted and banished for fourteen years. His wife, Sitá, and his brother Lakshmana accompany him. A long account follows of the scenes and occurrences of their wanderings. Finally they settle in a deep forest, Rama and Lakshmana spending their time in hunting beasts and chasing the demons. In Rama's absence

Ravana discovers the cottage, and carries Sitá away to his own abode. The disconsolate husband searches the peninsula in vain; but meeting a tribe of apes, whose king, Sugriva, had been deprived of his crown, Rama restored it to him, and the grateful monkey-monarch sent a multitude of his people to find Sitá. After much useless wandering, one of Sugriva's messengers discovered Sitá imprisoned in Ravana's palace, and brought the tidings to Rama, who immediately set out with an army of apes for the southernmost point of India, off whose coast the island-home of the tyrant lay. The apes threw Titanic rocks into the sea, until they made a bridge to the island. Then Rama passed over with his forces, and, after a dreadful battle, killed the demon, scattered his subject fiends, and rescued his beloved spouse. Returning to Ayodhya with his wife and his faithful brother, his lawful kingdom is given to him, and the work ends. Within this vague outline innumerable branching episodes and details are included, which give the poem a most varied charm and value. I will now give an epitome, from a very valuable article on "Indian Epic Poetry," in the October number of the Westminster Review for 1848, of

RAVANA'S CAPTURE OF SITÁ.

I.

"Lakshmana, grieved at Sitá's words, no longer undecided stood,
But hied him forth in Rama's search, and left her in the lonely wood.
With many a dark presentiment fast gathering round, and unknown fear,

In the deep forest-paths he roved, like one who roves he wists not where.
And now that thus the golden deer had lured the brothers both away,
Ravana deemed within himself the hour was come to seize his prey.
There he beheld the dame forlorn, left in that cottage all alone,
As upon earth is left a gloom, when meet eclipsed the sun and moon:
And while upon her form he gazed, so fair in such a dreary spot,
Thus to himself the tyrant spoke, as he surveyed the lonely cot:
'While she is left with husband none, with brother none, to hear her cries,
Why longer stay? the time is come to claim and seize my rightful prize.'
Thus having pondered in his heart, Ravana left his hiding-place,
And walked where Sitá sorrowing sat, clothed in a wandering beggar's dress.
Threadbare and red his garment was, th' ascetic's tuft of hair he wore,
And the three sticks and water-pot in his accursed hand he bore.
As he drew near, the lofty trees, that over Janasthana grow,
And every twining creeper-plant which hangs and climbs from bough to bough,
And every bird and every beast, stood motionless with silent dread,
Nor dared the summer wind to breathe, nor shake a leaflet overhead.
Over Godavery's bright wave a shiver darkened as he passed,

And bird and beast in terror fled, as on he came in evil haste,
With his black heart and beggar's garb, disguised and hidden as he was,
Like a dark well, whose unseen brink is overgrown with waving grass.
Hard by the cottage-door he stood, and gazed upon his victim fair,
As there she sat in woful plight, lost in a maze of grief and fear,
Reft of her husband, and with gloom o'ershadowed like a moonless sky,
Weeping alone in silent woe, and musing o'er that unknown cry.
On her he gazed, and that fair face seemed ever fairer and more bright;
And his stern eye, awhile absorbed, lingered as loath to lose the sight.
Fierce passion woke within his heart, until at length, with softened air,
He thus addressed her as she sat, shining, a golden statue there:
'O thou, that shinest like a tree with summer blossoms overspread,
Wearing that woven *kusa* robe, and lotus garland on thy head,
Why art thou dwelling here alone, here in this dreary forest's shade,
Where range at will all beasts of prey, and demons prowl in every glade?
Wilt thou not leave thy cottage home, and roam the world, which stretches wide,—
See the fair cities which men build, and all their gardens, and their pride?
Why longer, fair one, dwell'st thou here, feeding on roots and sylvan fare,

When thou might'st dwell in palaces, and earth's most costly
jewels wear?
Fearest thou not the forest gloom, which darkens round on
every side?
Who art thou, say, and whose, and whence, and wherefore
dost thou here abide?'
When first these words of Ravana broke upon sorrowing
Sitá's ear,
She started up, and lost herself in wonderment and doubt
and fear;
But soon her gentle, loving heart threw off suspicion and sur-
mise,
And slept again in confidence, lulled by the mendicant's dis-
guise.
'Hail, holy Brahmin!' she exclaimed; and, in her guileless
purity,
She gave a welcome to her guest with courteous hospitality.
Water she brought to wash his feet, and food to satisfy his
need,
Full little dreaming in her heart what fearful guest she had
received.

II.

"Then having pondered on his words, after a pause she made
reply,
And, in her guileless confidence, unbosomed all her history:
How Rama won her for his bride, and brought her to his
father's home,
And how another's jealousy had cast them forth, the woods
to roam;
All her full heart she opened then, and all her husband's
praise she spoke,
And long she lingered o'er the tale, and all the memories
which it woke.
'And thou too, Brahmin,' she exclaimed, 'thy name and
lineage wilt thou say?

And wherefore thou hast left thy land, in pathless Dandaka to stray?
Erelong my husband will return; to him are holy wanderers dear,
And fair the welcome which he gives, whene'er their pathway leads them here.'
Then answered her the demon-king, 'My name and lineage thou shalt hear,
And wherefore in this guise I come, and wander in this forest drear.
Thee, Sitá, am I come to see, — I, at whose name heaven's armies flee.
The demon-monarch of the earth, I, Ravana, am come to thee!
I come to woo thee for my queen; in Lanka stands my palace home,
High on a mountain's forehead built, while round it breaks the ocean's foam.
There like dark clouds my demons stand, my mandates through the earth to bear;
There shalt thou worshipped be like me, and all my world-dominion share.'
In sudden wrath outburst she then, the wife of Raghu's princely son,
And gushed indignant from her lips the answer to that evil one:
'*Me* wouldst thou woo to be thy queen, or dazzle with thine empire's shine?
And didst thou dream that Rama's wife could stoop to such a prayer as thine?
I, who can look on Rama's face, and know that there my husband stands,
My Rama, whose high chivalry is blazoned through a hundred lands!
What! shall the jackal think to tempt the lioness to mate with him?

Or did the king of Lanka's isle build upon such an idle dream?
He who would enter Rama's home, and think to tear his wife away,
Might beard the lion in its den, and rob its hunger of its prey;
Or safer far her new-born cubs from the fierce tigress might he wrest,
Or in his garment wrap the flame, and fold and nurse it to his breast!'
Stung to the heart by Sitá's words, the foe in silence folds his hands,
And at that lonely cottage door a mendicant no longer stands:
'T is but a moment, and behold! bursting from out th' assumed disguise,
Before her towers the demon-king, with his black brow and glaring eyes,
In his dark crimson garment wrapt, and his black frown of passion wearing,
While she, the helpless, stood beneath, with her fair face and gentle bearing.
'Sitá, wilt thou reject me *now?* In mine own shape I speak to thee.
Behold thine utter helplessness, and dream not to escape from me.
Nor dream to call thine husband's aid, nor measure his poor strength with mine,—
Mine, that has conquered land and sea, and could forbid the sun to shine!
Afar to my own stately realm, behold! I bear thee hence away,
There to forget the banished man, the husband of a former day!'
He spoke, and lowered his darkening brows, as lowers the storm-cloud in the sky,

While from beneath came flashing forth the lightnings of his
awful eye;
On her they fell, and seemed to scorch her gentle features
with their glare.
As high aloft he bore her up, — one hand amid her long
fair hair,
The other underneath her lay, — loudly she shrieked in utter
woe,
'My husband, husband, sav'st thou not? and Lakshmana, O
where art thou?'
As they beheld his awful form come striding through the
sunny glades,
The forest's deities, alarmed, fled to its deepest, darkest
shades.
On, ever on, he bore his prize, until at length he soared on
high,
And, as an eagle bears a snake, flew with his burden through
the sky.
'O Rama! Rama!' loud she cries, 'where wanderest thou in
Dandaka?
And seest thou not the demon arm, which bears thy Sitá
far away?
Well may the jealous foe rejoice, who robbed thee of thy
father's throne,
And sent us from thy father's court to roam these weary
woods alone!
O Janasthana's flowering bowers, whilom my happy haunts,
farewell!
When Rama to his cot returns, his sorrowing Sitá's story
tell!
And you, ye trees, that blossom there, and gladden the dark
forest gloom,
O tell him, tell him Ravana hath stolen his Sitá from his
home!
And thou, my loved Godavery, where I whilom so oft have
strayed,

And watched thy flocks of water-fowl, and heard their wild
songs as they played ;
Let thy sad waters murmur it, as home he wanders by thy
shore,
And tell him with their mournful plash that Sitá meets his
steps no more !
And you too, upon you I call, ye blissful guardians of the
woods,
Ye happy sylvan deities, who roam amidst their solitudes !
O give him tidings of my fate, and tell him, as he roams for-
lorn,
The fell swoop of the demon-king hath Sitá from his dwell-
ing torn !
Well knows my heart, with instincts true, he will pursue his
lost one's track,
Though to the kingdoms of the dead he must descend to
bring her back.'"

The Mahabhârata contains two hundred thousand sixteen-syllable lines, and fills four thick quarto volumes. Its proper subject, which is a war waged for the throne of India, between the sons of two brothers, Pandu and Dhritarashtra, is buried under an enormous accumulation of legends and heterogeneous lore. The work is therefore an inexhaustible repository of the mythical materials, the philosophy and the fiction of India. The clew — which so often seems to be lost in these interpolations, ranging from Krishna's metaphysics to Arjuna in the Bhagvat Gita, to the transparent simplicity of beauty in the matchless tale of Nala — is always skilfully resumed, and the whole plot is evolved to the reader's entire satisfaction at last. Indeed, to my mind, the closing passage of the Mahabhârata, take it for all in all, is the culminating point of the poetic literature of

the world. The following abstract of it is from the writer in the Westminster Review already referred to.

"We know of no episode, even in the Homeric poems, which can surpass its mournful grandeur, or raise a more solemn dirge over the desolation of the fallen heart of man. Yudishthira has won the throne, and his enemies are all fallen; and an inferior poet would have concluded the story with a pæan upon his happiness.

"Yudishthira learns, after his victory, that the throne for which he has suffered so much leaves him as unsatisfied and hungry as before. The friends of his youth are fallen, and the excitement of contest is over. In gloomy disappointment, he resigns his crown, and, with his brothers and Draupadi, sets out on a forlorn journey to Mount Meru, where Indra's heaven lies, amongst the wilds of the Himâlayas, there to find that rest which seems denied to their search upon earth.

I.

"Having heard Yudishthira's resolve, and seen the destruction of Krishna,
The five brothers set forth, and Draupadi, and the seventh was a dog that followed them.
Yudishthira himself was the last that quitted Hastinapura;
And all the citizens and the court followed them on their way,
But none felt able to say unto him, 'Return';
And at length they all went back unto the city.
Then the high-souled sons of Pandu and far-famed Draupadi
Pursued their way, fasting and with their faces turned towards the east,

Resolved upon separation from earth, and longing for release
from its laws;
They roamed onward over many regions, and to many a
river and sea.
Yudishthira went before, and Bhima followed next behind
him,
And Arjuna came after him, and then the twin sons of
Madri,
And sixth, after them, came Draupadi, with her fair face and
lotus eyes,
And last of all followed the dog, as they wandered on till
they came to the ocean.
But Arjuna left not hold of his heavenly bow,
Lured by the splendor of its gems, nor of those two heavenly
arrows:
And suddenly they saw Agni standing like a mountain before
them, —
Standing in gigantic form, and stopping up their path;
And thus to them spoke the god: 'O sons of Pandu, do you
know me not?
O Yudishthira, mighty hero, knowest thou not my voice?
I am Agni, who gave that bow unto Arjuna;
Let him leave it here and go, for none other is worthy to
bear it.
For Arjuna's sake I stole that bow from Varuna, the ocean-
god;
Let Gandhiva, that best of bows, be given back to ocean
again!'
Then the brothers all besought Arjuna to obey;
And he flung the bow into the sea, and he flung those im-
mortal arrows;
And lo! as they fell into the sea, Agni vanished before
them.
And once more the sons of Pandu set forth, with their faces
turned to the south.
And then by the upper shore of the briny sea

They turned toward the southwest, and went on in their way.
And as they journeyed onwards, and came unto the west,
There they beheld the old city of Krishna, now washed over by the ocean tide.
Again they turned to the north, and still they went on in their way,
Circumambulating round the continent, to find separation from earth.

II.

"Then, with their senses subdued, the heroes, having reached the north,
Beheld, with their heaven-desiring eyes, the lofty mountain Himavat,
And having crossed its height, they beheld the sea of sand,
And next they saw rocky Meru, the king of mountains.
But while they were thus faring onwards, in eager search for separation,
Draupadi lost hold of her hope, and fell on the face of the earth;
And Bhima the mighty, having beheld her fall,
Spoke to the king of justice, looking back to her, as there she lay:
'No act of evil hath she done, that faultless daughter of a king;
Wherefore, then, O conqueror! hath she fallen thus low on the ground?'
And thus to him answered Yudishthira: 'Too great was her love for Arjuna,
And the fruit thereof, O Bhima! hath she here gathered this day.'
Thus speaking, Bharata's glorious descendant went onwards, not looking back,
Gathering up his soul in himself in his unstooping wisdom and justice.

Next the fair Sahadeva fell upon the face of the earth,
And Bhima, beholding him fall, thus spake to the king:
'O Yudishthira, *he*, the greatest, the least froward and wilful of us all,
He, the son of fair Madri, — wherefore hath he fallen on the ground?'
And him thus answered Yudishthira: 'He esteemed none equal to himself;
This was his fault, and therefore hath the prince fallen this day.'
Thus speaking, he left Sahadeva, and went on,
Yudishthira, king of justice, with his brothers and the dog.
But when Nakula saw the fall of Draupadi and his brother,
The hero, full of love for his kindred, in his grief fell down like them to the earth.
And when Nakula, the fair-faced, had thus fallen like the others,
Once more, in his wonder, spoke Bhima unto the king:
'What! *he*, the undeviating in virtue, ever true to his honor and faith,
Unequalled for beauty in the world, — hath he too fallen on the ground?'
And him thus answered Yudishthira: 'Ever was the thought in his heart,
There is none equal in beauty to me, and I am superior unto all!
Therefore hath Nakula fallen. Come, Bhima, and follow my steps;
Whatsoever each hath done, assuredly he eateth thereof.'
And when Arjuna beheld them thus fallen behind him,
He too, the great conqueror, fell, with his soul pierced through with sorrow;
And when he, the lion-heart, was fallen, like Indra himself in majesty, —
When he, the invincible, was dead, once more Bhima spoke unto the king:

'No act of evil do I remember in all that Arjuna hath done;
Wherefore then is this change, and why hath he too fallen on the ground?'
And him thus answered Yudishthira: '"In one day I could destroy all my enemies,"—
Such was Arjuna's boast, and he falls, for he fulfilled it not!
And he ever despised all warriors beside himself:
This he ought not to have done, and therefore hath he fallen to-day.'
Thus speaking, the king went on, and then Bhima himself next fell to the earth;
And as he fell, he cried with a loud voice unto Yudishthira:
'O king of justice, look back! I — I, thy dear brother, am fallen;
What is the cause of my fall? O tell it to me if thou knowest!'
Once more him answered Yudishthira: 'When thou gazedst on thy foe,
Thou hast cursed him with thy breath; therefore thou too fallest to-day.'
Thus having spoken, the mighty king, not looking back, went on,
And still, as ever, behind him went following his dog alone!

III.

"Lo! suddenly, with a sound which rang through heaven and earth,
Indra came riding on his chariot, and he cried to the king, 'Ascend!'
Then, indeed, did the lord of justice look back to his fallen brothers,
And thus unto Indra he spoke, with a sorrowful heart:
'Let my brothers, who yonder lie fallen, go with me;
Not even unto thy heaven would I enter, if they were not there.

And yon fair-faced daughter of a king, Draupadi the all-deserving,
Let *her* too enter with us! O Indra, approve my prayer!'

INDRA.

'In heaven thou shalt find thy brothers, — they are already there before thee;
There are they all, with Draupadi; weep not, then, O son of Bharata!
Thither are they entered, prince, having thrown away their mortal weeds;
But thou alone shalt enter still wearing thy body of flesh.'

YUDISHTHIRA.

'O Indra, and what of this dog? It hath faithfully followed me through;
Let it go with me into heaven, for my soul is full of compassion.'

INDRA.

'Immortality and fellowship with me, and the height of joy and felicity,
All these hast thou reached to-day: leave, then, the dog behind thee.'

YUDISHTHIRA.

'The good may oft act an evil part, but never a part like this;
Away, then, with that felicity whose price is to abandon the faithful!'

INDRA.

'My heaven hath no place for dogs; they steal away our offerings on earth:
Leave, then, thy dog behind thee, nor think in thy heart that it is cruel.'

YUDISHTHIRA.

'To abandon the faithful and devoted is an endless crime, like the murder of a Brahmin;

Never, therefore, come weal or woe, will I abandon yon faithful dog.
Yon poor creature, in fear and distress, hath trusted in my power to save it:
Not, therefore, for e'en life itself will I break my plighted word.'

INDRA.

'If a dog but beholds a sacrifice, men esteem it unholy and void;
Forsake, then, the dog, O hero, and heaven is thine own as a reward.
Already thou hast borne to forsake thy fondly loved brothers, and Draupadi;
Why, then, forsakest thou not the dog? Wherefore now fails thy heart?'

YUDISHTHIRA.

'Mortals, when they are dead, are dead to love or hate, — so runs the world's belief;
I could not bring them back to life, but while they lived I never left them.
To oppress the suppliant, to kill a wife, to rob a Brahmin, and to betray one's friend,
These are the four great crimes; and to forsake a dependant I count equal to them.'

"Yudishthira then enters heaven; but one more trial awaits him. He finds there Duryodhana and the other sons of Dhritarashtra, but he looks in vain for his own brothers. He refuses to stay in the Swerga without them, and a messenger is sent to bring him where they are. He descends to the Indian hell, and finds them there; and he proudly resolves to stay with them and share their sorrows, rather than dwell in heaven without them. But the whole scene was only a *maya*, or illusion, to prove his virtue; — the sorrows suddenly vanish, —

the surrounding hell changes into heaven, where Yudishthira and his brothers dwell with Indra, in full content of heart, for ever."

To the impressed imaginations and touched hearts of those who have read this wonderful poem, Hastinapura is a grander name than Troy, and Dhritarashtra, Pandu, Yudishthira, Arjuna, Bhima, Karna, Damayanta, Draupadi, and Savitri are clothed with a sublime fascination of interest far transcending that which invests the highest personages of Grecian epic and tragedy. I will cite but one brief fragment more, a picture which like a quick, broad flash lights up to our ignorance the dark stage and canvas of the Hindu fancy. A Brahmin suddenly enters the arena, amidst the clang and confusion of a tournament: notice what an instant "hush follows, both in the din of the crowd and in the mind of the reader."

"With the noise of the musical instruments, and the eager noise of the spectators,
The din of the assembly rose up like the roaring of the sea,
When, lo! wearing his white raiment, and the white sacrificial cord,
With his snow-white hair and his silvery beard, and the white garland round his head,
Into the midst of the arena slowly walked the Brahmin with his son,
Like the sun with the planet Mars in a cloudless sky."

The Arabians have a unique kind of poems called Moallaca. It receives its name from the seven prize poems written in gold and "suspended" in the temple of Mecca, — the Pleiades in the heaven of Arabic poetry. This poem must commence with describing in mournful

strain the ruins of a house or the deserted site of a tent, where, in an earlier, happier time, the poet was blessed with the presence of his beloved. Next the poet proceeds to paint in glowing imagery the beauty and the merits of his courser or his camel. And the composition closes with a description of some scene in nature, a shower, a moon-rise, or a landscape. These three particulars being introduced in their proper order, the author is free to weave in with them any story, reflections, or moral he pleases. It is very singular that these conditions of the Moallaca are all, in a manner, fulfilled in the book of Job, — the ruin of his eldest son's house with the destruction of his family, the famous panegyric of the horse, the description of constellations, thunder, and a whirlwind. A fine example of Arab scenery and life is given in the following poem by Freiligrath. The translation is by a writer in the Prospective Review.

THE PICTURE OF THE DESERT.

"A picture, good! my brow I shade within the hollow of my hand;
The curtains of mine eyes I close! — Lo, there the desert's burning sand,
The camping-places of my tribe, appear; arrayed in lurid light,
Robed in her burning widow-weeds, Sahara bursts upon my sight.

"Who travelled through the lion-land? Of claws and hoofs the prints appear;
Timbuctoo's caravan! Behold, far in the distance gleams the spear;

There banners wave, while through the dust the Emir's
purple floats along,
And with a sober stateliness the camel's head o'erpeers the
throng.

"Where sand and sky together blend, onward in close array
they sweep;
Now the horizon's sulphurous mist ingulfs them in its
lurid deep;
The vestige broad thou still canst trace distinctly of the
flying train,
As gleam, at intervals, dispersed, their relics o'er the
sandy plain.

"Look yonder! like a milestone grim, a dromedary dead lies
there;
Upon the prostrate bulk are perched, with naked throats,
a vulture pair;
Intent upon their ghastly meal, for yon rich turban what
care they,
By some young Arab left behind in that wild journey's
desperate way?

"Fragments of costly housings float the tamarisk's thorny
bushes round;
And near, an empty water-skin lies foul and gaping on the
ground;
Who's he who treads it 'neath his feet? The Sheik it is,
with dusky hair,
The Sheik of Biledulgerid, who gazes round with frantic
stare.

"He closed the rear; his charger fell; behind he's left upon
the sand:
O'ercome with thirst, his favorite wife doth from his girdle
drooping hang;

How flashed her eye as she erewhile in triumph rode before
her lord!
Across the waste he trails her now, as from a baldric trails
a sword.

"The burning sand, swept o'er at night by the grim lion's
tail alone,
Is by the waving tresses now of yonder helpless woman
strown;
It gathers in her tangled locks, dries on her lip the spicy
dew,
And with its sharp and cruel flints her tender skin it pierces
through.

"And now, alas! the Emir fails. — Throbs in his veins the
boiling blood,
His eyeballs glare, — in lurid lines swells on his brow the
purple flood!
With one last kiss, one burning kiss, he wakes to life his
Moorish bride,
Then flings himself, with frantic curse, on the red desert by
her side.

"But she, amazed, looks wildly round. 'My lord, awake!
Thou sleepest here?
The sky, but now like molten brass, like polished steel
gleams cold and clear.
Where now the desert's yellow glare? A radiance gleams
mine eyes before,
It sparkles like the sea, whose wave at Algiers breaks along
the shore.

"'Its grateful moisture cools my brow; — yonder its flowing
waters gleam; —
A giant mirror, there it shines; — awake! perchance 't is
Nilus' stream;

Yet no, we travelled south I 'm sure; the Senegal it then must be; —
Or are yon heaving waves indeed the billows of the surging sea?

"'No matter! it is water still! Awake, my lord! O let us hence!
My robe I 've cast aside; O come, this deadly scorching fire to quench!
A cooling draught, a quickening bath, will with new strength our limbs indue;
Yon towering fortress once achieved, to all our toils we 'll bid adieu!

"'Its crimson banners proudly wave defiance round its portals grey;
Its ramparts bristled o'er with spears, — its mosques within, — I all survey;
High-masted vessels in the roads securely ride, in stately rows;
Its shops and caravansaries a crowd of pilgrims overflows.

"'My tongue is parched! Wake up, beloved! Already nears the twilight now!'
He lifts his eye, and murmurs hoarse, 'It is the desert's mocking show!
More cruel than the hot Simoom! Of wicked fiends the barbarous play —'
He stops, — the baseless vision fades, — she sinks upon his lifeless clay."

The passion of love is copiously treated by the bards of Arabia; their works on this subject abound with astonishing images, and are filled with a fire of tenderness beyond all rivalry. One poet says to his mistress: 'In

the day of resurrection all the lovers shall be ranged under my banner, all the beauties under thine." Another says of his: "One night she spread forth three locks of her hair, and so were exhibited four nights together." Shemselnihar takes a lute and sings: "The sun beams from thine eyes, the Pleiades shine from thy mouth, and the full moon rises from the upper border of thy vest. From the model of thy form hath God originated beauty, and the fragrance of the zephyr from thy disposition."

The descriptive power and fidelity of Arabic poetry in setting forth both the life of the people and the scenery of the clime are remarkable. It conjures up visions of tawny brows, flowing beards, soft eyes, picturesque turbans, pawing chargers, and patient dromedaries. We seem to be there. It is the land of the date-tree and the fountain, the ostrich and the giraffe, the tent and the caravan. It is the home of the simoom and the mirage. It is the world of the desert and the stars. Hospitality waves her torch through the night to win the wanderer to be a guest. Reeking vengeance, with bloodshot eyes and dripping blade, dashes by "on a stallion shod with fire." The very picture, embodiment, breath, blaze, of all this is in the lyrics of the Bedouin bards. The richness of their language, and something of the character of the people who use it, are shown in the fact that it has eighty names for honey, five hundred for the lion, and a thousand for the sword!

THE SPIRIT-CARAVAN.

"On the desert sand bivouacked and silent lay our motley throng;
My Bedouin Arabs slumbered the unbridled steeds among;

Far away the moonlight quivered o'er old Nilus' mountain chain,
Dromedary-bones lay bleaching, scattered o'er the sandy plain.

"Wide awake I lay: — my caftan's ample folds were o'er me spread,
Covering breast and feet; my saddle formed a pillow for my head;
There I thrust my purse, together with the date-tree's fruit; and near
I had placed my naked sabre, with my musket and my spear.

"All was silent, save the rustle by the dying embers made,
Save the wheeling of the vulture, from its distant eyrie strayed;
Save when an impatient charger, firmly tethered, pawed the ground,
Or a rider snatched his weapons, dreaming in his sleep profound.

"Lo! the firm earth trembles! yonder, ghastly shapes are gliding by
Through the moonlight; o'er the desert savage beasts in terror fly!
Snorting rear the frightened chargers; — grasps his flag our leader bold, —
'Lo! the spirit caravan,' he murmurs, and lets go his hold.

"Ay, they come! — Before the camels see the spectral drivers glide;
Seated on their stately saddles, unveiled women proudly ride;

By their side appear young maidens, bearing pitchers, like
Rebecca;
Troops of phantom riders follow, — on they rush with speed
to Mecca.

"Still they come! — the train is endless, — who can count
the number o'er?
See, the scattered bones of camels rise, instinct with life
once more;
And the whirling sand, whose masses o'er the desert darkly
rolled,
Changes into dusky drivers, who the camel-bridles hold.

"This the night when all the creatures, swallowed by the
sandy main,
Whose storm-driven dust distressed us, as we crossed the
burning plain,
And whose mouldering skulls were trodden 'neath our
horses' hoofs to-day,
Come to life, and in procession haste at Mecca's shrine to
pray.

"More, still more! — not yet have passed us those who close
the ghastly train;
And the first appear already, flying back with slackened
rein;
From the mountains, lying yonder, whirling with the light-
ning's speed,
They have passed to Babelmandib, ere I could unloose my
steed.

"Now make ready! — loose the chargers, — every rider in
his seat!
Tremble not as the distracted herd, when they the lion
meet!

Let the spectres' flowing garments touch you as they rustle by;
Allah call! — and on their camels let the phantom riders fly!

"Wait until the morning breezes in your turbans wave the plumes,
Morning red and morning breezes will consign them to their tombs;
Back to dust these nightly pilgrims will return at break of day;
Lo! it glimmers, and my charger greets it with a joyous neigh."

There is something romantic and touching in an Arab's proud and tender love for his horse. A young warrior is slaughtered in battle: when his steed comes home, his mother takes its hoof in her bosom, and kisses its head, and presses her cheek against its neck. Says Hassan to his mare, in Bayard Taylor's fine and faithful lines: —

"Come, my beauty! come, my desert darling!
On my shoulder lay thy glossy head!
Fear not, though the barley-sack be empty,
Here 's the half of Hassan's scanty bread.

"Bend thy forehead now, to take my kisses!
Lift in love thy dark and splendid eye:
Thou art glad when Hassan mounts the saddle, —
Thou art proud he owns thee: so am I.

"We have seen Damascus, O my beauty!
And the splendor of the Pashas there:
What 's their pomp and riches? Why, I would not
Take them for a handful of thy hair!"

Next to his mistress and his steed the Arab loves the palm-tree. I have read an Arab poem which, in a hundred and thirty-six couplets, celebrates the hundred and thirty-six uses to which the leaves and fibres of the various palms are applied.

Turning to PERSIAN poetry, we are at once confronted by the Shâh Nâmeh, Firdousi's immortal epic. When the humble Firdousi came from his garden at Tus to the Sultan's residence, the three court poets saw him coming, and thought by a trick to shame him away. As he approached, they told him that they conversed with no one unless, when they had recited three verses, he could supply a rhyme to the third line. They had agreed to end that line with a word having but one rhyme in the language, the name of a legendary hero. The first, addressing a beautiful maid, says: —

"The light of the moon to thy splendor is weak";

The second adds:

"The rose is eclipsed by the bloom of thy cheek":

Then the third continues:

"Thine eyelashes dart through the folds of the joshun";

Firdousi instantly subjoins:

"Like the javelin of Giw in the battle with Poshun."

Surprised and delighted, the worthy trio introduced the stranger to Mahmoud, who was so pleased with his talents and manners that he soon employed him to versify the ancient history and myths of the nation. The result was that great poem, which is now read in so many languages, and whose perpetual fame is secure. The Shâh Nâmeh is a structure of fable and exaggeration on a basis of historic fact. It abounds with giants, demons,

prodigies, magicians, and miraculous monstrosities, but at the same time has many episodes of marvellous purity, elegance, and interest, and is crowded with rare gems both of thought and rhetoric. A writer familiar with the original Persian of this work tells us, that "from beginning to end it is one unbroken current of exquisite melody. Verse after verse *ripples* on the ear, and washes up its tribute of rhyme; and we stand, as it were, on the shore, and gaze with wonder into the world that lies buried beneath, — a world of feeling, and thought, and action, that has passed away from earth's memory for ever, whilst its palaces and heroes are dimly seen mirrored below, as in the enchanted lake of the Arabian story." One of the most beautiful episodes in the Shâh Nâmeh — the story of Sohrab — has been best put into English by Matthew Arnold. It is, to say the least, in all the choicest qualities of poetry fully equal to any passage of the same length in Homer's Iliad. Firdousi closes the history of Feridun, the most virtuous of his heroes, with this forcible application of a beautiful moral: —

> "Yet Feridun was not an angel,
> Nor was he formed of musk or ambergris:
> He gained his fame by justice and generosity.
> Be thou generous and just, and thou art a Feridun."

When Firdousi had finished his gigantic task, and laid the magnificent result — sixty thousand rhymed couplets — at the feet of the Sultan, whose mind had been poisoned against him by his envious rivals, his royal master insulted him by sending a petty sum of copper money as his reward. The poet's wounded spirit re-

coiled in bitter anger. He wrote a most stinging satire, and, having sent it to the ungrateful monarch, fled from the empire. The following specimen of this remarkable invective is very striking. I quote from a valuable series of articles on Persian Poetry to be found in Fraser's Magazine, Vols. XVIII. – XXI.

"In Mahmoud hope not thou to find
One virtue to redeem his mind!
His thoughts no generous transports fill,
To truth, to faith, to justice, chill!
Son of a slave, his diadem
In vain may glow with many a gem:
Exalted high in power and place,
Out bursts the meanness of his race!

"Take of some bitter tree a shoot,
In Eden's gardens plant the root;
Let waters from th' eternal spring
Amidst the boughs their incense fling:
Though bathed and showered with honey-dew,
Its native baseness springs to view:
After long care and anxious skill
The fruit it bears is bitter still!

"Place thou within the spicy nest,
Where the bright phœnix loves to rest,
A raven's egg, and mark thou well,
When the vile bird has chipped his shell,
Though fed with grains from trees that grow
Where Salsebil's pure waters flow,
Though airs from Gabriel's wing may rise,
To fan the cradle where he lies,
Though long their patient cares endure,
He proves at last a bird impure!

"A viper nurtured in a bed
Where roses all their beauties spread,
Though nourished with the drops alone
Of waves that spring from Allah's throne,
Is still a poisonous reptile found,
And with its venom taints the ground!

"Hadst thou, degenerate prince! but shown
One single virtue as thy own,
Then thou hadst gloried in my fame,
And built thyself a deathless name.
O Mahmoud! though thou fear me not,
Heaven's vengeance will not be forgot;
Shrink, tyrant! from my words of fire,
And wither in a poet's ire!"

As we enter the realm of Persian lyric poetry, we approach the most intoxicating cordials and the daintiest viands anywhere furnished at the world-banquet of literature. The eye is inebriate at sight of ruby vases filled with honey, and crystal goblets brimmed with thick-purpled wine, and golden baskets full of sliced pomegranates. The flavor of nectarines, tamarinds, and figs is on the tongue. If we lean from the balcony for relief, a breeze comes wafted over acres of roses, and the air is full of the odor of cloves and precious gums, sandal-wood and cedar, frankincense forests, and cinnamon groves. A Persian poet of rich genius, who wrote but little, being asked why he did not produce more, replied: "I intended, as soon as I should reach the rose-trees, to fill my lap, and bring presents for my companions; but when I arrived there, the fragrance of the roses so intoxicated me that the skirt of my robe slipped from my hands." The true Persian poet, as Mirtsa

Schaffŷ declares, in his songs burns sun, moon, and stars as sacrifice on the altar of beauty. Every kiss the maidens plant on his lips springs up as a song in his mouth. One describes a battle-field looking as if the earth was covered over with crimson tulips. The evening star is a moth, and the moon the lamp. A devotee in a dream heard the cherubs in heaven softly singing the poetry of Saadi, and saying, "This couplet of Saadi is worth the hymns of angel-worship for a whole year." Upon awaking he went to Saadi and found him fervently reciting the following lines: —

> "To pious minds each verdant leaf displays
> A volume teeming with th' Almighty's praise."

The Persian seems born with a lyre in his hand and a song on his tongue. It is related of the celebrated poet, Abderrahman, son of Hissân, that when an infant, being stung by a wasp, he ran to his father, crying in spontaneous verse:

> Father, I have been stung by an insect I know not, but his breast
> With white and yellow spots is covered, like the border of my vest.

The tones of the Persian harp are extremely tender and pathetic. They seem to sigh, Wherever sad Memory walks in the halls of the past, her step wakes the echoes of long-lost joys. They frequently accord with a strain like this: —

> "I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
> With bands of grass suspended from a dome.
> I said, 'What means this worthless grass, that it
> Should in the rose's fairy circle sit?'

Then wept the grass, and said: 'Be still! and know
The kind their old associates ne'er forego.
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, true!
But in the garden of my Lord I grew!'"

Among the epic poets of Persia, Firdousi is chief; among the romantic poets, Nisami; among the moral-didactic, Saadi; among the purely lyric, Hafiz; among the religious, Ferideddin Attar. In their respective provinces these indisputably and unapproached bear the palm.

There are three objects as famous in Persian poetry as the Holy Grail in the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. One is Jemschid's cup. This was a magic goblet with seven circling lines dividing it into seven compartments, corresponding to the seven worlds. Filling it with wine, Jemschid had only to look in it and behold all the events of the creation, past, present, and future.

"It is that goblet round whose wondrous rim
The enrapturing secrets of creation swim."

Firdousi has described Jemschid upon a certain occasion consulting this cup.

"The vessel in his hand revolving shook,
And earth's whole surface glimmered on his look:
Nor less the secrets of the starry sphere,
The what, and when, and how, depicted clear:
From orbs celestial to the blade of grass,
All nature floated in the magic glass."

Another is Solomon's signet-ring. Such were the incredible virtues of this little talisman, that the touch of it exorcised all evil spirits, commanded the instant presence and services of the Genii, laid every secret bare,

and gave its possessor almost unlimited powers of knowledge, dominion, and performance. The third is Iskander's mirror. By looking on this the future was revealed, unknown climes brought to view, and whatever its owner wished made visible. By means of this glass, Alexander — for the Oriental Iskander is no other — accomplished the expedition to Paradise, so celebrated in the mythic annals of the East. There is scarcely any end to the allusions and anecdotes referring to these three wondrous objects.

There are likewise three pairs of lovers whose courtship and fortunes are staple subjects with the Persian bards. Hatifi is thought to have best sung the loves of Leila and Majnun. Nisami is identified with the finest portrayal of the affection and fate of Khosru and Shireen. And Jami has, in his telling of the story of Joseph and Zuleika, distanced all rivals. But on each of the three pairs scores of distinguished lyrists have tried their powers. In Nisami's Khosru and Shireen occurs the remarkable episode of Ferhâd. Ferhâd was a sculptor of transcendent genius, who, from his passionate love for Shireen, was a troublesome rival to Khosru. The king, to get rid of his presence by engaging him in an impossible task, promised that if he would, unaided, cut through the impassable mountain of Beysitoun a channel for a river, and hew all the masses of rock into statues, the lovely maid he adored should be the reward of his labors. The slave of love accepted the condition. The enamored statuary commenced his work, crying, every time he struck the rock, "Alas, Shireen!"

"On lofty Beysitoun the lingering sun
Looks down on ceaseless labors, long begun;

The mountain trembles to the echoing sound
Of falling rocks that from her sides rebound.
Each day, all respite, all repose, denied,
Without a pause the thundering strokes are plied;
The mist of night around the summits coils,
But still Ferhâd, the lover-artist, toils.
And still, the flashes of his axe between,
He sighs to every wind, 'Alas, Shireen!'
A hundred arms are weak one block to move
Of thousands moulded by the hand of love
Into fantastic shapes and forms of grace,
That crowd each nook of that majestic place.
The piles give way, the rocky peaks divide,
The stream comes gushing on, a foaming tide, —
A mighty work for ages to remain,
The token of his passion and his pain.
As flows the milky flood from Allah's throne,
Rushes the torrent from the yielding stone.
And, sculptured there, amazed, stern Khosru stands,
And frowning sees obeyed his harsh commands:
While she, the fair beloved, with being rife,
Awakes from glowing marble into life.
O hapless youth! O toil repaid by woe!
A king thy rival, and the world thy foe.
Will she wealth, splendor, pomp, for thee resign,
And only genius, truth, and passion thine?
Around the pair, lo! chiselled courtiers wait,
And slaves and pages grouped in solemn state;
From columns imaged wreaths their garlands throw,
And fretted roofs with stars appear to glow:
Fresh leaves and blossoms seem around to spring,
And feathered throngs their loves seem murmuring.
The hands of Peris might have wrought those stems
Where dew-drops hang their fragile diadems,
And strings of pearl and sharp-cut diamonds shine,
New from the wave, or recent from the mine.

'Alas, Shireen!' at every stroke he cries, —
At every stroke fresh miracles arise.
'For thee my life one ceaseless toil has been;
Inspire my soul anew, — alas, Shireen!'"

Ferhâd achieved his task, and with such exquisite skill and taste, that the most expert statuaries and polishers from every part of the world, coming to behold his works, bit the finger of astonishment and were confounded at the genius of that distracted lover. Ferhâd was pausing, weary, at the completion of his toil, with his chisel in his hand, when his treacherous rival sent him the false message that Shireen was dead.

"He heard the fatal news, — no word, no groan;
He spoke not, moved not, stood transfixed to stone.
Then, with a frenzied start, he raised on high
His arms, and wildly tossed them towards the sky;
Far in the wide expanse his axe he flung,
And from the precipice at once he sprung.
The rocks, the sculptured caves, the valleys green,
Sent back his dying cry, — 'Alas, Shireen!'"

Furthermore, there are five standard allegories of hapless love which the poets of Persia have wrought out in innumerable forms of passionate imagery and beauteous versification. The constant Nightingale loves the Rose, and when she perishes, his laments pain the evening air, and fill grove and garden with heart-breaking melodies.

"The bulbul wanders to and fro;
His wing is weak, his note is low;
In vain he wakes his song,
Since she he wooed so long
No more sheds perfume on the air around:
Her hundred leaves lie scattered on the ground;

Or if one solitary bud remain,
The bloom is past, and only left the stain.
Where once amidst the blossoms was his nest,
Thorns raise their daggers at his bleeding breast."

The Lily loves the Sun, and opens the dazzling white of her bosom to his greeting smile as he rises; and when he sets, covers her face and droops her head, forlorn, all night. The Lotus loves the Moon; and soon as his silver light gilds the waters, she lifts her snowy neck above the tide, and sheds the perfume of her amorous breath over the waves, till shaming day ends her dalliance. The Ball loves the Bat, and still solicitingly returns, flying to meet him, however oft and cruelly repulsed and spurned. The Moth and the Taper are two fond lovers separated by the fierce flame. He draws her with resistless invitation: she flies with reckless resolve; the merciless flame devours her, and melts him away.

From this rapid look at the wealth of the Iranian bards, let us now turn, for a moment, to the Súfis. The circulating life-sap of Súfism is piety, its efflorescence is poetry, which it yields in spontaneous abundance of brilliant bloom. The Súfis are a sect, of comparatively modern origin, which sprouted from the trunk of Mohammedanism, where the mysticism of India was grafted into it, and was nourished in the passionate sluggishness of Eastern reverie by the soothing dreams and fanatic fires of that wondrous race and clime. They flourished chiefly in Persia, but rightfully claimed as virtual members of their sect the most distinguished religionists, philosophers, and poets of the whole Orient for thousands of years; because all these agreed with

them in the fundamental principles of their system of thought, rules of life, and aims of aspiration. A detailed account of the Súfis may be found in Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia, and a good sketch of their dogmas is presented in Tholuck's Súfism; but the best exposition of their experience and literary expression is afforded by Tholuck's Anthology from the Oriental Mystics. The Súfis are a sect of meditative devotees, whose absorption in spiritual contemplations and hallowed raptures is unparalleled, whose piety penetrates to a depth where the mind gropingly staggers among the bottomless roots of being, in mazes of wonder and delight, and reaches to a height where the soul loses itself among the roofless immensities of glory in a bedazzled and boundless ecstasy. As a specimen, read

THE SUCCESSFUL SEARCH.

"I was ere a name had been named upon earth, —
Ere one trace yet existed of aught that has birth, —
When the locks of the Loved One streamed forth for a sign,
And being was none save the Presence Divine!
Ere the veil of the flesh for Messiah was wrought,
To the Godhead I bowed in prostration of thought!
I measured intently, I pondered with heed,
(But ah fruitless my labor!) the Cross and its Creed.
To the Pagod I rushed, and the Magian's shrine,
But my eye caught no glimpse of a glory divine!
The reins of research to the Caaba I bent,
Whither hopefully thronging the old and young went;
Candahár and Herát searched I wistfully through,
Nor above nor beneath came the Loved One to view!
I toiled to the summit, wild, pathless, and lone,
Of the globe-girding Kâf, but the Phœnix had flown.

The seventh earth I traversed, the seventh heaven explored,
But in neither discerned I the Court of the Lord!
I questioned the Pen and the Tablet of Fate,
But they whispered not where He pavilions his state.
My vision I strained, but my God-scanning eye
No trace that to Godhead belongs could descry.
But when I my glance turned within my own breast,
Lo! the vainly sought Loved One, the Godhead confessed!
In the whirl of its transport my spirit was tossed
Till each atom of separate being I lost:
And the bright sun of Tauriz a madder than me,
Or a wilder, hath never yet seen, nor shall see."

Their aim is a union with God so intimate that it becomes identity, wherein thought is an involuntary intuitive grasp and fruition of universal truth; and wherein feeling is a dissolving and infinite delirium filled with the perfect calmness of unfathomable bliss. For the gradual training of the soul unto the winning of this incomparable and last attainment, they have devised a system of means whose simplicity and complication, adapted completeness, — regular stages of initiation and gradations of experience, spiritual frictions and magnetisms, stimulants for some faculties, soporifics for others, diversified disciplines and educations for all, — are astonishingly fitted to lead the disciple regularly on to the marvellous result they desire. And it could scarcely fail of effect, if faithfully tried, even in the colder airs and on the more phlegmatic natures of the West. How finely drawn the subtile experience and beautiful thought in the following anecdote of Rabia, the celebrated Mohammedan saint! We give it as told after Tholuck by James Freeman Clarke.

THE THREE STAGES OF PIETY.

Rabia, sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited,
Holy Malik, Hassan wise, —
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.
Hassan says, " Whose prayer is pure
Will God's chastisements endure."
Malik from a deeper sense
Uttered his experience:
" He who loves his Master's choice
Will in chastisement rejoice."
Rabia saw some selfish will
In their maxims lingering still,
And replied, " O men of grace!
He who sees his Master's face
Will not in his prayer recall
That he is chastised at all."

The passage through the classified degrees of attainment in the mystic life they call "the travelling by steps up to heaven."

The Súfi poets are innumerable, but their universally acknowledged head and master is the celebrated Mewlana Dschelaleddin Rumi, the greatest mystic poet of the whole Orient, the oracle of the devotees, the nightingale of the contemplative life, the lawgiver in piety, the founder of the principal order of Dervishes, and author of the Mesnavi. The Mesnavi is a vast and famous double-rhymed ascetic poem, an inexhaustible coffer of Súfi lore and gems. From the banks of the Ganges to the Bosporus it is the hand-book of all Súfis, the law-book and ritual of all the mystics. From this work, says Von Hammer, this volcanic eruption of inspira-

tion, breaks forth the inmost peculiarity of Oriental mysticism, a solitary self-direction towards the loftiest goal of perfection over the contemplative way of Divine Love. On the wings of the highest religious inspiration, which rise far beyond all outer forms of positive religion, adoring the Eternal Essence, in its completest abstraction from everything earthly, as the purest fountain of eternal light, soars Dschelaleddin, above suns and moons, above time and space, above creation and fate, beyond the primeval decrees of destiny, beyond the sentence of the last judgment, forth into infinitude, where he melts into unity with the Endless Being as endless worshipper, and into the Boundless Love as boundless lover, ever forgetful of himself, having the Absolute in view; and, instead of closing his poems, like other great poets, with his own name, he always makes the name of his mystic master the keystone to the diamond arch of his fire-ghazels.

The Súfi turns inward for his aims and joys, with a scornful superiority to all visible rituals. He says that one hour of secret meditation and silent love is of more avail than seventy thousand years of outward worship. When, with great toils and sufferings, Rabia had effected the pilgrimage to Mecca, and saw the people praying around the Caaba, she beat her breast and cried aloud: —

> "O heart! weak follower of the weak,
> That thou shouldst traverse land and sea,
> In this far place that God to seek
> Who long ago had come to thee!"

When a knowledge of the Supreme has been attained, there is no need of ceremonies; when a soft, refreshing

breeze blows from the south, there is no need of a fan. As an illustration of this phase may be perused the following fine poem translated by Professor Falconer. It may be fitly entitled

THE RELIGION OF THE HEART.

"Beats there a heart within that breast of thine?
Then compass reverently its sacred shrine:
For the true spiritual Caaba is the heart,
And no proud pile of perishable art.
When God ordained the pilgrim rite, that sign
Was meant to lead thy thought to things divine.
A thousand times *he* treads that round in vain
Who e'en one human heart would idly pain.
Leave wealth behind; bring God thy heart, — best light
To guide thy wavering steps through life's dark night.
God spurns the riches of a thousand coffers,
And says, 'My chosen is he his heart who offers.
Nor gold nor silver seek I, but above
All gifts the heart, and buy it with my love;
Yea, one sad, contrite heart, which men despise,
More than my throne and fixed decree I prize.'
Then think not lowly of thy heart, though lowly,
For holy is it, and there dwells the Holy.
God's presence-chamber is the human breast;
Ah happy he whose heart holds such a guest!"

Every consistent Súfi is an optimist, one who denies the reality of evil. In his poems he mingles the fighting limits of light and darkness, dissolves the rocky boundaries of right and wrong, and buries all clamorous distinctions beneath the level sea of pantheistic unity. All drops, however driven forth, scalded in deserts or frozen on mountains, belong to the ocean, and, by

omnipotent attractions, will finally find their way home, to repose and flow with the tidal uniformity of the all-embracing deep. Vice and virtue, purity and corruption, birth and decay, cruelty and tenderness, — all antagonistic elements and processes are equally the manifestations and workings of God. From him all spirits proceeded, and to him they are ever returning; or in the temple, or on the gibbet, groaning in sinks of degraded sensuality and want, or exulting in palaces of refinement and splendor, they are equally climbing by irresistible affinities and propulsions towards their native seat in Deity.

> "Yet spake yon purple mountain,
> Yet said yon ancient wood,
> That night or day, that love or crime,
> Leads all souls to the good."

This optimistic denial of the reality of evil is frequently brought out by the Súfi, with a sudden emphasis, an unflinching thoroughness, in forms and guises of mystic reason, wondrous beauty, and bewildering subtlety, which must astound a Christian moralist. The Súfi's brain is a magazine of transcendent mysteries and prodigious conceits, his faith an ocean of dusky bliss, his illuminated tenderness a beacon of the Infinite Light.

An important trait of the Súfi belief is contained in the idea, zealously held by them all, and suffusing most of their poetry, that death is ecstasy.

> "A lover on his death-bed lay, and o'er his face the while,
> Though anguish racked his wasted frame, there swept a
> fitful smile:

A flush his sunken cheek o'erspread, and to his faded eye
Came light that less spoke earthly bliss than heaven-breathed ecstasy.
And one that weeping o'er him bent, and watched the ebbing breath,
Marvelled what thought gave mastery o'er that dread hour of death.
'Ah, when the FAIR, adored through life, lifts up at length,' he cried,
'The veil that sought from mortal eye immortal charms to hide,
'Tis thus true lovers, fevered long with that sweet mystic fire,
Exulting meet the LOVED ONE'S gaze, and in that glance expire!'"

Death plunges the heated, weary, thirsting soul into a flood of delicious relief and repose, the unalloyed and ceaseless fruition of a divine delight. The past was one sweet ocean of Divinity, the future is another, the present interposes, a blistering and dreary strand, between. To their hushed ear

"Some Seraph whispers from the verge of space:
'Make not these hollow shores thy resting-place;
Born to a portion in thy Maker's bliss,
Why linger idly in a waste like this?'"

From their heavenly yearning breaks the exclamation, "O the bliss of that day when I shall depart from this desolate mansion, and my soul shall find rest, and I shall follow the traces of my Beloved!" From their exhilarating anticipation of pleasure and glory yet untasted and unglimpsed behind the veil, rises the rejoiceful cry, —

"Blest time that frees me from the bonds of clay,
To track the Lost One through his airy course:
Like motes exulting in their parent ray,
My kindling spirit rushes to its Source!"

There are thoughts and sentiments in these poems which ought, however suggested, and wherever recognized, to smite us with subduing wonder, and to fill us with sympathetic longing; which ought magnetically to strike with opening fe and desire that side of our souls which looks upon infinity and eternity, and wherethrough, in favored hours, we thrill to the visiting influences of boundless Mystery and nameless Love, with a rapture of calmness, a vision of heaven, a perfect communion of the Father, confessing with electric shudders of awe and joy the motions of the Spirit, as God's hand wanders solemnly among the chords of the heart.

In conclusion, I will specify the principal traits which belong in a distinctive degree to Oriental poetry. The first one that attracts notice is an airy, winged, exultant liberty of spirit, an unimpeded largeness and ease of movement, an intense enthusiasm. This gives birth to extravagance. Compare in this respect the Arabian Nights' Entertainments with the Waverley Novels. Its lower form is a revelling or deliberate fancy, abounding in lawless conceits, sometimes puerile, sometimes amazing. "The bird of understanding hath fled from the nest of my brain." "The sun in the zenith is a golden falcon hovering over his azure nest." The higher form of this trait is the spontaneous transport of an inspired and free imagination, producing the most stupendous conceptions, infusing a divine soul through all dead substance, melting everything into its own moulds, filling a

new universe with new marvels of beauty and delight. Almost every page of true Eastern poetry illustrates this. "The world is a bud from the bower of God's beauty, the sun a spark from the light of his wisdom, and the sky a bubble on the ocean of his power." The lover tells his mistress, that had he been dead a thousand years, if she should walk over his grave his ashes would thrill as she passed, and his heart instantly blossom through the sod into roses beneath her tread. Mahmoud says, "In the eye of a gnat sleeps an elephant; in a kernel of corn already lie many thousands of harvests; in yon dew-drop as an exile the Euphrates is banished; in that mustard-seed, thy heart, thrones the Lord who inhabiteth immensity." This quickening faculty often gives a tremendous force to expression, as when Saadi addresses a mean villain in these terms:—

> "All would that wall with loathing fly
> Which bore impressed thy effigy;
> And if thy lot in Eden fell,
> All others would make choice of Hell!"

A very striking peculiarity of the Oriental Muse in general is a singular copiousness of comparison. Nothing is too remote or near, too common or solitary, too sublime or trivial, to furnish a similitude with something else. A band of Mamlouks with drawn swords surround the house as the black surrounds the pupil of the eye. True these parallels are sometimes very trite and unmeaning, but they are often wonderfully subtile, felicitous, and beautiful. The sun at dawn, rushing over the mountains, is a lion chasing the black gazelle, night.

A hideous object is ugly as a peacock's foot. A starless night is black as the book of sins in the judgment-day. The lapwing waves its pinions towards the earth even as the Magi bow before the sacred fire. In the heart of a bereaved unfortunate the vestiges of departed happiness are left as the ashes are left where a departed caravan once encamped. Almost every thought is clothed in a metaphor. Is greatness calm?

> "A stone makes not great rivers turbid grow:
> When saints are vexed, their shallowness they show!"

Has rarity a charm?

> "Could every hailstone to a pearl be turned,
> Pearls in the mart like oyster-shells were spurned!"

When an avaricious man is to be described, we read:

> "If the sun on his table-cloth instead of dry bread lay,
> In all the world none would behold again the light of day!"

And when it is to be said that uncleanness or disease is remedilessly repulsive, we have this:

> "Ne'er will the orange, from the Sultan's hand
> Once on the dunghill fallen, more there rest;
> Though thirsty, none will water e'er demand,
> When ulcerated lips the jar have pressed!"

Upon the letter of his life every man finds the seal of God's mercy. Water is one in look and substance, but the glasses from which men drink it are many in shape and hue. All religions are diversities of the one true faith, as all colors are modifications of the one white light.

The apologue, fable, or parable, — the conveyance of instruction or admonition in the form of a brief, striking

story, — is characteristic of Eastern poetry as well as prose. This is well exemplified in the New Testament. It is also supposed that most of the fables of Æsop were imported from the earlier Indian literature, — though this has been denied by some, for instance, by Weber in his reply to Wagener's prize essay on the "Connection between the Indian Fables and the Greek." But it is unquestionable that nearly all the poetic productions of the East are crowded with brief, sweet, touching, ingenious, hortatory apologues. And thousands of the happiest specimens of this kind of composition, known now among the modern nations of the Occident, were drawn from the vast stores of the Orient. In these stories the emphatic aphoristic tendency of the Eastern literary mind is almost everywhere displayed. "A gay experience of good fortune makes man shallow and frivolous; deep grief makes him wise."

> "Should you a cistern with rose-water fill,
> A dog dropped in it would defile it still."

"It is easier to dig a rooted mountain up with a needle, than to pluck pride from the heart." As an exemplification of this head I must here cite Mr. Clarke's admirable versification of the story, rendered from the Persian by Tholuck, called .

THE CALIPH AND SATAN.

In heavy sleep the Caliph lay,
When some one called, "Arise and pray!"

The angry Caliph cried, "Who dare
Rebuke his king for slighted prayer?"

Then, from the corner of the room,
A voice cut sharply through the gloom: —

"My name is Satan. Rise! obey
Mohammed's law: Awake, and pray."

"Thy *words* are good," the Caliph said,
"But their intent I somewhat dread;

For matters cannot well be worse,
Than when the thief says, 'Guard your purse.'

I cannot trust your counsel, friend,
It surely hides some wicked end."

Said Satan: "Near the throne of God,
In ages past, we devils trod;

Angels of light, to us 't was given
To guide each wandering foot to Heaven.

Not wholly lost is that first love,
Nor those pure tastes we knew above.

Roaming across a continent,
The Tartar moves his shifting tent,

But never quite forgets the day
When in his father's arms he lay;

So we, once bathed in love divine,
Recall the taste of that rich wine.

God's finger rested on my brow, —
That magic touch, I feel it now!

I fell, 't is true, — O ask not why!
For still to God I turn my eye;

It was a chance by which I fell;
Another takes me back from Hell.

'T was but my envy of mankind,
The envy of a loving mind.

Jealous of men, I could not bear
God's love with this new race to share.

But yet God's tables open stand,
His guests flock in from every land.

Some kind act toward the race of men
May toss us into Heaven again.

A game of chess is all we see, —
And God the player, pieces we.

White, black, — queen, pawn, — 't is all the same,
For on both sides he plays the game.

Moved to and fro, from good to ill,
We rise and fall as suits his will."

The Caliph said: "If this be so
I know not, but thy guile I know;

For how can I thy words believe,
When even God thou didst deceive.

A sea of lies art thou, — our sin
Only a drop that sea within."

"Not so," said Satan; "I serve God,
His angel now, and now his rod.

In tempting, I both bless and curse,
Make good men better, bad men worse.

Good coin is mixed with bad, my brother,
I but distinguish one from th' other."

"Granted," the Caliph said; "but still
You never tempt to good, but ill.

Tell, then, the truth, for well I know
You come as my most deadly foe."

Loud laughed the fiend. "You know me well;
Therefore my purpose I will tell.

If you had missed your prayer, I knew
A swift repentance would ensue;

And such repentance would have been
A good, outweighing far the sin.

I chose this humbleness divine,
Born out of fault, should not be thine;

Preferring prayers elate with pride,
To sin with penitence allied."

In these parables and anecdotes a cunning wit, an elevated ethical tenderness, and a sober under-tone are in general remarkably mingled.

"Who doth the raven for a guide invite,
Must marvel not on carcasses to light."

Saadi was asked what he, an idle poet, was good for. In turn he inquired what was the use of the rose; and on being told that it was good to be smelled, replied, "And I am good to smell it!" So our Concord Saadi sings, as if responding from to-day and America, over the ages and the sea, to the dead lyrist of Persia: —

> "Tell them, dear, if eyes were made for seeing,
> Beauty is its own excuse for being."

It is said that, when Hafiz died, the jealous and bigoted Dervishes refused him burial, on the ground that he had been a reckless unbeliever, a blaspheming radical. The dispute rose high. At length it was agreed to take a thousand couplets miscellaneously from his poems, write them on slips of paper, place them in a vase, and let an innocent child draw from them, lottery-like, to decide what should be done. This verse came out:

> Fear not to come where Hafiz' lifeless body lies;
> Though deeply sunk in sin, to heaven he will rise.

Forthwith he was honorably interred. Sir William Jones says, "The Western poets afford no lesson of morality, no tender sentiment, which cannot be found in the writings of the Eastern."

A curious feature in the rhetoric of the Oriental bards is the employment of what may be called figures of impossibility, — or the paradox. Their pages furnish copious and surprising examples of this. A man who follows vice instead of virtue, folly rather than wisdom, is one who painfully turns up the barren sand with a golden plough, to sow weeds! he mows a forest of lignum-vitæ trees with a crystal scythe! he puts a jewelled vase on a sandal-wood fire to cook a dish of husks or pebbles! he devastates a beautiful date-garden to plant nettles there instead of the palms! To indulge in crime and find peace instead of pain, profit and not punishment, is to milk an ox, eat a rhinoceros's eggs, and see a lion live in the lake like a fish! "It is written in the sky, on the pages of the air, that good

deeds shall be done to him who does good deeds to others.'

Another very remarkable rhetorical peculiarity of a great deal of Oriental poetry is the most unrestricted use of erotic and bacchanalian phraseology to describe the religious life.

> "There 's never a spot in this wildered world
> Where His glory shines so dim
> But shapes are strung, and hearts are warm,
> And lips are sweet from Him."

An uninitiated reader would often shrink and blush as if the wildest revels of debauchery were laid bare before him, when really the writer is treating of the rapt experiences and sacred secrets of piety, the intoxicating draughts and mystic endearments of the Divine Love. The world is a tavern, God the host and bar-tender, life the goblet he extends, and ecstasy the wine he pours. This imagery is carried out consistently through all its details, varied with unrivalled ingenuity, and adorned with infinite splendors of conceit and imagination. "He who is sobered when the winds of evening play on his brow, hath only partaken of earth's buttermilk, and not of God's wine." "He that is once inebriated with that wine, remains drunk until the resurrection-day." God is the lost lover, to be sought until found; and the delirious fruition of all desire is undisturbed life in his cloudless presence and in his clasping arms. God is the infinite bodiless beauty and love, whose attributes darken and shimmer through the veils and illusions of nature, and whose embrace, uniting the soul to himself, is speechless bliss and endless rest.

Again, this whole province of the world's literature is

enveloped and saturated with mysticism, — mysticism of a bewildering quality and comprehensiveness. This mysticism, which is the soul's groping in a world of symbols after realities too vast and elusive, occupies the same place in Eastern literature that is filled by sentimentality in the modern literature of the West. Bodenstedt affirms that that excessive sentimentality, or morbid vagueness of passion, which is so prevalent in the lyric poetry of Germany, is wholly unknown and unintelligible to the Oriental poets. They always aim at some real, apprehensible object. But to reach this goal they set heaven and earth in motion. No metaphor lies too far, no thought too high, for them. Where therefore our authors are sentimentalists, the authors of the East are mystics. They blend an all-confounding metaphysics of unknown subtilty and reach with a delicate, luxuriant, gorgeous sentiment and fancy, and plunge the productions of both in gulfs of inscrutable mystery, or suspend them in the darkness of insufferable light.

> "One lonely pilgrim, ere the world began,
> Traversed eternity to visit man,
> And on the precincts of the holy shrine
> Prepared an ample cup of love divine.
> The foaming draught, o'erflowing all the spheres,
> Dispersed them, whirling, for unnumbered years,
> While the rapt seraph, from its ardent brim,
> Rushed reeling back, and owned 't was not for him."

The flood of the infinite rushes over, breaks down, swallows up, the fences and walls of the finite, and in the shoreless gleam of its wild waves every distinction vanishes; nothing seems everything and all things seem

nothing. God is at once the performer of the rite of devotion, the rite itself, the implements by which it is performed, and the fruit which it bestows. For the highest qualities of devotional reflection and feeling it would be hard to find anything surpassing this description of

THE CONTENTS OF PIETY.

"Allah!" was all night long the cry of one oppressed with care,
Till softened was his heart, and sweet became his lips with prayer.
Then near the subtle tempter stole, and spake: "Fond babbler, cease!
For not one 'Here am I' has God e'er sent to give thee peace."
With sorrow sank the suppliant's soul, and all his senses fled.
But lo! at midnight, the good angel, Chiser, came, and said:
"What ails thee now, my child, and why art thou afraid to pray?
And why thy former love dost thou repent? declare and say."
"Ah!" cries he, "never once spake God to me, 'Here am I, son.'
Cast off methinks I am, and warned far from his gracious throne."
To whom the angel answered: "Hear the word from God I bear.
'Go tell,' he said, 'yon mourner, sunk in sorrow and despair,
Each "Lord, appear!" thy lips pronounce, contains my "Here am I";
A special messenger I send beneath thine every sigh;
Thy love is but a girdle of the love I bear to thee,
And sleeping in thy "Come, O Lord!" there lies "Here, son!" from me.'"

Ribhu and Nidágha are conversing, when the king rides by. The following dramatic dialogue ensues. "Inform me, Nidágha, which of these is the elephant, and which the king." "Why, Ribhu, you will observe that the elephant is underneath, the king is above him." "Yes, but what is meant, Nidágha, by underneath, and by above?" Nidágha knocks Ribhu down, jumps upon him, and says, "I am above, and you are underneath." "Very well," cries Ribhu, "now tell me which is you, and which is I!" This mysticism in a thousand shapes and colors pervades the poetry of the East.

Oriental poetry is further characterized — by nothing more so — by all that is involved in, accompanies, or flows from an ardent pantheism. God is all, and all is God. He is nature. His perfect face is printed and painted in every atom.

> "The realms of being to no other bow:
> Not only all are thine, but all are Thou."

He is man. The motions of his dealing constitute the experience of the soul.

> "God's doors are men: the Pariah hind
> Admits thee to the perfect Mind."

He dwells with all his infinitude in every heart. Many recondite comparisons and arguments are brought forward to illustrate how myriads may each wholly possess him without interference. When a million men gaze on the moon, its perfect orb is given to every eye. Human personality is execrated as a cruel chain, a black prison-wall. Nothing more distinguishes Eastern from Western thought than this passionate desecration of individuality. All conscious spirits, once rent and dis-

cerpted from the one primeval substance, and banished in material wanderings, pine in exile, and painfully yearn after the banished Lover, with unwearied fondness, until he relents, and discloses his presence; then the smitten and entranced soul falters an instant, sinks into his embrace, and, lost from the bitter trials of personal being, is found in the everlasting ravishment of Divinity. Since God is the only dynamic reality, evil, of course, is only a shadow.

> "The world a mighty chess-board we should name;
> And God both sides is playing of the game:
> Moses and Pharaoh seem opposed, for they
> Do thus God's greatness on two sides display;
> They seem opposed, but at the root are one,
> And each his part allotted has well done."

The last characteristic of Oriental poetry to be mentioned is this. One can read but little of it without noticing how it is filled with pensive, diversified, forcible, still-recurring contemplations of change, decay, and death, the vanity and transitoriness of all things here, the frail exposures and brevity of earthly fortune and joy, the swift-coming certainty of dissolution. Firdousi once struck in his harp the string named Sighing, and these are the words its melting tones sounded: —

> "Full many a jocund spring has passed away,
> And many a flower has blossomed to decay:
> And human life, still hastening to a close,
> Finds in the worthless dust its last repose."

With a deep, resigned pathos sings Dschelaleddin: "If this world were our abiding-place, we might complain that it makes our bed so hard; but it is only our night-

quarters on a journey, and who can expect home comforts?" Life is slippery and insecure as a tremulous drop of dew on a lotus-flower. Yet these reflections are not usually gloomy and complaining, but thoughtfully submissive and sweetly melancholy. They seek to find comfort for the evanescence of the world in thoughts of its evanescence. And many an Eastern poet in his dirges is no dark raven croaking dolefully in the graveyard of his joys and hopes, but rather a pathetic nightingale in the grove singing of the withered rose. And very frequently an enthusiastic exultation in the anticipation of the future, mingles even with the laments poured over the present.

"My spirit pines behind its veil of clay
For light too heavenly perfect here to shine:
Blest time that tears the envious folds away
Now dimly darkening o'er that radiant shrine!
Poor prisoned exile from a brighter bower!
Not here, not thus, thy wonted lay can rise:
O burst thy bonds and let the descant tower,
With freshened rapture, in its native skies."

The Orientals discourse so often and so earnestly on the fugacity of the world, the idleness of riches, the fickleness of fortune, and the ephemeral fleetness of life, that they have seemed to many a robust-hearted worldling lachrymose sermonizers. But herein the region of the earth they live in, their past history, their form of government, their religion and whole condition, excuse them. On that very soil, roam not their minds back to a time when a hundred thousand warriors sat in the gates of Meróe, — to a period long anterior to the day when Moses wooed the daughter of Jethro, — to the

hour when, at God's voice and finger, young Adam, the fresh rose of humanity, sprang from the magic mould of Eden? What scenes have come and gone there like dissolving views! And now the spider hangs her veil undisturbed in the halls of Kai Kosrou, the owl stands sentinel on Haroun Al-Raschid's fallen palace-towers, the lion forays in the lonesome gardens of Babylon, and the dromedary browses in the silent forecourts of Memphis. Remembering these things, what morals of disappointment, visions of desolation, emotions of bodeful mourning, must flit before them and come over them! Upon their meditating imaginations rises not the awful form of Egypt, an asterism of conquering dynasties on her glimmering brow, the pyramids diminished at her side, and a sombre landscape of vanquished nations, forgotten peoples, and unreckoned ages, sloping from her feet? Tread they not on the ruins of the most magnificent kingdoms, the richest states, the most beautiful monuments, of the primeval world? And of what else do these preach, but the futility of plans and things, the utter vanity of all the pomp and might of universal sway? From Mount Kâf to the shores of the ocean, from the sea to the deserts of Arabia and the Thebaid, they gaze on the graves of kings, fragments of temples, ruins of royal cities, until again their glances rest on the pyramids and the fast-crumbling tombs of imperial generations. The intelligent contemplator of these things also beholds around him a people sunk far below the ability to build such glorious structures, oppressed with the yoke of poverty, ignorance, and despotism, dwelling among the sepulchres of an ancestral time, and daily destroying more of their costly remnants. Methinks

such views might teach even us, the members of a younger race and inhabitants of a new land, to compose many a wise proverb touching the poorness of human glory, and the perishableness of earthly possessions. Ah! well indeed might the Eastern Homer, at the close of his great work, reviewing the checkered annals and pathetic vicissitudes of so many ages and dynasties, exclaim:

> "I feel no resentment, I seek not for strife,
> I wish not for thrones and the glories of life.
> What is glory to man? An illusion, a cheat.
> What did it for Jemschid, the world at his feet?"

In all ages and languages the poet is a preacher. Genius normally loves justice, purity, generosity, — every virtue and every grace. The poet's nature and temperament are sensitive to all beauty and goodness. He is alive to the impressiveness of the universe, the splendor and gloom of natural phenomena, the portents of fate, the eventful varieties of life and death. Beneath all kaleidoscopic visions of vanity, contemplating the stable fixtures of reality, how can he help exclaiming to his giddier brothers:

> "O fly the glimmer of these haunted plains,
> Whereon the demon of delusion reigns!"

The loyal and tender mind which is his endowment responds with peculiar force and spontaneity to the attracting substance and truths of morality. From his chief characteristics and vocation he feels deeply, observes sympathizingly, and thinks much, loves traditions and history, is a child of fancy and hope. But reflection, feeling, learning, experience, and faith furnish a

man those vivified lessons whose enforcement is the aim of preaching. Naturally, therefore, the poet is a preacher. History shows this true everywhere, but nowhere so emphatically as with the Orientals. The literature of the East, whether Indian, Arabic, or Persian, reveals their poets as the keenest, tenderest, sublimest, most versatile of preachers. We cannot read a fairy tale without finding in it, quoted from some favorite singer, sentiments like this: "There is no hand but God's hand is above it, no oppressor who shall not meet an oppressor stronger than himself." Amidst a magical story of triumphant cruelty and crowned haughtiness, of lust and power, the reader is startled with the lines: "Every son of woman, though long he remains alive, must one day be carried on the curving bier. How, then, shall he on whose cheeks the dust is to be placed, find diversion or delight in life?" In the full sweep of his epical narrative Firdousi pauses to moralize, adjuring his reader, —

> "Look at the heavens, how they roll on;
> And look at man, how soon he 's gone!
> A breath of wind, and then no more: —
> A world like this should man deplore?"

Every sort of ethical and religious exhortation, from the shrewd maxims of prudent self-culture, by the sharp satires of lofty contempt, to the rarest reaches of devotion, we find most admirably expounded and enforced by these golden preachers. The following exquisite fragment, translated by Sir William Jones from the Persian, has long been familiar to thousands: —

> "On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
> Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled:

So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile while all around thee weep."

Where is the expediency of a disciplinary education better urged than in this image?

"O square thyself for use: a stone that may
Fit in the wall, is not left in the way."

It would be hard to satirize the heartless and savage greed of utter selfishness more finely than it is done in the lines, —

"There is no ointment for the wolf's sore eyes
Like clouds of dust which from the sheep arise."

How strikingly the exposure of man, his helpless dependence, the need of being always ready, are set forth in these brief words from Saadi!

"One wept all night beside a sick man's bed:
At dawn the sick was well, the mourner dead."

A whole world of profound meaning and electrifying eloquence are in the following verses, with which a Persian writer on practical virtue illumines one of his dry pages: —

"Though human life be reason's dream,
Rouse thine ere morning wake it,
And offer up thy heart to Him
Who else, unasked, will take it."

With what a beautiful simplicity of wisdom the providential ordering of things as they are is justified in the little dialogue succeeding! Khosru says to his beloved Shireen: "The Sultanship would be glorious did it remain with one for ever." She replies: "Perceivest thou not that, did it remain for ever with one, *thou* wouldst never

have been Sultan at all?" The spirit of lowly love and forgiving sacrifice will scarcely ever be better uttered than it is in the well-known couplet, —

> "The sandal-tree, most sacred tree of all,
> Perfumes the very axe which bids it fall."

But as the best single illustration known to me of the Oriental poet in the capacity of preacher, I will cite the celebrated story of the poet at the royal feast. I give it as versified, from Sylvestre de Sacy's *Chrestomathie Arabe*, by Trench, to whom I am also indebted for three or four couplets previously quoted.

THE FESTIVAL.

"Five hundred princely guests before Haroun Al-Raschid sate,
Five hundred princely guests or more admired his royal state;

"For never had that glory been so royally displayed,
Nor ever such a gorgeous scene had eye of man surveyed.

"He, most times meek of heart, yet now of spirit too elate,
Exclaimed: 'Before me Cæsars bow, on me two empires wait.

"'Yet all our glories something lack, we do our triumphs wrong,
Until to us reflected back as mirrored clear in song.

"'Therefore call him to whom this power is given, this skill sublime.
Now win from us some gorgeous dower with song that fits the time.'

"'My king, as I behold thee now, may I behold thee still,
While prostrate worlds before thee bow, and wait upon thy will!

"'May evermore this clear, pure heaven, whence every speck and stain
Of trouble far away is driven, above thy head remain!'

"The Caliph cried: 'Thou wishest well; there waits thee golden store
For this; — but oh! resume the spell; I fain would listen more.'

"'Drink thou life's sweetest goblet up, and may its wine,
For other's lips a mingled cup, be all unmixed for thine.

"'Live long; — the shadow of no grief come ever near to thee:
As thou in height of place art chief, so chief in gladness be.'

"Haroun Al-Raschid cried again: 'I thank thee; — but proceed,
And now take up a higher strain, and win a higher meed.'

"Around that high, magnific hall one glance the poet threw,
On courtiers, king, and festival, and did the strain renew.

"'And yet, and yet shalt thou at last lie stretched on bed of death:
Then, when thou drawest thick and fast with sobs thy painful breath, —

"'When Azrael glides through guarded gate, through hosts that camp around
Their lord in vain, and will not wait, — when thou art sadly bound

"'Unto thine house of dust alone, O king, when thou must die,
This pomp a shadow thou must own, this glory all a lie.'

"Then darkness on all faces hung, and through the banquet went
Low sounds the murmuring guests among of angry discontent.

"And him anon they fiercely urge: 'What guerdon shall be thine?
Why didst thou bring this awful dirge 'mid feasts, and flowers, and wine?

"'Our lord demanded in his mirth a strain to heighten glee;
But, lo! at thine his tears come forth in current swift and free.'

"'Peace! — not to him rebukes belong, but rather highest grace;
He gave me what I asked, a song to fit the time and place.'

"All voices at that voice were stilled; again the Caliph cried:
'He saw our mouths with laughter filled, he saw us drunk with pride,

"'And bade us know that every road, by monarch trod or slave,
Thick set with thorns, with roses strewed, doth issue in the grave.'"

In the absence of everything of the kind from our language, the present crude and hasty sketch of hints at the contents and character of Oriental poetry, may be acceptable and useful. It may serve to give many

persons whose catholic thoughtfulness and æsthetic sensitiveness, whose temperament and culture, fit them to enjoy it, at least some slight acquaintance with a department of literature unique, alike in essence and treatment, and certainly, in many of the choicest qualities of poetry, wholly unrivalled. During the past year the United States government has imported from Palestine several specimens of a tree called the Carob, or St. John's Bread, and employed skilful arboriculturists to try and see if it cannot be made to grow and yield fruit, even in a clime and air so remote from its own. It blossoms twice a year, overshadows a space more than thirty yards in diameter, and bears a ton of pods full of sugar and wild-honey. Who knows but the effort may be successful, and lead to the transplantation and acclimation in America of hundreds of the richest indigenous growths of Asia? And so might the present humble work — seeking to import into the West, and exhibit there, some specimens of the Thought, Sentiment, and Fancy of the East — be but a forerunner of many abler works in the same direction, which shall be worthier representations, in our English speech, of that wonderful Oriental poetry whose most characteristic treasures are as sparkling with the splendor of imaginative genius, and as odorous with the fragrance of exquisite sensibility, as though they had been "strained through starry strata and the musky loam of Paradise"!

METRICAL SPECIMENS

OF THE

THOUGHT, SENTIMENT, AND FANCY

OF THE ORIENT.

THESE GEMS, SO LONG FROM US CONCEALED,

THEIR BURNING RAYS AT LENGTH REVEALED.

THE POETRY OF THE ORIENT.

THE INFINITE COUNTENANCE.

Where'er I look, one Face alone I see,
With every attribute of beauty in it blent;
Still, still the Godhead's face entrances me,
Yielding transcendency of all that can be spent.

SELF-ISOLATION.

It needs not guards in front and rear to keep the crowd away;
Aversion to the vulgar throng will hold them all at bay.

A LOVELY CHILD.

Feast of my eyes, sweet little maid!
All loveliness on thee is laid;
And for thy growing, growth was made.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

The day-of-separation sorely rent my heart,
But God shall rend the day-of-separation's heart.

THE BETRAYING INFLUENCE.

As the rose doth its fragrance impart
To the basket in which it is laid,
Whether wrought of pure gold or of braid;
So, receiving wise men in thy heart,
Thou shalt find, when their persons depart,
That their wisdom behind them hath staid.

THE GIGANTIC TRAP AND SPORTSMAN.

All heaven and earth compose a cage,
And vice and virtue in each age
Spread out a net. Life is the prey,
And Time the fowler. What a play!

MYTHIC ETYMOLOGY.

The name of Maya is to Siva's wife applied,
Denoting that Illusion is Destruction's bride.

THE MYSTIC CONFOUNDED.

The Brahman, Hargovind, maintained with pride,
That no distinction was to be descried

Between a stone, a child, the sky, a pall;
For all things formed but One, and each was All.

Shrewd Déva pointed to an ass, and asked,
"Discern you what this object is?" He masked
His aim, but none the inference could miss:
"Since you are one with all, you must be this!"

LIFE'S ALLUREMENT.

Walking, walking still, my feet are weary;
All too far off stands and shines the city;
Blooms a warm tent near the roadside dreary;
Ah, say, should you blame, or should you pity?

THE SILLY WORSHIPPER.

The votary who turns from Vishnu, and another god adores,
Is like the thirsty idiot who a well beside the Ganges bores.

A GOOD MAN IN A NAUGHTY WORLD.

Like sea-bird's lucid wing beneath the black and storm-fraught skies,
Like pearl in ugly shell where ocean's worthless rubbish lies,
Like lotus o'er the mud in virgin purity unfurled,
A virtuous man is seen amidst this all-polluted world.

WE GO TOO FAR.

Tell me, why should a man who good honey can find
At his feet, in the akka flower scenting the wind,
To the hills for it go, leaving akkas behind?

FATE AND THE ARAB LOVER.

Milawne Tanbe loved Ab Talib's wife,
The fair and gentle Leila el Akteel,
And vain of harp and words is every strife
To tell what love makes hearts like Tanbe's feel.

He pines away, his love so deadly strong,
With maddening thoughts of Leila el Akteel;
At length his dying soul exhales in song,
And thus the notes in faltering accents steal: —

"*Let Leila el Akteel, when I am dead,*
But come where this poor body lies interred,
And speak to me, and I shall lift my head
To answer, or my tomb itself be heard."

Three moons have sailed above the poet's tomb,
Built in the mountain-side, his village nigh.
For camels twain the path yields narrow room,
But there are two abreast now travelling by.

The burial-place is still and lonesome all;
Weird lights and shades the fate of man rehearse.
"Go yonder, Leila, on that madman call!
See how he keeps the promise of his verse."

"A thing so cruel, Talib, do not bid;
I pray thee, let us turn away and go."
Broke out the anger in his bosom hid, —
"Must I enforce my order with a blow?"

Dismounts she then, unveils her lovely face,
And gropes her way beneath the summit sheer;
And reaching soon her lover's sleeping-place,
She softly calls, "Poor Tanbe, art thou here?"

A startled eagle in the cliff o'erhead
A stone sets loose, which falls with thundering sound,
Recoils from off the tomb and strikes her dead,
While frightful throngs of echoes wail around.

"It was the will of Allah, and her fate!"
Fierce Talib said, dismounting from his beast;
"To alter or complain it is too late,
But I will make one poor amends at least."

His sword breaks in the tomb; his wife he bears,
While mournful bodings through his bosom steal,
Apart the spicy shroud of Tanbe tears,
And places there sweet Leila el Akteel.

ACHMED AND HIS MARE.

An old Arabian tale the truth conveys,
That honor's passion avarice outweighs.

. . . . . .

Brave Achmed owned a mare of wondrous speed;
He prized her much above his wife or creed.

And lest some one should steal that precious mare,
He guarded her with unremitting care.

He tied her every night before his tent;
The fastening-cord then round his pillow went.

When all in slumber lay, the robber crept,
Unloosed the cord, and on the courser leapt.

"Wake up!" he cries, — "'t is I, the thief, who call;
See now if she in flight is chief of all!"

Mount Achmed and his tribe in wrath and shame,
And chase him as a tempest chases flame.

Hot Achmed nearly to the robber came,
When thus he thought: "My mare will lose her fame.

"If I o'ertake her, she is then outrun;
But if I reach her not, I am undone.

"O, better she were stolen before my face
Than have her vanqui-hed in this desperate race!"

One secret sign his mare was taught to heed,
Whenever she must try her utmost speed.

He to the robber screamed, "Quick, pinch her ear!"
The sign she felt with answering love and fear.

As like a level thunderbolt she flew,
All chase was vain, the vexed pursuers knew.

Before this self-betrayal blank surprise
Fills Achmed's comrades, and their wondering cries

Demand, "How shall thy foolish act be named?" —
"My mare is lost, her glory is not shamed,"

He says: "I knew that, if her ear he nipped,
The darling prize could never be outstripped."

A LEADER TO REPOSE.

In the rest of Nirwána all sorrows surcease;
Only Buddha can guide to that City of Peace,
Whose inhabitants have the eternal release.

THE SEGMENT MOON.

The new moon now appears, in yon heaven-tent's azure-hued swell,
As a cutting which lucidly clean from God's finger-nail fell!

THE BURNISHED CUP.

The round sun is a glittering goblet of gold,
Borne about all the world by a blue-handed God;
And the wine it profusely outpours, as of old,
Is the light that bedrenches the sky and the sod.

NARROW IS THE WAY.

One day took Buddha up a speck of mould,
And said to those who stood around: "Behold,
As is this speck compared with all the earth,
So are the men whose next succeeding birth
Will be within a more exalted state,
Compared with those who find a lower fate."

THE LOVE OF MEN.

Who feels not for the sorrows of his fellow-men,
Should have no house, but dwell in some deserted den.

THE LAST CARRIER.

The black camel named Death kneeleth once at each door,
And a mortal must mount to return nevermore.

THE SUFI'S SIGH.

A bird of holiness am I,
Who from this world's vain net would fly.

PERSONIFICATION OF DAWN: RIG VEDA.

Similitude of all the mornings past,
And all the mornings in the future vast,
Young Dawn to-day her faultless bosom bares;
Her beauty every waking creature shares;
She opes a road before the Sun on high,
And, great or small, she passes no one by.

THE DILIGENT REDEEMER.

Each morn before the dawn had lifted its pale latch,
Abroad throughout the helpless world did Buddha look,
To see what souls the net of truth that day should catch,
And his enlightening measures in accordance took,
With sweet persuading voice to preach the truths sublime
Whereby alone they could unto Nirwána climb.

ORIGIN OF SIVA'S THIRD EYE.

In sport the wife of Siva placed her hands
Upon her husband's eyes. Dark grew all lands,
And Terror put the Universe to rout.
A third eye in his forehead started out;
And from the sweat of his exertion fell
The mighty Ganges, as the sages tell.

WÁSANA'S PROVERB.

Good deeds in this world done
Are paid beyond the sun;
As water on the root
Is seen above in fruit.

BUDDHA TO HIS DISCIPLE.

O, wise Anunda! has it never unto you been shown
That all the eighty thousand precepts which rahats have known,
Are but so many Buddhas with whose light the earth is fraught,
And by whose guidance men may be to blest Nirwána brought?

IMPERTURBABLE DEITY.

Is God to be disturbed by throes of men, O fool?
Sometimes the image of the sun in water seen,
Is tremulous with the undulations of the pool;
But not the orb itself is shaken thus, I ween.

IDENTIFICATION OF THE SOUL.

The soul of man, placed here amidst deluding things,
Bewildered, knows not what its character may be,
Until the truth some holy teacher to it brings,
And then it knows itself the mighty God to be.

A HINDOSTANEE COUPLET.

Who shall anoint the heads of rats with jasmine oil
Will do a foolish thing, and worse than waste his toil.

AN EPITHET BY INSIGHT.

When on a stupid man the Arabs glance,
They shrewdly name him, "Cold-of-countenance"!

WHAT IS NIRWÁNA?

The Buddha, Sákya Muni, said: "To those who know
Of causes and effects the actual connection,
There is no further transmigrating resurrection;
From Being and from Nothing they in freedom go.

THE SIGHT OF FRIENDSHIP.

A friend both wise and true amid all shocks
Resplendent shines, like fire upon a rock's
High top, which dissipates the darkness round,
And fills the travellers by with joy profound.

THE FATAL KEY: MAHOMET.

The tongue is the key of the mind;
And whenever it opens the secret-hung door,
What lies in the storehouse behind,
Whether gems or mere rubbish, is hidden no more.

NO SAFETY AGAINST STRENGTH.

Of old the Asuras, fighting Indra through the world,
Obtained this boon from Brahma, that when Indra hurled
His thunderbolts against them, they should not be harmed.
Then, fancying themselves invulnerably armed,
They scoffed the thunder-handed monarch to his face;
His flaming wrath and ready thought kept even pace;
Seeing the sun-car roll along the skyey steep,
Its wheel he snatched, and flung, and slew them in a heap!

PRAYER FROM THE RIG VEDA.

Aditya, kindly hearken to our cry!
Remove from us the manacles of sin;
Come as a ship, receive our spirits in,
And o'er a sea of praises sail on high.

PERSONIFICATION FROM RIG VEDA.

The sun has yoked his seven self-harnessed steeds
In car of congregated lightnings formed;
His way above the purpling heights he leads,
And drives the glooms that in his absence swarmed.
Soon as his nightly couch, refreshed, he leaves,
The constellations all depart like thieves.

METAPHYSICS FROM THE RIG VEDA.

Who the Being primeval has ever beheld, either dead or at birth?
And what substance does that which has nothing substantial sustain or enclose?
We perceive that the breath and the blood are produced from the visible earth;
But the Source of the soul, who of mortals will dare to maintain that he knows?

WELCOME BE DEATH.

If thou, O Death! a being art, draw near,
And let me clasp thee; for I hold thee dear.
I shall extort eternal life from thee;
Thou canst but snatch this worn-out dress from me.

FINAL CERTITUDE.

As the soul is true certainty's marrow,
And the body its fair envelope,
In each spirit, no matter how narrow,
Ever trace the dear form of the FRIEND,
And await till fruition of hope
All illusions shall bring to an end.

THE SAINT'S RAPTURE.

Whenever I can look upon my Lord's unveiléd face,
The world is but a dew-drop in the lily-cup of space.

HARIRI'S RIDDLES.

I.

It is a more prodigious tree.
A weaker man it seems to be.
It is its fate to join with all
The solid things upon this ball.
But with the falling of its foe, —
How strange it is! — itself doth go.

When the sun flies,
The *Shadow* dies.

II.

What dried-up stick, before or since the flood,
Was turned into a thing of flesh and blood?

His staff did Moses make
A live and crawling snake.

III.

What tongue ne'er speaks a word, nor lives,
And yet most certain judgment gives?
It doth no business arbitrate,
Except with emphasis and weight;
Silver and gold to it are like,
But More and Less with difference strike.
When hostile parties stand before
Its bar, their quarrels all are o'er;

And equally content they feel,
Howe'er its sentence makes them reel!

Of the answer no shrewd guesser fails,—
'Tis the tongue of a good pair of scales.

IV.

Derived from a stock as pure as the stars,
Malignant he grew in the house of jars.
So long as good he remains, touch him not;
He threats, O Moslem! to ruin thy lot.
But when to corruption passes he o'er,
He then is clean, and can injure no more.
A sinner he died, a saint rose again.
Who will make to me this miracle plain?

O Moslem, how wicked is Wine!
How innocent Vinegar fine!

V.

I saw a maiden slim
Who short and shorter grew,
Though still as fair and trim,
As unto death she drew
With look so bright and merry;
And when her life outblew,
There nothing was to bury!

As I the matter handle,
The maiden was a *Candle*.

THE MYSTIC SCHOOL.

Not a sign of a man or a world
On the tablet of being appeared.
Of a sudden through chaos was hurled
The creative command from above. —
The dominions of darkness were cleared,
The broad earth rose in beauty to view,
And the soul, as a pupil all new,
Was breathed forth in the College of Love.

THE INDEFILABLE ONE.

Although the sun doth serve as eye to all
The creatures living on full many globes,
Yet he is not polluted in his hall
By any filthiness his radiance probes.
So God the universal empire fills,
And bare beneath his omnipresent eyes
Is spread a multitude of loathsome ills,
Yet can they not his pureness compromise.

THE IMMINENCY OF SIN.

As he who finds his head on fire
Extinguishes the flame with speed;
So wise men will of death take heed,
And swiftly quench all wrong desire.

THE WORST PASSION.

All other passions you may yoke in steel,
But not the dropping eye of envy heal.

TWO TALISMANS.

Two words unveil the peace of heaven and earth, I know:
Affection to the friend, *politeness* to the foe.

SELF-SUFFICING WORTH.

Will sparkling diamonds, in the sunshine raised,
Grow dark and worthless if they be not praised?

STIMULUS OF HEROIC EXAMPLES.

For right and freedom when man strives or bleeds,
The seed is sown for truest lords and earls:
Then love and glory be to those whose deeds
Have set the bracelet of the world with pearls!

UNIMPROVED PRIVILEGES.

Through Paradise once went a troop of straying asses,
Nor stopped till Hell they reached, where no cool spring nor grass is.
Like them he acts who, born with every want prepared for,
Perverts his gifts, and wastes his days, and dies uncared for.

THE BRIGHT-HOOFED CHARGER.

The new moon is a horseshoe of gold wrought by God,
And therewith shall the steed of Abdallah be shod.

THE DOUBLE-FLAVORED APPLE.

In Shiraz grows a tree, within the Sultan's bower,
Which bears an apple one half sweet, and one half sour.
Ah! such an apple is the world. How sweet it tastes
In joy! how sour when turning round to grief it hastes!

NATURE AND THE MYSTIC.

Transfusing Allah's beauties how shall I compare?
The Day is his sweet face, the Night his streaming hair.

THE SAFE SECRET.

A proverb says that what to more than two is known
Has ceased to be a mystery, and public grown.
The proverb's sense is this: Those *two* are but thy lips.
A secret is quite free when once through them it slips.

IMAGINATION'S POWER.

Where but a single ray of Mahmoud's genius strikes and stops,
The common granite crumbles into rubies, like pure drops.

AN ANTERIOR STATE: FROM KÁLIDÁSA.

The king, Dushyánta, torn from fair Sakúntala by fate,
In tender mood, all silent musing, in his garden sate.
Upon his meditations unexplained emotions stole,
And with the most unutterable longings filled his soul.
Then, looking in the soft and vasty blue above him domed,
And seeking for the source of the strange sadness which he feels,
He sighs, "Perchance it is the vague remembrance o'er me steals
Of dearest friends with whom in other lives and spheres I roamed."

ENVIOUS VANITY.

The foolish camel begged of Allah for a pair of horns:
Instead of granting *them*, Allah deprived him of his ears!
Lose not the grace appropriate which already you adorns
By seeking what on others as an ornament appears.

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

Zuleika's eyes are suns: whoever look on these,
Whate'er their faith before, at once become Parsees.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE RHINOCEROS. R.

To fight the elephant rhinoceros whets his horn;
For nearest blood relations oft as foes are born.

His horn rhinoceros in the elephant's paunch doth thrust,
And on it bears him off, — if thou the tale canst trust.

But in his eyes run blood and fat through the mangled rind,
Till with his load upon the earth he tumbles blind.

Soon then the vulture on their helpless hulks has sprung,
To tear out fragments for itself and for its young.

THE LUMINOUS TRUTH.

"Who will give me his heart," said God, "my love he shall find."
With that speech a resplendent sun fell into my mind.

GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN!

Turn thou thine eyes from each seducing sight,
For looking whets the ready edge of appetite.

INSCRIPTION OVER A PERSIAN SPRING.

Beneath these palm-trees flows this fountain,
In endless gush, the joy-tears of yon mountain.
Soft-gurgling clear,
It bubbles here,
Amidst the sweet-exhaling flowers
O'er which the rock-cliff sternly lowers.
O pilgrim! as your parched lips lave it,
Pour out your thanks to Him who gave it.

IDEALISM: FROM THE DABISTÁN.

Fartosh believed that nothing here below was real;
The world and its inhabitants were but ideal.
To teach his servant this philosophy he thought;
But when, one day, his horse he ordered to be brought
That he might ride, the servant brought a wretched ass!
Fartosh with heat demanded how this came to pass.
The slave had stolen the horse, but, that shrewd theft to hide,
He with his master's metaphysics thus replied:
"Thou hast been thinking of a mental image mere;
There was no actual horse in being, it is clear."
Fartosh exclaimed: "I see how this has come to pass;
You speak the truth"; — then plucked the saddle from the ass,

And put it on the servant's back, and, bridling him,
Mounted and lashed the fellow with unsparing *vim;*
And when the crude philosopher for mercy cried,
And asked the reason of these blows, Fartosh replied:
"There are no blows, and as a whip there is no such thing,
'T is only an illusion you are suffering!"
On this the smarting slave repented of his fault,
And brought the missing horse with no demurring halt.

THE VICTOR CHEEK.

So beautiful thy cheek, that from it goes
A wound into the mind of the red rose.
Compared with the blush from thy blood that flows,
All yellow with envy is the red rose.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

Otaiye from his earliest youth
Was consecrated unto truth;
And if the universe must die
Unless Otaiye told a lie,
He would defy the last fate's crash,
And let all sink in one pale ash,
Or ere by any means was wrung
A drop of falsehood from his tongue.

RETALIATION.

A sheep the slaughtering butcher with his knife once
met,
And said: "Hold out your neck and die!" The sheep
rejoins:
"I suffer now for all the twigs and grass I've ate:
What shall he suffer, then, who eats my fatted loins?"

THE DEVOTED PUPIL.

When Har-govind's dead form was placed upon the
pyre,
A Rajaput who loved him leaped amidst the fire,
And, walking several paces through the flames to reach
The feet of him who had been wont his soul to teach,
Laid down his loving face against his master's soles,
Till naught was left of him but ashes on the coals.

ZOROASTER'S LAUGH.

Zoroaster, soon as born, gave forth a laugh:
Other children weep when first the air they quaff.
"Surely some great prophet in this child we clasp,"
Cried his parents, both Dogdúyah and Purshasp.

REGRET OVER A SQUANDERED YOUTH.

Ah, five-and-twenty years ago had I but planted seeds
of trees,
How now I should enjoy their shade, and see their fruit
swing in the breeze!

THE CASTES OF INDIA. R.

From Brahma's body came — the ancient legend
lasts —
Great Jambudwipa's race, divided in four castes.
The teachers left the head; from the arm the warriors
sprang;
The breast the traders bore; the foot the servants'
gang.

How shattered is the body's glory and its rest!
The foot upon the earth stands level with the breast;
The arm, deprived of force, has sunk like lifeless lead;
And helpless droops, above, the unprotected head.

THE BRAHMIN AND THE SUDRA. R.

A Brahmin proud, poverty's yoke compelled to brook,
Entered the service of a Sudra as a cook.

He might his master's dishes carry up, the priest,
But could not clear away the fragments of the feast.

'T would be unclean to touch what impure hands have left:
What booty, then, from all his cooking has he reft?

The Brahmin, that he may not starve, is wont, indeed,
To eat his fill before his master he will feed.

The leavings of the cook the master's mouth supply;
The master's leavings are for crows and dogs thrown by.

It flatters him to have a cook whose scorn he knows
Will not yield precedence to him o'er dogs and crows!

DEPARTURE OF THE MYTHIC AGE.

Hero-days are gone by, though our bosoms still sighing for *them* bleed!
Wholly vain is all search for the magical goblet of Jemschid.

THE POWER OF WORDS. R.

The power of words gives death and life, makes war and truce:—
In illustration this example I adduce.

Learn thou, as did Abou Adheen, fit words to use; —
But as with poison he, with balsam thine infuse.

Among the Arabs once a deadly hatred ran
Between the royal lines of Hira and Gassan.

In Hira, Mundar's son, Aswad, sat on his throne.
Gassan's array had from him in the battle flown.

But all of royal blood had been pursued and caught,
And for release they with a mighty ransom sought.

Their wish Aswad would grant; but, with a frowning mien,
His cousin rose and spake, — thus spake Abou Adheen:

"Not every day does man achieve his hard pursuit,
Not every day does fortune offer ripened fruit.

He is the wisest man, to act or understand,
Who seizes opportunity when near his hand;

And he the justest man who doth his foemen treat
With that same fate which he himself from them would meet.

It is not wrong the dagger's edge to make them taste,
Which they would make thee feel with most unsparing haste.

Forgiveness is an ornament which perils those
Who dare to wear it in the face of mighty foes.

Wouldst break the twig and leave the root within the sward?
Who follow such a course in woe will reap reward.

Do not cut off the viper's tail as past he glides,
But wisely crush his hateful head before he hides.

All men will say, shouldst thou dismiss these captives here,
Thou didst it not from generosity, but fear.

They offer ransom large, and magnify each gift
Of camels, sheep; precious, no doubt, to men of thrift!

What! shall they milk our blood, and we take milk from them?
We shall be cowards called in all the tents of Shem!

From us no ransom would they take in herds or gold;
And shall their forfeit lives by us for pay be sold?"

"Thou art right," exclaimed Aswad, and doomed each one to fall.
The *words* of fierce Abou Adheen thus slew them all.

THE HEART'S RITUAL.

A wooden rosary he never needs,
Who tells in love and thought the spirit's beads.

THE CONDITIONAL VISION.

Where'er the face of earnest faith thou bringest, pure and sweet,
Thou there the smiling face of thine approving God shalt meet.

THE CONFIDANT'S CONFIDANT.

Do thou thy precious secrets to no other lend:
Thy friend another has: beware of thy friend's friend!

THE TWO TRAVELLERS: FROM SAADI.

Says God: "Who comes towards me an inch through doubtings dim,
In blazing light I do approach a yard towards him."

THE HAPPY RESTORATION.

Life 's a loan from Him who gave us being,
And its value lies in homewards fleeing.

THOUGHT FROM CHARACTER.

The rascal, thinking from his point of view,
Concludes that all the world are rascals too.

DELAYED RETRIBUTION.

God's mills grind slow,
But they grind woe.

THE GOOD MAN'S REWARD.

Who has good deeds brought well to end,
For him the gloomy forests shine;
The whole world is to him a friend,
And all the earth a diamond mine.

THE PLEDGE AND THE THING.

FROM THE AKHLAK-IJALALY.

This life is a dim pledge of friendship from our God:
Give me the Friend, and the pledge may sink in the sod.

INDEPENDENCE.

Cling not to aught that may be snatched from o'er the rim;
One fairy tale was all that Jemschid took with him.

THE TRANSCENDENTALIST.

If, whene'er our souls with Truth's own thoughts are swelling,
We for God with pious fear and faith do rightly search,
We shall learn that all the world is Love's own dwelling,
And but little care for Moslem mosque or Christian church.

THE INNERMOST SHRINE.

There is a flesh-lump in man's mortal part,
And in this lump of flesh doth beat the heart,
And in this heart the deathless spirit bides,
And in this spirit conscious mystery hides,
And in this mystery deep a light doth glow,
And in this light learn thou thy God to know.

THE SOUL AND GOD.

God and the soul are two birds free,
And dwell together in one tree:
This eateth various-flavored fruits
Of sense's thoughts and world's pursuits;
That tasteth not, nor great nor small,
But silently beholdeth all.

NATURE'S TRADITIONAL LAMENT.

The sweet current of primeval love still flows
Throughout the veins of all creation; else why mourn
The broken-hearted bulbuls for the perished rose,
Or sigh the gales along the beds dried streams have worn?

REFLECTIONS OF DIVINITY.

Mirrors God maketh all atoms in space,
And fronteth each one with his perfect face.

THERE IS NO DANGER.

Need'st thou to move
Thy skirts above
Thy knees,
In passing through
That flood of glue,
This world?
Why I did even
Pass through the seven
Great seas,
And not a drop
My foot's bare top
Impearled.

LOST AND FOUND.

Thou that wouldst find the Lost One, lose thyself!
Nothing but self thyself from Him divides.
Ask ye how I o'erpassed the dreary gulf?
One step beyond myself, and naught besides.

THE BEGGAR'S COURAGE: DSCHELLALEDDÎN RUMY.

To heaven approached a Súfi saint,
From groping in the darkness late,
And, tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"
"'T is I, dear Friend," the saint replied,
And trembled much with hope and fear.
"If it be *thou*, without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor saint turned,
To bear the scourgings of life's rods;
But aye his heart within him yearned
To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,
Until, from faith's pure fires and tears,
Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?"
"It is thyself, beloved Lord!"
Answered the saint, in doubt no more,
But clasped and rapt in his reward.

THE VANITY OF RANK.

What matter will it be, O mortal man, when thou art dying,
Whether upon a throne or on the bare earth thou art lying?

THE ECSTATIC HOUR OF DEATH.

Ah, when, at last, in solitude I meet
The Friend Divine, whose love is safe for me,
O, I shall tread the worlds beneath my feet,
And upwards soar in endless ecstasy.

ALL IS SAFE.

Whatever road I take, it joins the street
Which leadeth all who walk it Thee to meet.

THE PILGRIM TO DEITY.

Heedless, allured, one moment I forgot my goal:
A thousand years it stretched the journey of my soul.

THE LUXURIOUS PROTECTION.

For faith in God's protecting love is to believing souls
Like a cool shade to one who in a blistering desert
strolls.

A RANK IN JOYS.

My heart! abstain thou from the senses' dear wine-bowl;
Diviner joys thy God intends shall through thee roll.

THE VOLUPTUARY AND THE HERO.

Whoever clasps the smiling and soft-shining taper,
Will find it end in darkness and in noisome vapor.
With pleasure so; but who strikes self-denial's flint,
May light his spirit's fires at the clean sparkle's glint.

A HIDDEN PERIL.

The thicket of lust never deem it safe to pass by:
The tiger of pain in it crouched doth probably lie.

A PLEASURE ABOVE PLEASURE.

Austerity's pleasure didst thou but know,
For pleasure's pleasure thou no more wouldst glow.

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

The dazzling beauty of the Loved One shines unseen,
And self 's the curtain o'er the road; away, O screen!

PRETENCE AND PERFORMANCE.

The whole deposit of the sea's eternal roar
Is but a murmured fringe of froth that lines the shore.

THE FIRST TIME OR NEVER.

The Once makes
  The thrift
Of the thriver;
The Twice breaks
  The drift
Of the driver.
The Once flings
  The stone
From the stumbler;
The Twice brings
  The groan
From the grumbler.
The Once turns
  The thought
Of the thinker;

The Twice burns,
The drought
Of the drinker.
The Once lights
The search
Of the seeker;
The Twice slights
The lurch
Of the leaker.
The Once crowns
The choice
Of the chooser;
The Twice frowns,
The loss
Of the loser.

THE WORTHLESS ENRICHED.

The love of life would ne'er my thoughts oppress,
Did not the life of love my heart possess.

THE SAFE COFFER.

Be diadem or helmet on thy head,
It must be arrow-pierced, and thou lie dead.
Then every man whose mind is wisdom stocked
Will strive to have his wealth in heaven locked.

THE PREFIGURING BLAST.

The fear of hell my soul could never know,
Till sin had made its fires within me glow.

SYMPATHY'S TENDERNESS.

If in my body chance to break a thorn,
I care not for the trifling pain;
But for the hapless twig I mourn,
Which never can be whole again.

THE SOUL'S TRIUMPH OVER NATURE.

Pure spirit is the wine of God's will;
All matter is the scum of his cup:
So the former life's goblet shall fill,
When the latter is all drunken up.

WORTH OF WISDOM.

Vishnu asked Bal to take his choice,
With five wise men to visit hell,
Or with five ignorant visit heaven.
Then quick did Bal in heart rejoice,
And chose in hell with the wise to dwell;
For heaven is hell, with folly's bell;
And hell is heaven, with wisdom's leaven.

THE SECRET OF PIETY.

A pining sceptic towards a raptured saint inclined,
And asked him how the Boundless Lover, God, to find.
A smile divine across the saint's pale features stole,
As thus in wise and pitying love he poured his soul:
"Ah, hapless wanderer! long from life's true bliss shut out,
In night of sin forlorn and wilderness of doubt,
Prepared am I with thy sad lot to sympathize,
For o'er my own dim tracks thy dark experience lies.
Now list and ponder deep, the secret while I tell
Of all the lore with which angelic bosoms swell.
Whoso would careless tread one worm that crawls the sod,
That cruel man is darkly alienate from God;
But he that lives, embracing all that is, in love,
To dwell with him God bursts all bounds, below, above."

RECONCILIATION.

To bring God back when he my selfhood's sin forsook,
One little step beyond myself was all it took.

JOB'S CAT.

In the widow's house
There is no fat mouse.

LIFE'S OFFER.

Our life sells pearls;
And, if we ask it,
Her wheel, with whirls,
A golden basket
Full of them hurls
Into our casket:
But for those churls
Who will not ask it,
The fire-pain curls
Where hell must mask it;
And in that world's
Woe lies their task yet.

EVERY ILL ALLEVIATED.

Unmitigated evil is as rare
As wings upon a cat, or flowers of air,
As rabbits' horns, or ropes of tortoise-hair.

THE FINITE CONTAINS THE INFINITE.

On those who love the loving God,
He does himself complete bestow:
With no division and no waste,
He fills each heart with all the heaven:

So when men's eyes from earth's low sod
Behold the moon's transcendent glow,
Its image, calm and undefaced,
To each in full perfection 's given.

THE TRUE GOD.

A million beats of *Man's* united heart
Are fainter than one throb of Ocean's pulse,
Which thrills her awful veins in every part,
And throws up waifs of shells and crimson dulse.

A million tides of *Ocean's* weltering breast
Are weaker than one glance that lights the Sun,
When in the bannered east he breaks his rest,
His race gigantic round the sky to run.

A million journeys of the *Sun's* swift foot
Are smaller than one limit of the space
Through which the Tree of Life from Being's root
Upsprings, powdered with stars, in heaven's face.

A million *Trees of Life*, with all their loads,
But poorly God's profound domain reveal:
The crowds of worlds that throng heaven's thickest roads
Are letters of a Word his lips unseal.

A million *Words*, with universes rife,
His all-creative might can nowise drain:
When closing order bounds chaotic strife,
His Fulness as before doth still remain.

That *Fulness* such, in truth's stupendous force,
That to His thought serene and tender gaze
The frailest insect, warbling through its course,
Is just as near as seraph in his blaze.

Yea, though all worlds of space would be, combined,
Too small to fit His finger to a ring;
Yet is He not to humblest creatures blind,
But daily spreads their board, and hears them sing.

Each tear forlorn that trickles down man's cheeks,
He marks, and pities every aching sigh;
To give them compensation ever seeks;
Their life-woes shares; and takes them when they die.

And in His home, — though pæans swept the halls,
And glory domed the universal height, —
If over one poor soul hell spread its palls,
There would be night, and wailing *in* the night.

THE DIVINE JUDGMENT.

God asks, not "To what sect did he belong?"
But "Did he do the right, or love the wrong?"

THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT.

Millions of men the Koran and the Purans read,
And so the Bible read as many millions more;
But all this reading not a single soul can lead
To full salvation when all outward things are o'er.
To be upright and kind when thy poor brothers bleed,
Will aid thy soul beyond all power of formal lore.

THE UNWALLED HOUSE OF GOD.

The holy Nanac on the ground, one day,
Reclining, with his feet towards Mecca, lay.
A passing Moslem priest, offended, saw,
And, flaming for the honor of his law,
Exclaimed, "Base infidel, thy prayers repeat!
Towards Allah's house how dar'st thou turn thy feet?"
Before the Moslem's shallow accents died,
The pious but indignant Nanac cried,
"And turn them, if thou canst, towards any spot
Wherein the awful House of God is *not*."

THE PARTAKER AS BAD AS THE THIEF.

The sin the same, whether one kills a fish,
Or whether he devours it from the dish.

LIGHT-HOUSE OF IMMORTALITY.

FROM THE AKHLAK-IJALALY.

While selfish hatred's storm-flood roars,
Love, like a beacon's friendly ray,
Bright-shining on man's fleshly shores,
Illumes, and yet consumes, his clay.
Mysterious slave to mortal earth,
Despotic foe to earthly leaven,
It melts the dross from out the worth,
And purifies the soul for heaven.

THE PURSUERS PURSUING THEMSELVES.

A band of princes, thirty-two,
Pursuing once a rebel thief,
Of wise Gautama came in view,
And thus addressed they him in brief:

"Hast thou a robber seen pass by?
We are in earnest search for him."
Gautama straightway made reply,
While light broke o'er their spirits dim:

"Which is for you the better part, —
For him, or for yourselves, to seek?"
The warning question pierced each heart:
They turned them back, thoughtful and meek.

THE BUDDHIST'S SONG: GAUTAMA.

A pilgrim through eternity,
In countless births have I been born,
And toiled the Architect to see
Who builds my soul's live house in scorn.

O painful is the road of birth!
By which, from house to house made o'er,
Each house displays the kind and worth
Of the desires I loved before.

Dread Architect! I now have seen
Thy face, and seized thy precept's law;
Of all the houses which have been,
Not one again my soul can draw.

Thy rafters crushed, thy ridge-pole too,
Thy work, O Builder! now is o'er;
My spirit feels Nirwana true,
And I shall transmigrate no more.

THE GENUINE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

He only is a true Hindu whose heart is just,
And he a good Mohammedan whose life is pure:
Seek right and purity the faithful Christian must,
And this of heaven will make the honest Pagan sure.

CONVERSION OF A KING.

Wijeeta was the richest king on earth;
Yet knew his heart of joy and peace a dearth.
Buddha approached him once, in thoughtful mood,
And said to him: "Thine ancesters so good,—
Why did they not their treasure with them take,
When forced of life's bright feast an end to make?
Ah! was it not because no man can bear,
In death, aught but his naked merits there?"
The king, appalled, sank back upon his couch;
Fierce fears throughout his soul began to crouch;
His wealth, for Buddha's sake, he gave away,
And a recluse became that very day.

POWER OF A TRUE OR FALSE FAITH.

When man in error gropes,
Night under night still opes:
Goodness is horror then,
And demons dwell in men.
But when he thinks aright,
A fount of dazzling light
From evil's darkness bursts,
To satiate his thirsts.
A faith of truth and love
Melts hell in heaven above;

A faith of lies, hate, woe,
Sinks heaven in hell below.
Whoever thinks with God
Doth grasp fate's mighty rod.

THE LOVER'S OFFER.

Were mine the wealth of Crœsus old;
Had I as many diamonds bright
As leaves that shake in summer's light,
Or sands o'er which the deep hath rolled;—

Had I as many purest pearls
As grass-blades hang upon the lea,
Or ripples dance along the sea
When o'er its breast the zephyr curls;—

Had I a palace, crystal built,
And filled as full of golden bars
As yonder heaven is filled with stars
When evening fair the skies hath gilt;—

Like lordly knights and kingly earls
With orders were I titled o'er
As thick as waves that kiss the shore
When Wind his banner broad unfurls;—

I swear by yon bright worlds above,
I 'd give them all this blessed night
To meet beneath this fair moonlight,
And clasp thee in my arms, my Love!

INEVITABLE PUNISHMENT.

All vice to which man yields in greed to do it,
Or soon or late, be sure, he 'll sorely rue it.
Experience deep, howe'er false seemings blind him,
Surcharged with retribution, out will find him.
It locks upon his soul a fatal fetter,
Explodes throughout his face in horrid tetter,
Over his shameless eyeballs brings a blurring,
Keeps in his heart a deadly fear-load stirring,
At all pure joys with fiendish talon snatches,
The noblest traits from out his being catches,
Each beam and hope and vision darkens,
His conscience stuns whene'er towards heaven he hearkens,
On goading thorns his sleepless longings tosses,
With salt remorse-foam pleasure's waves embosses,
Sometimes from phantom-fears impels him flying,
Sometimes in frantic horrors shrouds his dying,
Now turns his dearest friends to cease to love him,
Now spreads avenging Siva's frowns above him,
Makes this world black with prison-walls and gibbets,
And, in the next, escape from hell prohibits.

The whole creation's strange and endless dealing,
In spite of shields and veils and arts concealing,
Proclaims, that whosoe'er is long a sinner
Can only be by it of woe a winner.

THE BUTTERFLY'S REVENGE.

An ugly caterpillar once uplooking
To a humming-bird, in gorgeous colors gleaming,
Thus said to him, her furry throat uperooking:
"Despise me not, though painful now my seeming
In shape and guise and movement of each feature,
And thou art such a bright, celestial creature."

The rainbow birdling scorned to make replying,
And gave the wretched insect's love its dooming.
In grief and birth the poor grub writhed as dying,
And soon a butterfly, in splendors blooming,
Uprose from out the slough the proud one hated,
In dazzling hues, with wings of wonder mated.

The humming-bird, unconscious of this changing,
Above a bush of roses red was hovering,
When lo! appeared our gay one in her ranging.
The hummer, smit with love, himself recovering,
Began to sigh a sweet and melting ditty,
And pleaded first for love, and then for pity.

The butterfly said: "Vain thy suit and urging;
For I remember well, though thou forgettest,
That when from lowliness I was emerging,
Thou spurnedst her on whom now thy heart thou settest.
By thee, when low and homely, I was scornèd;
Now thee I scorn, with magic charms adornèd."

THE BITTER CUP SWEET.

My God once mixed a harsh cup, for me to drink from it,
And it was full of acrid bitterness intensest;
The black and nauseating draught did make me shrink from it,
And cry, "O Thou who every draught alike dispensest,
This cup of anguish sore, bid me not to quaff of it,
Or pour away the dregs and the deadliest half of it!"
But still the cup He held; and seeing He ordained it,
One glance at Him, — it turned to sweetness as I drained it.

WHY SLEEP RESTORES.

When we are wearied out with toil,
And bruised with pains of earth's turmoil,
If for a time of slumber deep
We lose ourselves in dreams and sleep,

We rise, from strength's exhaustless hoard
Enriched and thoroughly restored,
When, but a little while before,
We were so feeble, drained, and poor.
Thinker and saint, man good and wise,
Canst tell me whence this doth arise?
Dear friend, I verily can tell
The cause, and explicate it well.
With grief and blows when worn and torn,
If sleep we may, we wake at morn
Refreshed in every nerve and thought,
Because this marvel hath been wrought: —
The instant that asleep we fall,
The soul escapes its fleshly pall,
And is absorbed in heaven from this,
To lave with love and bathe in bliss
Its stiffened limbs and flagging powers
Through all the nightly slumberous hours;
And when returning morn arrives,
It *fresh from God's embrace* revives.

THE PRIMEVAL CUP OF GUILT,

OR A SÚFI POLEMIC AGAINST CALVIN.

A mystic cup was mixed of Adam's guilt,
And o'er the world and through the ages spilt.

It every brightness with a darkness tinged,
The earth from out its orbit it unhinged,
It burst discordant through volcanic vents,
It wrenched all nature's breast in earthquake rents,
It woke in wasp and brute all hatred's brood,
It stirred in each fierce breast the thirst for blood;
And when in course terrific it had run
Through every lower grade beneath the sun,
Its drops on human generations dripped,
And all their worth and virtue from them stripped.
Out from that cup the direful stream still flows
Of poison, blackness, blasting fire, and woes,
O'erspreads creation with a pall of gloom,
And rises slowly towards the brim of doom.
Some sprinkling from that cup has spotted all,
And plunged them in a hopeless common fall,
Condemned past hope to writhe in tortures fell;
Which ne'er can cleanse the destined hosts of hell.
One little sin that mystic cup did fill,
And yet it poureth on, and poureth still
The tainting horrors of all pain and ill;
Nor will its dreadful pouring stop at last
Until the final flame the world shall blast,
And the everlasting sentence hath been passed.
When man's poor race exists on earth no more,
The frightful flood shall cease its issuing roar.
But then the boundless dregs of that small cup

In horrid hell shall all be gathered up,
To seethe and howl in endless anguish dire,
The food of deathless worm and quenchless fire,
Whose wails and dashing waves' eternal din
Proclaim in glee the victory of sin.
O that I the God of heaven had been!
Instead of letting evil triumph then,
When foul temptation's false and fatal tricks
The man beguiled the cup of guilt to mix,
I would have snatched the enchanted goblet up, —
Have snatched the mystic draught of that strange cup
From ignorant Adam's trembling hand and lip
Before he could have drawn a single sip,
And dashed the sea of fire it latent held
Down Satan's throat, the while he baffled yelled!
In glory thus I would have crushed the plot
Which now with failure doth creation blot.
For Satan's proud success is blazed abroad,
When evil thwarts the primal plan of God,
To make a world of fairy mount and glen,
Possessed for aye by pure and happy men.

DALLIANCE OF SEA AND WIND.

The Sea in gladness heaves her yielding form,
To meet her boisterous paramour, the Storm.

FIFTEEN FRAGMENTS FROM HAFIZ.

Sweet Hafiz is not dead, although his body turned
To dust in Eastern Shiraz centuries ago.
He lives and strikes the lyre which in his hand then burned:
This day his thoughts through Western nations sound and glow.

I. THE DRUNKEN SAINT'S JUSTIFICATION.

Know you the true reason and cause why it is that I drink?
From pride and from folly I strutted and swelled through the town:
And now those detestable vices, from which the saints shrink,
I will in the depths of the ocean of drunkenness drown?

II. THE INFRANGIBLE TIE.

A little Samson is my heart,
Who breaks his chains with ease apart;
And at each futile fetter mocks,
Except the band of Leila's locks!

III. THE BLINDING REVELATION.

Wouldst thou show us eternal life through dazzling rift;
Then bid the east-wind from thy face that thin veil lift.

IV. DULLARD AND GENIUS.

Did Understanding know how hearts are blest
When fettered in the locks of loved one's hair,
The poor devil a moment would not rest
Till he had lost his understanding there!

V. THE REVELLER'S VOW.

Glass upon glass I will clink;
Kiss after kiss I will spend;
Draught upon draught I will drink;
And I will love without end!

VI. THE PRECIOUS FUGITIVE CAUGHT.

She shyly lifts her eye's blue windowlet;
Her heart flies out into my bosom's net.

VII. THE MONASTERY AND THE INN.

Never did the gloomy convent win
Any joy or use for rich or poor.
Therefore let us throng the tavern door,
Crying, "Generous host, O let us in!"

VIII. THE CHEERFUL WORLD-INN.

With his morose advice the Dervish gaunt
Would make my heart so empty and so sad,
That, were it not for the old inn I haunt,
Full long ago my life I ended had!

IX. THE EARTH A BITTER CUP.

The world is bitter as the juice from aloes beaten;
Yet know I lips which all its bitterness can sweeten!

X. THE GREATER SINNER THE BETTER SAINT.

Dervish! does your galling envy make it hurt you,
When you think that Hafiz' sins the prize of virtue
Win? But he that sins like him, O formal weeper!
In God's mercy-ocean only sinks the deeper.

XI. THE SWEETEST MOUTH.

Let no bard, from the North to the South,
My Zuleika compare with a bud;
Because ne'er such a dainty sweet mouth
Had a bud, since subsided the flood!

XII. A FRESH MIRACLE.

Pupil, genuine wisdom learn.
Yonder, see that bush of roses:
How before thee it doth burn,
Like the burning bush of Moses!
Hearken, and thou now shalt hear,
If thy soul 's not deaf nor flighty,
How from out it, soft and clear,
Speaks to thee the Lord Almighty!

XIII. HEAVEN AN ECHO OF EARTH.

'T is but a shadow of the earth's familiar bliss,
Bright mirrored on the sky's ethereal fonts,
That fills our breasts with longings nothing can dismiss,
In tremulous and glimmering response.

XIV. THE DOUBLE RUBY.

A double ruby is my fascinating ruin;
Long time ago their fatal charm my bosom flew in.
Whate'er resisting reason says, quite vanquished mine is:
One ruby is thy luring mouth, the other wine is.

XV. IT WAS BRED IN THE BONE.

My drunkenness is not a fault of mine;
For drunken came I from the hand Divine,
Which kneaded up my nascent clay with wine.
Therefore, when, dry and hard, I fainting pine,
No moisture suits me like the yeasty vine!

A ZOROASTRIAN MYTH. R.

Stir in thy breast, O son! Devotion's fire about,
And leave no room therein for all-pernicious Doubt.

By Doubt alone was evil on the world impelled;
And goodness by Devotion only is upheld.

The Parsee myth this truth as follows has made known.
Ere earth and heaven were, was Zeruan alone.

A thousand years, in full Devotion sunk, he sought
To get a son by whom the world should then be wrought.

The thousand years of pure Devotion now he ends:
Upon the instant, in his mind fell Doubt ascends.

He doubting says, "Shall I Devotion's just return
Obtain, or for a son for ever vainly yearn?"

At once the womb of Power that thought's creative sperm
Invades, and makes it pregnant with a double germ,

Ormuzd and Ahriman; Devotion's dazzling child,
And Doubt's demoniac son, false, filthy, black, and wild.

The moment they were born, creation they began:
Ormuzd all good things made; all evil, Ahriman.

While that one wrought, Devotion's fire supplying played:
Doubt gave the stuff of which the other each thing made.

While Ahriman his poisonous plans in matter wrote,
Ormuzd still fanned Devotion's fire as antidote.

In opposition still these two the world create,
And bad are those who love the one that good men hate.

Hold thou by pure Ormuzd, Devotion's fire to feel;
And let no cause of Doubt prevail to quench thy zeal.

When Doubt has in Devotion's flame expiring gleamed,
Then thou art wholly good, and hast the world redeemed.

ONLY CIRCLES ARE ENDLESS.

All immortalities are circular in form:
The transmigration of the soul is truth divine.
If endless linear progress were each being's norm,
The whole creation would at last become a line.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP: FROM DSCHAMY.

Sheik Schubli, taken sick, was borne one day
Unto the hospital. A host the way
Behind him thronged. "Who are you?" Schubli cried.
"We are your friends," the multitude replied.
Sheik Schubli threw a stone at them: they fled.
"Come back, ye false pretenders!" then he said;

"A friend is one who, ranked among his foes
By him he loves, and stoned, and beat with blows,
Will still remain as friendly as before,
And to his friendship only add the more."

A THOUGHT FROM HASSAN BAR SABAH.

Life is a violent storm, in which thrust,
Man is at best but a handful of dust.

THE PROMOTION OF DISDAIN.

The Prophet said, as his disciples tell,
"Disdain is made the treasurer of hell."

THE CALL TO EVENING PRAYER.

One silver crescent in the twilight sky is hanging,
Another tips the solemn dome of yonder mosque.
And now the Muezzin's call is heard, sonorous clanging
Through thronged bazaar, concealed hareem, and cool kiosk:
"In the Prophet's name, God is God, and there is no other."
On roofs, in streets, alone, or close beside his brother,
Each Moslem kneels, his forehead turned towards Mecca's shrine,
And all the world forgotten in one thought divine.

SAADI ON ARBORICULTURE.

Though the water of life from the clouds fell in billows,
And the ground were strewn over with Paradise' loam,
Yet in vain would you seek from a garden of willows
To collect any fruit as beneath them you roam.

EARTH AN ILLUSION.

From the mists of the Ocean of Truth in the skies,
A Mirage in deluding reflections doth rise.
There is naught but reality there to be seen;
We have here but the lie of its vapory sheen.

GAYATRI: THE VEDAS' HOLIEST VERSE.

Let us in silent adoration yearn
After the Godhead — TRUE SUN — evermore;
Who all illumines, who creates all o'er,
From whom all come, to whom all must return,
Whom we invoke to guide our minds and feet
In our slow progress towards his holy seat.

THE BEGGAR'S MIRROR. R.

A beggar of Shiraz once had a looking-glass
That by this magic power all others did surpass, —

Which many dames would wish their mirrors too could
share, —
To show an ugly face as if it were most fair!

The beggar held this glass in front of every one
From whom he begged; and copious guerdons thus he
won.

For each with gladness gave who saw himself so fair:
The gay young lord, the foul old hag, both looking
there.

At last the beggar, lying sick, gave to his son
The glass, and said, "Make use of it as I have done."

But with the glass at night all empty came he back:
For he had made a different use of it, alack!

He held not up the glass before each passing wight,
But saw his own face there, and lingered on the sight.

The father said: "The foolish fruit of idle pride,
My son, no human heart has ever satisfied.

Who shows the world in Flattery's glass, is one shrewd
elf;
He is a fool who looks therein to see himself."

THE DWARF AVATAR.

The wicked giant, Bali, had obtained
Supreme control from heaven down to hell;
He all the humbler deities had chained;
Like rain his cruelties unmeasured fell.

The highest gods in fear a session called,
And argued vengeful plans for many an hour:
From far below he upward looked, and bawled
An arrogant defiance to their power.

At length divinest Vishnu forward stepped,
While round the senate mighty plaudits ran,
And vowed himself — his consort Lakshmi wept —
The foe to disenthrone, and ransom man.

The heavenly synod praised him, though they feared
His failure through some one of million harms.
On earth, a puny man, he soon appeared,
And, as a beggar, asked of Bali alms.

"What wouldst thou have?" the horrid despot said,
And gave the shrinking dwarf a scornful glance.
O fool! premonished by no mystic dread,
And reading naught beneath that countenance!

The little, timid mendicant replies,
"Give me so much of thy dominion's space —
The boon is small, but will for me suffice —
As I can only by three steppings pace."

The blinded Bali, mocking, gave assent,
And looked upon him with contemptuous eye.
Swift grew the dwarf through such immense extent,
That *one* step spanned the earth, one *more*, the sky!

Then looking round, with haughty voice he said,
"The *third* where shall I take? O Bali, tell!"
At Vishnu's feet the tyrant placed his head,
And instantaneously was thrust to hell.

THE MYSTIC'S RAPTURE: FROM MAHMOUD.

Mine *ego* hid the sun, as would a mountain tall;
One ray of light quick smote the mass to atoms small,
And through the mountain shape of dust full streamed the light
Of thousand suns, all shining supersensually bright.
Within a drop of dew was chained, by magic guile,
The banished, vast Euphrates, as a poor exile.
The earth before me lay, a heap of dusky clods.
One draught this beggar drank of the pure wine of God's,

And grew a Shah. Each mote a Caucasus became.
The black veil rose from round each atom's core of flame,
The welkin roof was rent, and DEITY I saw
Sole brooding o'er a world of shoreless light and awe.

WHY SIVA'S NECK IS BLUE.

When once of old the demons churned the thickening ocean,
To baffle the design the gods their wits employed.
There soon resulted, fruitage of the sickening motion,
A poisonous drug whose fumes all neighboring life destroyed.
But Brahma, joining Vishnu, sought with deep devotion
To turn from men the plot of that demonic crew:
To Siva spake they; quick he gulped the infernal potion!
And that is what has made his fearful throat so blue.

A WINE-DRINKER'S METAPHORS.

As the nightingale oft from a rose's dew sips,
So I wet with fresh wine my belanguishing lips.

As the soul of perfume through a flower's petals slips,
So pure wine passes through the rose-door of my lips.

As to port from afar float the full-loaded ships,
So this wine-beaker drifts to the strand of my lips.

As the white-driven sea o'er a cliff's edges drips,
So the red-tinted wine breaks in foam on my lips.

SUBJECTIVITY OF TIME AND SPACE.

Where is Space? In the eye. Where is Time? In the ear.
Light bringeth that one there, Sound bringeth this one here.
Close eye and ear, and you are out of Space and Time,
In contemplation, rapture, prayer, and dream sublime.
You build the world according to your pleasure all:
It rests on Time and Space: through you these stand and fall.

THE FRAGRANT PIECE OF EARTH: FROM SAADI.

A fragrant piece of earth salutes
Each passenger, and perfume shoots,
Unlike the common earth or sod,
Around through all the air abroad.
A pilgrim near it once did rest,
And took it up, and thus addressed:
"Art thou a lump of musk? or art
A ball of spice, this smell t' impart

To all who chance to travel by
The spot where thou, like earth, dost lie?
Humbly the clod replied: "I must
Confess that I am only dust.
But once a *rose* within me grew:
Its rootlets shot, its flowerets blew,
And all the rose's sweetness rolled
Throughout the texture of my mould;
And so it is that I impart
Perfume to thee, whoe'er thou art!"

THE SPREADING SPECK: FROM MOTANEBBI.

On every human soul there lies
A little dusky speck of sin,
As small as a mote's eye in size:
But when that speck doth once begin
To work, it swift and swift extends,
Till the whole soul it comprehends,
And all its powers overclouds
With condemnation's thunder-shrouds.
Then fierce and far the fear-fires flash,
And dire and dread the doom-bolts dash.
Thus doth the sin-speck spread, in sight,
O'er all the soul a baleful night, —
A blotting night of horror deep,
That knows no dawn and knows no sleep!

A MORAL ATMOSPHERE.

It is as hard for one whom sinners still prevent
From prayer, to keep his virtue, yet with them to dwell,
As it would be for a lotus of sweetest scent
To blossom forth in beauty 'midst the flames of hell.

POWER BOUGHT BY PENANCE. R.

So great Ravana's penances and rites austere
Were, that the gods, beholding them, were filled with fear.

The worlds he had subdued, with all who in them dwell,
And was obeyed from Indra's heaven to Bali's hell.

Dread Brahma at his court rehearsed the Veda books;
The Sun came down as overseer of his cooks.

To bear his goblets, Clouds did leave their realm of rain,
And the swift Wind was his obsequious chamberlain.

WINE SONG OF KAITMAS.

Fill up the goblet, and reach to me some!
Drinking makes wise, but dry fasting makes glum.

What is thy breath but a quaffing of air?
Smell is but drinking of fragrances rare.

What is a kiss but a draught double quick?
Drinking makes blessed, but fasting makes sick.

Seeing is only a drinking of light:
Drinketh the ear from all sounds, day and night.

Fill, then, the goblet, and reach to me some!
Drinking makes wise, but dry fasting makes glum.

A TONE FROM HAFIZ' LYRE.

Now is the blossoming-time of the roses.
Maiden, bring wine! never wait for the morrow.
Over us joyfully smiles the soft blueness;
Quick let us, round the dark field of old sorrow,
Tread the bright path of to-day in its newness,
Plucking at once the fresh garlands of roses.

THE SELF-LADEN CARRIER.

In love there is no message interwrought:
It was itself which its own meaning brought.

THE REVEALING TRIAL.

Is there not a sure test the deep truth of each man to
divine,
When the cow may be brought to the banks of the brook
of red wine?

THE ZEST OF THE PRIZE.

Against Life's firm and many-peopled land
While Passion's tide doth make the pebbles rattle,
With Glory's pearls it overstrews the strand,
And wakes afresh Ambition's mighty battle.

FOLLY FOR ONE'S SELF. H.

He who is only for his neighbors wise,
While his own soul in sad confusion lies,
Is like those men who builded Noah's ark,
But sank, themselves, beneath the waters dark.

THE PAUSE OF PRUDENCE. H.

Be not in haste the frail arrow to shoot,
For it can ne'er be returned thee again:
When one has killed the good tree for its fruit,
He may lament it for ever in vain.

THE ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE. H.

How hast thou so profound a lore attained?
To ask another, I was ne'er ashamed!

WISDOM FOR OTHERS.

Like a blind man, who bears a torch to light
The way for other men, but goes in night

Himself, is he who for his friends has sight,
But none his own dim steps to guide aright.

IDLE THOUGHT. H.

Wisdom without action is like a bee without honey, that sings:
Ask his vain haughtiness why he thus idly roves about, and stings!

UNDISHEARTENED ASPIRATION. H.

From torch reversed the flame still streameth, rising straight:
So struggleth up the brave man stricken down by fate.

THE TRAGIC CHANGE.

My hair was black, but white my life:
The colors in exchange are cast!
The white upon my hair is rife,
The black upon my life has passed.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY.

When I have seen, though clad in gold or silk,
In peace and joy a wicked man or maid,
I then have drunk a bowl of pigeon's milk,
And ate the yellow eggs the oxen laid!

THE PATRON. II.

When the tree with ripened fruit is loaded,
Towards the hungry all its rich boughs stoop;
They who had a famine once foreboded
Only have to pluck them as they droop.
Likewise when the good man 's clothed with power,
Gladly generous is he with his aid;
All the needy gather from his dower,
And rejoice to rest them in his shade.

ALL IS EACH, AND EACH IS ALL.

The sullen mountain, and the bee that hums,
A flying joy, about its flowery base,
Each from the same immediate fountain comes,
And both compose one evanescent race.

Proud man, exulting in his strength and thought,
The torpid clod he treads beneath his way,
One parent Artist's skill alike hath wrought,
And they are brothers in their fate to-day.

There is no difference in the texture fine
That 's woven through organic rock and grass,
And that which thrills man's heart in every line,
As o'er its web God's weaving fingers pass.

The timid flower that decks the fragrant field,
The daring star that tints the solemn dome,
From one propulsive force to being reeled;
Both keep one law and have a single home.

The river and the leaf, the sun and shade,
The bird and stone, the shepherds and their flocks,
Are all of one primeval substance made, —
A single key their common secret locks.

Each atom holds the boundless God concrete
Besides whose abstract Being nothing is;
Each mind, each point of dust, is God complete; —
Who knows but this, the magic key is his!

The curdling horrors, doubts, of fear and woe
Dissolve and flee before his solving gaze;
Absorbing light sets death's abyss aglow,
Fills evil's night an all-explaining blaze.

Between heaven's bright domains and blackest hell's
The separating limits swiftly fall;
A dazzling flood of glory streams, and swells,
And interfuses absolutely all.

RETIREMENT FROM GOSSIP.

Absorbing thought to worldly company is rude,
And every mighty passion courteth solitude.

SCHERIF ETH-THALIK'S WINE-ORB.

The sun of wine sank in thy mouth, where still its glory reeks,
And left the flushes of its evening-red upon thy cheeks.

TO DIE IS GAIN.

We then shall see no more, before the veil all dimly blurred,
But for imagined shall have grasped, embraced for only heard.

THE SOBER DRUNKENNESS.

Beware the deadly fumes of that insane elation
Which rises from the cup of mad impiety;
And go, get drunk with that divine intoxication
Which is more sober far than all sobriety.

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

Creative thought and passion in a cup
The meditating Brahm once hurled;
And when the seething foam had all dried up,
The sediment was this bright world.

NINE FRAGMENTS FROM THE PREM SÁGAR.

How pitying Vishnu came from heaven, and as a peasant-boy,
At Braj, by pranks filled all the cowherd lads and girls with joy,
The wondrous things he said and did while mortal men among, —
All this has saintly Shukadev in the Prem Ságar sung.

I. THE MASKED DEITY BETRAYED.

Before his parents' hut at play,
The little Krishna Chand one day
Swallowed some dirt. With eager speed
His brothers ran and told the deed.
Seizing a switch, his mother rushed
To punish him. He shrank, and blushed,
But firmly did the charge deny.
She said, "Krishna, tell not a lie;
Open your mouth, and let me see!"
His mouth he opened instantly.
She looked, — and there the THREE WORLDS saw.
Prostrate she fell in deepest awe,
And cried, "Thee I no longer call
My son, but own as Lord of all."

II. THE PERILOUS BOON.

Bikásur had of penances fulfilled his task,
And promise won of any boon that he might ask.
"Grant, Siva, that on whom I place my hand,
He may become a heap of ashes on the land."
The boon is granted. Lo! at once Bikásur strives
To place his hand on *Siva's* head, whom terror drives
To fly, as close the steps of his pursuer press.
Then Hari, Nand's blue son, saw Siva's deep distress,
And went before Bikásur, and demanded why
He thus was chasing Siva round the earth and sky.
And then he said, — when he the whole truth had received, —
"Bikásur! by some goblin you have been deceived.
The mighty boon is all a cheat, a vanity:
Just put your hand upon your own head, and then see!"
Bikásur, made by Maia's power both blind and drunk,
The test applied, and to a heap of ashes sunk!
Rejoicing music floated from the heavenly bowers,
And all the gods applauded loud, and rained down flowers.

III. FOREORDAINED MEANS AND ENDS.

Whate'er man's destiny may be,
His mind is changed accordingly:
With it his heart in union blends,
And thus come God's appointed ends.

IV. THE LIBERTINE'S DOOM.

Whoe'er the chastity of maid
Doth ruin while living on the earth,
He shall in Fate's black noose be laid,
And drop to hell from birth to birth.

V. KRISHNA'S COWHERDESS WEEPING.

Her head in bitter woe to earth depended,
As she wildly tore her long curls;
And from her eyes a stream of tears descended
Like a broken necklace of pearls.

VI. KING PARIKSHEET'S PRAYER.

From this shoreless sea of cares,
From this world's illusions vain,
Where my heart each conflict shares,
And I groan in being's chain,
Vishnu! kindest god of all,
Where the timeless æons roll,
Hear me, while to thee I call,
And emancipate my soul.

VII. AKRUR'S PRAYER.

O Krishna Chand! from whom all objects rise,
Belong they to the darkness or the light,
The opening and the closing of thine eyes

Are the immediate cause of day and night.
Thou art the gloom that broods, the fire that burns;
My thoughts I fix upon thy footprints now;
To thee my heart through all things ceaseless yearns:
Most gracious Lord! protect me ever thou.

VIII. PATERNAL AUTHORITY.

When King Jajati had waxed old,
He asked each son, Shayone, Yalage,
"Give me thy youth of joy untold,
And take instead my mournful age!"
Yalage replied, "Not I in truth!"
Then King Jajati cursed him sore.
But quick the younger said, "My youth
Take thou, let me be old and hoar."
And King Jajati blessed Shayone,
And left to him the royal throne.

IX. THE LIFE-PRESERVER.

To those who on the world-stream drowning float,
The name of Krishna is a saving boat.

THE IDOLATER'S PATH.

Unto an idol's shrine the luring roads that lead
Are made of sighs and tears which his poor votaries bleed.

THE SUN AND THE POET'S EYE. R.

Art thou, O Sun! a fount from which all splendor
rushes, —
A fount from which the life of the creation gushes?

Art thou a golden shield, on heaven's blue peak uphung,
Whose radiance, fresh and unobscured, abroad is flung?

Art thou a hero stout, thy beams the shafts he shoots?
Where is the quiver which to hold such weapons suits?

Art thou an eye whose piercing glance all space sur-
veys, —
Which grows not dim, but is refreshed by its own gaze?

Thou art an eye, O Sun! an eye like this of mine,
Excepting that no bound includes the scope of thine.

Thou mak'st the earth turn round as on its course it
rides:
Such is thy love thou wilt behold it on all sides.

My little eye, to thine immense one when opposed,
At once begins to blink, is conquered soon and closed.

Let all who now look up to trace thy path of flame,
When I am dead turn one kind glance upon my name!

Thus will Foureed, though soon must darken his fond eyes,
An endless fame write on the eyeball of the skies.

LESSON OF SUBMISSION: FROM SAADI.

A pilgrim, bound to Mecca, quite away his sandals wore,
And on the desert's blistering sand his feet grew very sore.
"To let me suffer thus, great Allah is not kind nor just,
While in his service I confront the painful heat and dust,"
He murmured in complaining tone; and in this temper came
To where, around the Caaba, pilgrims knelt of every name:
And there he saw, while pity and remorse his bosom beat,
A pilgrim who not only wanted shoes, but also *feet*.

THE TWO WORLD-SCRIBES.

Earth is a parchment whose back
Fate's double pencils thus write: —
Life writeth white upon black,
Death writeth black upon white.

THE TRUTH OF THEISM.

Over space the clear banner of MIND is unfurled,
And the habits of God are the laws of the world.

SAADI MORALIZES NATURE.

The wind that howls around the world's inclement camp
Cares not that it extinguishes the widow's lamp.

THE TWIN ANGELS OF GOD.

Once, arm in arm, the angels *Love* and *Pity*
Were flying forth across the heavenly cope;
When, as they left God's vast and blissful city,
They saw where hell's tormented captives grope.
A sympathizing tear fell down in sorrow,
A gentle smile upon the darkness fell.
That smile spread on as dawning hope's to-morrow,
That tear extinguished all the fire of hell.
Then rose the deep abyss, while god descended,
And turned to angels fair the demon race.
Such force amazing *Pity's* tear attended
Along with light from *Love's* celestial face.

VICE NEUTRALIZING VIRTUE.

He that a vice from year to year inherits,
Wieldeth an axe against his tree of merits.

SELF-EXCULPATION.

Regard no vice as small, that thou mayst brook it:
No virtue small, that thou mayst overlook it.

THE INTOLERABLE SPLENDOR.

So long the light of God burns clear and bright
As our eyes bear it; then it fades from sight.

THE BUDDHA'S VICTORY.

The eyes of Wassywart were blots of blood,
His awful sword could cleave the world asunder;
And, like the vastest mountain, there he stood,
His hoarsened voice outroaring all the thunder.
In fiercest rage he dared the Buddha mild
To fight him then, with any arms he chose.
To gaze upon his bulk and gestures wild,
The gods came forth, and all the planets rose.
To be a shield before his broadening breast,
He wrenched the sun from out the socket-sky,
And fearfully the Buddha mild addressed,
"Behold the arm by which thou now shalt die."
The unarmed Buddha mildly gazed at him,
And said, in peace, "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
Before great Wassywart the world grew dim;
His bulk enormous faded to a dove,

That hovered where the hating monster loomed,
And filled with softest notes the space
Through which his rage's thund'rous accents boomed.
Celestial beauty sat on Buddha's face,
While sweetly sang the metamorphosed dove,
"Swords, rocks, lies, fiends, must yield to moveless love,
And nothing can withstand the Buddha's grace."

THE LAST REMEDY.

The fool, to hide his folly, one well-planned
Prevention has: it is in his own hand!
Where wise men talk, or when they walk or sup,
Can he not keep his foolish mouth shut up?

THE FISHERMAN, LOVE.

Young Love as a fisherman spreadeth his nets,
And woman's sweet lips are the bait that he sets:
All eagerly bite, the men-fish that swim by,
And then in the flames of desire they must fry.

SOCIETY MORE THAN PLACE.

Better where awful mountains rise
With raging tigers dwell,
Than share the halls of Paradise
With men who merit Hell.

TOO LATE: FROM A HINDU POET. H.

Hearken, and roll not round so wild
Thine eyes decoying, lovely child!
The joy of youth was long since o'er,
And what we were, we are no more.
In the repentance-grove we 've sat,
And known how vain was this and that:
And since that time we name, alas!
The world a little blade of grass.

THE CONTRAST.

Like shadows in the early morn
Is friendship with a wicked man:
Part after part is from it shorn.
But with disinterested friends
It grows, like shadows in the eve,
Until the sun of life descends.

THE EAGLE.

Against the sky's blue floor his proud crest rubs,
The distant earth his spoiling talon wrings,
His eye is the lair of the lightning's cubs,
The beaten thunders growl beneath his wings;
His vision spills the ocean as a drop,
And only at the world-walls doth he stop.

THE BIRD-KING.

Dost thou the monarch eagle seek?
Thou 'lt find him in the tempest's maw,
Where thunders with tornados speak,
And forests fly as though of straw:
Or on some lightning-splintered peak,
Sceptred with desolation's law,
The shrubless mountain in his beak,
The barren desert in his claw.

THE VEILED FACE OF DAY.

Through the forehead of eve the Lord driveth yon star
as a nail,
And the thick-spangled darkness lets down o'er the day
as a veil.

THE USE OF THE MOON.

The moon is a silver pin-head vast,
That holds the heaven's tent-hangings fast.

NOT FATE, BUT SKILL.

Diving and finding no pearls in the sea,
Blame not the ocean, the fault is in thee!

THE TEAR AND THE LAMP.

Weeping, a tear put out my lamp, and night's
Deep darkness then encompassed me alone.
Ah tears! how oft ye quench the feeble lights
That faith has in the halls of sorrow strewn!

A GLIMPSE.

The sun and moon together in the evening sheen
Seeing, while painted clouds like mists of incense curled,
I said, surely such beauty has never been seen
Since first the veils covered the Harem of the World.

BROKEN HEARTS.

When other things are broken, they are nothing worth,
Unless it be to some old Jew or some repairer;
But hearts, the more they 're bruised and broken here on earth,
In heaven are so much the costlier and the fairer.

NOT DRESS, BUT NATURE.

If mean or costly dresses through this globe
Decide the rank in which men are enrolled,
Why, then we 'll clothe the wolf in satin robe,
The alligator in fine silk enfold!

BEAUTY'S PREROGATIVE.

Thy beauty pales all sublunary things,
And man to vassalage eternal dooms:
The road before thee should be swept with brooms
Made of the eyelashes of peerless kings.

SENSIBILITY.

A tear doth not the eye unfeeling swell:
A precious pearl lies not in every shell!

RAIN BEATING THE EARTH.

The clouds pour on the fields the pelting showers and dew;
The earth heeds not the rain-drops' pugilistic crew,
Until her bosom from their blows is green and blue.

THE RESTLESSNESS OF MIND.

Since the soul, exiled from its God, a haven has sought,
It has found no anchorage in the ocean of thought.

THE DIVINE ROSE-TREE.

God holds the heavenly rose-bush in his hand,
And starry roses on it thickly stand.

SALVATION BY MERCY.

Once staggering, blind with folly, on the brink of hell,
Above the everlasting fire-flood's frightful roar,
God threw his heart before my feet, and, stumbling o'er
That obstacle divine, I into heaven fell.

THE MYSTERY OF GOD.

Though God extends beyond creation's rim,
Each smallest atom holds the whole of Him.

A CRINAL CONCEIT.

My hair is black, but mixed with white; and Fancy speaks,
Saying, Behold a host of Negroes mixed with Greeks!

BESTIR THEE BETIMES.

Oh! be thou zealous in thy youth;
Fill every day with noble toils,
Fight for the victories of Truth,
And deck thee with her deathless spoils.
For those whose lives are in retreat,
Their valor and ambition flown,
In vain the 'larum drum is beat,
In vain the battle-trumpet blown!

THE MYSTIC PRAYER OF HAFIZ.

Quickly furnish me Solomon's ring;
Alexander's weird glass be my meed;
The philosopher's stone to me bring;
Also give me the cup of Jemschid: —
In one word, I but ask, host of mine,
That thou fetch me a draught of thy wine!
Bring me wine! I would wash this old cowl
From the stains which have made it so foul.
Bring me wine! By my puissant arm
The thick net of deceit and of harm,
Which the priests have spread over the world,
Shall be rent and in laughter be hurled.
Bring me wine! I the earth will subdue.
Bring me wine! I the heaven will storm through.
Bring me wine, bring it quick, make no halt!
To the throne of both worlds I will vault.
All is in the red streamlet divine.
Bring me wine! O my host, bring me wine!

THE MILD REBUKE. H.

A blind man, fallen in the night,
Cried for some one to bring a light.
A scoffer jeered from folly's camp:
"Thou canst not even see the lamp,

Much less discern things by its beams;
And so thy cry is vain, it seems."
The blind man straightway made reply:
"To you it seemeth vain, but I
Conclude that, if a torch were here,
Its blaze making the whole place clear,
The first good man that happened by
Would lead me where my way doth lie."

INEFFICIENT RESTRAINT.

The band of thy resolve is a fine hair;
The wolf of thy desire would break a chain:
One day this ravening wolf that band will tear,
And then thy bitter cries will be in vain.

THE GREAT LEVEL.

It is a monitory truth, I ween,
That, turning up the ashes of the grave,
One can discern no difference between
The richest sultan and the poorest slave.

THE PALM OF DESTINY.

Fate is a Hand. It lays two fingers on the eyes,
Two on the ears, one on the mouth, and silent cries,
"Be ever still!" Then down in endless sleep man lies.

THE DISARMED TERROR.

After one completely draws
All the lion's teeth and claws,
Who would fear his helpless paws,
Or his boneless, mumbling jaws?

HAFIZ ON HIS DEATH.

Think not I am unhappy when my coffin passes by,
And when you gaze upon my corse, sigh not, in tears,
Alas!
When you fall into sin, then indeed you Alas! may cry.
And when my body sleeps in dust beneath the flowering
grass,
Talk not of separating absence, for the earth that covers
My clay will be but a veil hiding the secrets of lovers.

ENJOYMENT VERSUS IMPROVEMENT.

One said, "Better a single drop of pleasure,
Than to possess a hogshead full of wisdom."
Such thought it fitteth a hog's head to treasure,
In filthy dregs of sense appointing his doom;
But, sooth, one drop of wisdom is far better
Than pleasure in whole bottomless abysses:
For sense's fool must wear remorse's fetter
When duty's servant reigns where endless bliss is.

THE TRIPLE MURDER.

These three men all at once to death the slander-poison burns:
The one who speaks, the one who hears, the one whom it concerns.

THE ROASTED HEN: AN ARAB TALE. R.

A man once sat with his good wife to eat
A hen, of which she was for him the roaster.
A beggar cried, "Some food I do entreat!"
But drove him off the satiated boaster.

He thought not of the old proverbial verse,
"The full should call the empty to their table."
Soon through his house came hunger as a curse,
To get a single hen he was not able.

From direst poverty he left his wife,
And homeless roamed abroad without a brother;
But she, in order to preserve her life,
In marriage gave herself unto another.

Again she with her husband sat to eat
A hen, which she for him had been a roasting.
A beggar cried, "I some of it entreat!"
"Give him the hen!" said he, too meek for boasting.

As to the beggar with the food she came,
Behold! 't was he to whom she first was married.
She turned, in tears, with thoughts that have no name:
Her spouse in wonder asked why thus she tarried.

She told him then, in full and frank reply,
All since the first beggar away was driven.
He cried: "Ah God! that first beggar was I, —
Praised be the mercy of all-pitying Heaven!

"There is a law which orders Fortune's play,
And moves the rich and poor upon its lever:
I begged of him who begs of me to-day, —
May God have mercy on us both for ever!"

THE SINGLE FRIEND.

Against that fool must all true thinkers laugh,
Who, counting o'er his friends, thinks most of number.
It is as if who wants a single staff
Should with a bunch of reeds his hand encumber.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

The true friend is not he who holds up Flattery's mirror,
In which the face to thy conceit most pleasing hovers;
But he who kindly shows thee all thy vices, Sirrah!
And helps thee mend them ere an enemy discovers.

THE SULTAN'S LESSON.

An aged Sultan placed before his throne one day
Three urns: one golden was, one amber, and one clay.
When with his royal seal the slaves had sealed each urn,
He ordered his three sons to take their choice in turn.

Upon the golden vase the word *Empire* was writ;
The haughty word resplendent groups of jewels stud.
The eldest grasped the golden urn, and opened it, —
But shrank in horror back to find it filled with blood!

The word *Glory* upon the amber vase shone bright;
The luring word fresh wreaths of laurels cluster o'er.
The second chose the amber urn, — pathetic sight!
'T was filled with dust of men once famed, now known no more.

No word inscribed upon its front the clay vase bore,
And yet for this the youngest prince his choice had saved.
He oped the urn of clay his father's feet before, —
And lo! 't was empty, but God's name was there engraved.

The Sultan to the wondering throng of courtiers turned,
And asked them which of all those vases weighed the most?

Far different thoughts within their various bosoms burned:—
Into a threefold party broke the courtier host.

The warriors said, "The golden vase, symbol of power."
The poets said, "The amber vase, emblem of fame."
The sages said, "The clayey vase, God's name its dower:
The globe is lighter than one letter of that name."

Then said the Sultan to his sons: "Remember well
The meaning of this scene, the lesson of this day.
When your lives' dust is balanced over heaven and hell,
Ah! think, will its renown the name of God outweigh?"

ELBOW-ROOM.

Ten poor men sleep in peace on one straw heap, as Saadi sings,
But the immensest empire is too narrow for two kings.

FORTUNE AND WORTH. II.

That haughty rich man see, a merely gilded clod;
This poor man see, pure gold with common dust besmeared.
Start not; in needy garb was Moses girt and shod,
When waved and shone before him Pharaoh's golden beard!

CHARITY'S EYE: FROM NISAMI.

One evening Jesus lingered in the market-place,
Teaching the people parables of truth and grace,
When in the square remote a crowd was seen to rise,
And stop, with loathing gestures and abhorring cries.

The Master and his meek disciples went to see
What cause for this commotion and disgust could be,
And found a poor dead dog beside the gutter laid;
Revolting sight! at which each face its hate betrayed.

One held his nose, one shut his eyes, one turned away;
And all among themselves began aloud to say,
"Detested creature! he pollutes the earth and air!"
"His eyes are blear!" "His ears are foul!" "His ribs are bare!"

"In his torn hide there's not a decent shoe-string left!"
"No doubt the execrable cur was hung for theft!"
Then Jesus spake, and dropped on him this saving wreath, —
"Even pearls are dark before the whiteness of his teeth!"

The pelting crowd grew silent and ashamed, like one
Rebuked by sight of wisdom higher than his own;
And one exclaimed, "No creature so accursed can be,
But some good thing in him a loving eye will see."

FALSE PIETY.

He who from love to God neglects the human race
Goes into darkness with a glass, to see his face!

MERIT AND PLACE.

A jewel is a jewel still, though lying in the dust,
And sand is sand, though up to heaven by the tempest thrust.

WHAT SAADI SAYS OF WISHES.

Had the cat wings, no sparrow could live in the air:
Had each his wish, what more would Allah have to spare?

THE NOBLEST MAN.

'Midst noble men they Hatim Taï call
In generosity the first of all.
He said: "When forty camels I had slain
To give my guests, I saw upon the plain
A man who thorns and thistles plucked with care.
Disguised I went, and asked, 'Why not go share
With those whom Hatim Taï's house doth feed?'
He said, 'Of Hatim's house I have no need
While my own toil a humble meal can buy.'
My friends, that was a nobler man than I."

IMPEDING PLEASURE. H.

Who after wisdom flies must guard both foot and wing
From pleasure's honey, or therein he 'll stick and cling.

THE FOLLY OF INDIFFERENCE. H.

"It goes best with me then," said a carousing king,
"When on the earth grieves me no good or evil thing:
So let the couriers of Fate their tidings bring."
A naked beggar, 'neath the window stretched, cried out:
"How then does your imperial robe surpass my clout?
Nothing irks me: I tremble at no sudden shout."

PRECEPT WITHOUT PRACTICE. H.

Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows,
Is one who ploughs and ploughs, but never sows.

PATIENCE WINS. H.

Haste not: the flying courser, over-heated, dies,
While step by step the patient camel goal-ward plies.

EVIL INTERFERENCE. H.

Fan not the hostile spark between two friends that glows;
For they will soon embrace, but both remain thy foes.

MEANS AND END.

Wealth must be meant to ease the load of life,
Not life to load us with the weight of wealth.
Stealth 's only used to win some aim of strife,
Not strife 's pursued as means to practise stealth.

THE HORSELEECH.

Canst thou tell me what is insatiable?
The greedy eye of avarice!
Were all the universe a loaded table,
It never, never could fill this!

THE USELESSNESS OF ENVY.

Mean souls wish sorrow to the happy-minded,
And hate the sun that sweetly smiles upon content.
But when base owls and bats, by midday blinded,
Accuse the light, is the sun into darkness sent?

SAADI SAYS, NIP THE BUD.

A sprout of evil, ere it has struck root,
With thumb and finger one up-pulls:
To start it, when grown up and full of fruit,
Requires a mighty yoke of bulls.

LAW ALONE RELIABLE. H.

One lucky hit affords no rule;
Who thinks it does, he is a fool.
The king of Persia once set up
His costliest ring upon a cup,
And unto all his archers cries,
"Who hits that ring, it is his prize."
In vain the most expert of all
Essay to shoot it off the ball.
An inexperienced stripling tries:
His chance-sped arrow strikes the prize.
Before he never had bent bow.
He wisely said, "'T was luck, I know;
And that my fame may still remain,
I never will bend bow again."

GUILT'S PANG THE WORST.

Beneath the tiger's jaw I heard a victim cry,
"Thanks, God, that, though in pain, yet not in guilt I die!"

SAADI'S HERALDRY.

If there were not an eagle in the realm of birds,
Must then the owl be king among the feathered herds?

WHAT IS WEALTH? H.

Thus did a choking wanderer in the desert cry:
"O that Allah one prayer would grant before I die;
That I might stand up to my knees in a cool lake,
My burning tongue and parching throat in it to slake."
No lake he saw; and when they found him in the waste,
A bag of gems and gold lay just before his face.
And his dead hand a paper with this writing grasped:
"Worthless was wealth when dying for water I gasped."

FOUNT AND RIVER.

The bad fount, which a pitcher can hide from your view,
Feeds a stream which an elephant scarce can wade through.

THE KING'S EXAMPLE. H.

Once Sultan Nushirvan the just, hunting,
Stopped in an open field to take a lunch.
He wanted salt, and to a servant said,
"Go, get some at the nearest house, but pay
The price the peasant asks." "Great king," exclaimed
The servant, "thou art lord o'er all this realm;
Why take the pains to *buy* a little salt?"
"It is a little thing," said Nushirvan,

"And so, at first, was all the evil whose
Most monstrous load now presses so the world.
Were there no little wrongs, no great could be.
If I from off a poor man's tree should pluck
A single apple, straight my slaves would rob
The whole tree to its roots: if I should seize
Five eggs, my ministers at once would snatch
A hundred hens. Therefore strict justice must
I, even in unimportant acts, observe.
Bring salt, but pay the peasant what he asks."

THE BANNER AND THE CARPET. H.

Once a royal banner bent his head,
And unto a royal carpet said,
In the Sultan's palace at Bagdad:
"See what different duties we have had,
And how different too is our reward,
Though we 're servants both of one great lord.
I, on weary marches, tired and torn,
Journey, in the van of peril borne.
Thou, afar from travel's dust and pains,
And afar from battle's siege and stains,
In the palace brightly art arrayed
Where young prince, and dame, and beauteous maid
Odors scatter on thine every band.
Thou art blest: but me some menial hand

In the rawest blast extends, or holds
High upon some crag my flapping folds."
Spake the soft, rich carpet then, and said :
" Thou dost lift to heaven thy haughty head ;
I lie here beneath my sovereign's tread :
As a slave I 'm kept here, nice and warm,
Thou, ambitious, scorning each low form,
In the height find'st danger and the storm ! "

FICKLENESS.

Hard separation's thorn already grows
Beneath the heart of every friendship's rose.

THE BRIEF CHANCE-ENCOUNTER.

As two floating planks meet and part on the sea,
O friend ! so I met and then drifted from thee.

THE THREEFOLD CONDITION.

That what was born must die, is true,
And that what dies is born anew.
O man ! thou know'st not what thou wert of late :
But what thou art at present, learn
In thought completely to discern,
And what thou shalt become anticipate.

INDOCILITY.

Of what use unto fools is wise discourse?
In vain the teacher talks until he 's hoarse.
As moonlight streams through a crack in the roof,
So on the hearts of fools shines wise reproof.

THE TRAITOR SURPRISED.

O Sudra! think not thou canst hide from Siva's eyes:
Bite not the hook beneath a painted bait hid well.
The man who walked o'er treachery's road to Paradise,
When at the journey's end, found he was snug in Hell!

THE DIFFERENCE. H.

Seek wisdom, while on earth, as if you were immortal there;
But virtue, as if death already had you by the hair!

DESPICABLE PALLIATION.

Who laughingly calls it a good piece of wit,
When friends too confiding he foully betrays,
He then should admire, as a hero most fit,
The man who a sleeper remorselessly slays.

THE TWO BLOSSOMS.

On the world's infected tree, of fruits the mother,
Two fair blossoms sprinkled are with heavenly dew-drops.
Poetry is one, and Friendship is the other.
For their plucking, Moslem, Christian, Brahmin, Jew, stops.
That one makes all nature as a loving brother:
This one, when the heart is weak, each nerve and thew props.

INJURY OR DEFILEMENT. H.

Avoid a villain as you would a brand,
Which, lighted, burns, extinguished, smuts the hand.

UNADVISED CONTEMPT. H.

Before scorning a man investigate thou him,
For some contain a mine of harm, yet do not blab it:
Pass not with careless step across the thicket dim;
Beware! that empty bush a tiger may inhabit.

HUMAN EVANESCENCE.

Our life endures — such is its brevity —
But while a rain-drop falls from cloud to sea.

TRADITION AND LIFE.

Be no imitator; freshly act thy part;
Through this world be thou an independent ranger:
Better is the faith that springeth from thy heart,
Than a better faith belonging to a stranger.

MORAL COMMERCE.

Caring not, however cynics censure,
All the wealth of heart I have I venture,
And to man's equator-region send ship
For the ivory, spice, and gold of friendship.

RESOLUTE LABOR.

Howe'er the ignorant decry,
Howe'er oppose the envious crew,
Since death comes soon, and brief years fly,
Thy firmly chosen work pursue!
As when the Demons churned the sea
With Mount Meru, although they found
Jewels it dazzled them to see,
Though horrid poison gushed around,
They drove the mighty churning still,
Holding the handle closely clasped,
In spite of sore fatigue, until
Their hands the bright *Amreeta* grasped.

LIMITATION.

Each is bounded by his nature,
And remains the same in stature
In the valley, on the mountain.
Scoop from ocean, or from fountain,
With a poor hand, or a richer,
You can only fill your pitcher.

BRAHMINIC CONSOLATION: FROM THE MAHABHÂRATA.

Sad friend! thou mourn'st for what it is not well to
mourn.
No garb of dark lament have wise men ever worn,
Or for the living, or the dead. Both youth and age
The soul in this poor husk doth find, and on each stage
Of being it again will find, 'neath other veils.
Heat, cold, pain, pleasure, every earthly thing, still fails.
The body is the jail of time's swift weal and woe.
Each comes, departs, and naught remains of all the
show.
O Bhârat's son! in patience bear the fates below.
The wise man nothing can disturb: to him the same
Are sweet and sour, censure and praise, neglect and
fame.
His spirit is divinely calm, his mind supernal.
That which creates all forms is formless and eternal.

UNIVERSALITY OF GOD.

Exempt from lust, exempt from love of pelf,
The wise man acts unconscious of himself.
He cares not for his action's consequence,
But feeds devotion's fire with pure incense.
God is his gift, his sacrifice is God ;
God is his sacrificial knife and rod,
Himself, his altar, altar's flame, the sward ;
God also is the worship's sole reward.

THE CAUSE AND THE AGENT.

The wall said to the nail, "What have I done,
That through me thy sharp tooth thou thus dost run?"
The nail replied, "Poor fool! what do I know?
Ask him who beats my head with many a blow!"

THE HOLY LIE. H.

A man-befriending lie, I think, in sooth,
Far better than a man-destroying truth.

* * * * *

A king in wrath once bade his servants slay
A man who had offended him that day.
The poor man, robbed of hope by this dread stroke,
With foreign tongue to foulest cursing broke, —
As in despair one falleth on his sword, —
And cursed the king with each reviling word.

"What says he?" asked the king. "Lord," straight replied
One who the language knew, and stood beside
The throne, "he says, Heaven is for him who lives
In meekness, and his enemies forgives."
"For saying so divine and just a thing,
This moment he is pardoned," cried the king.
"Not so," a second courtier loud exclaimed;
"The slave thy soul with oaths reviled and blamed."
Then rose the king, and said, in accents stern,
"And if he did, your soul with shame should burn
To think this good man's falsehood doth so much,
In Allah's sight, outshine your truth: for such
A lie as his my anger would assuage,
While such a truth as yours would more enrage:
And know the lie that saves a human breath
Is better than the truth that causes death!"

TEST OF THE RIVAL GODS.

'Twixt Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, — as a Puran shows, —
A grave dispute once raged, and still grew sharp and strong:
The question was, wherefrom the solemn quarrel rose,
To which one of the three did precedence belong?

Then Vishnu said, "If one of you, uprising fleet,
Can soar to where my head extends in regions dim,

Or dive so far as to discern where are my feet,
At once I will the palm of greatness yield to him."

For fifty million years, like lightning Brahma soared:
For fifty million years, like lightning Siva dived;
But Siva could not reach where Vishnu's feet were lowered,
And Brahma could not reach where Vishnu's head was hived.

At last the twain, their efforts baffled, back returned,
And to the great Preserver paid allegiance due.
Therefore by hosts is incense now to Vishnu burned,
While Brahma's worshippers and Siva's are so few!

TIME, THE MOWER.

Where is thy sire? thy loving mother where?
Where are the friends who in thy youth did share?
They bloomed with thee like trees hard by the shore;
The stream still flows, but they bloom there no more.
So Time, the mower, cuts his fatal swath,
And mortals see him not across their path.

SENSUALITY.

Whom the senses securely have caught,
He will please himself, there where he lies,

Until lust becomes seated in thought,
And from lust pain and folly arise.
Driven out of high Purity's hall,
From his noble estate he will fall,
Losing memory, reason, and all.

As a storm on the ocean's dark breast
Blows a banner's light fluttering folds,
So his fancies lust blows without rest,
And all peace from his spirit withholds.
Truly happy but then shalt thou be,
When desire disappeareth in thee,
As a stream in the calm of the sea.

A PERSIAN SONG.

The mighty globe and human life
A gloomy ocean rolls around:
Floods roar on floods, in endless strife,
The floods with turbaned clouds are crowned.
The future is a black abyss;
The present time alone is sure.
O youth, spring up! its joys secure.

Remember, when upon Kâf's summit
Great Anka flew o'er every cloud,
His pinion shook the earth-dust from it,
Surpassing all things strong and proud.

He soared that day, he soars not this:
The present time alone is sure.
O youth, spring up! its joys secure.

I see the midnight of thy hair,
And of thy lips the morning-red,
And of thy smiles the day-shine fair;
But dawn, day, night, will soon have fled:
The fairest things we soonest miss:
The present time alone is sure.
O youth, spring up! its joys secure.

A RIDDLE.

Between a thick-set hedge of bones
A small red dog now barks, now moans

„A human tongue!"
— The answer rung.

THE RIVER OF PLEASURE.

A dallying stream, in greatest and in least,
Our wishes as its waves, soft Pleasure flows.
Insatiable Lust, a monstrous beast,
Doth ravening in its hollow deeps repose.

As little birds across the billows dart,
Licentious fancy lures, and eager passion follows,

Despising what it has and can impart,
Until his prey the greedy monster swallows.

Amidst that stream a whirlpool's sucking dimple
Denotes where love begins its headlong course.
The stream's opposing banks — attend, ye simple! —
Are disappointment deep and sharp remorse.

The man whose heart is Virtue's chosen door,
Whom no unworthy lust has e'er betrayed,
Alone can safely stand upon the shore,
And through the shrunken stream uninjured wade.

TO ZULEIKA.

A poet, attempting to sing of thy charms,
Sank into the sea of astonishment's arms,
Till thought disappeared in bewildered alarms.
At last, the small shell of one verse from the sand
He plucked, and succeeded in reaching the strand,
To lay his sole pearl in thy beautiful hand.

THE PRICE OF THE PRIZE.

Wouldst the honey still taste, while afraid of the sting of the bee?
Wouldst the victor's crown wear, without knowing the terrible fight?

Could the diver get the pearls that repose in the depth
of the sea
If he stood on the shore, from the crocodile shrinking in
fright?
With unfaltering toil thou must seek what the Fates
have decreed
May be won, and courageously pluck for thyself the
bright meed!

SURENESS OF PUNISHMENT.

When thou hast drained a swallow's milk, and plucked
A hog's soft wool, from thorns refreshing juices sucked,
Seen rocks bear olive-nuts, the sand pomegranates yield,
A Pariah's will annul decrees the Sultan sealed,
A harder task to try thy vaunted force remains;—
To shield a wicked man from retribution's pains.

A RIDDLE.

A soul above it,
And a soul below,
With leather between,
And swift it doth go.

The answer is a *Saddle*.
On horse, with man a-straddle.

THE ORIENTAL PALM.

See you, my son, yon ship float o'er the Indian wave?
The precious cocoa-palm to it its light keel gave.

The rudder and the mast, palm-branch or shaft supplies;
And for what else the ship has need palm-barks suffice.

From fibres of the palm are twisted rope and rail,
And from its porous web is wrought the swelling sail.

Well loaded is the ship, as it the billows cuts,
Here with the stony-shelled but sap-full cocoa-nuts,

And there with vessels, made of palm-nuts hollowed fine,
All filled with palm-oil, palm-milk, palm-kraut, and palm-wine.

But in the midst there sits, wise master of the charm,
A man whose cunning drew all this from out one palm.

Within the cabin sits he on a palm-mat soft,
And a thick palm-thatch shields him from the sun aloft.

The dress he wears was woven from the palm's silk strands,
And a book of palm-leaves reposes in his hands.

At noon a broad palm-hat protects his cheek from tan,
And gratefully he cools his brow with palm-leaf fan.

His wants to meet with uses various and benign,
Through all the Hindu's life the palm is a gift divine.

And when with parting breath is freed the world's poor slave,
A clean palm-linen shroud wraps him for pyre or grave.

PROLIFIC SILENCE. B.

In silence wise men oft great things have to perfection brought;
And fools as oft have made a most tremendous noise for naught.

The mighty sky-wheel rolls about its axis without sound:
The weaver's rickety spool rattles its clattering course around.

This wooden bobbin only a small piece of linen yields:
That azure one with starry veil o'erspreads heaven's boundless fields.

THE LONGING OF HAFIZ.

From cloistered cell poor Hafiz turns his eyes,
And Allah prays in supplicating cries: —
"There is a honey-fount of maiden lips;

O, were I sipping on its crimson brim,
I would not care how fast this lifetime slips,
Nor think how soon the sinking sun grows dim!
There is a secret place of sweet repose,
Hid in the breast of blushing maiden rose;
O, were I there, I 'd cease these plaining cries,
And care for nothing more beneath the skies!"

THE DOUBLE PLOT. R.

Three hungry travellers found a bag of gold:
One ran into the town where bread was sold.

He thought, I will poison the bread I buy,
And seize the treasure when my comrades die.

But they too thought, when back his feet have hied,
We will destroy him, and the gold divide.

They killed him, and, partaking of the bread,
In a few moments all were lying dead.

O World! behold what ill thy goods have done:
Thy gold thus poisoned two, and murdered one!

A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

A giant muscle is this world, I said,
And thou a single pearl within it laid.

THE FAIR WINE-BEARER.

Down sinks the night; and with a jar of wine
Comes Allia, and pours the purple shine.

While from the jar gushes the dark red wine,
From her fair mouth fall drops of honey fine.

Come, Allia, and let the ruby wine
Mix with the honey of thy mouth divine.

Now quickly pour for me the imperial wine,
And let my mouth the dainty union sign.

The flame of my bosom and of this wine
Pleads hard for those sweet lips of thine!

A PERSIAN REVERIE. R.

O that in some oasis green
A fount of red wine gushed,
While round the paradisal scene
A boundless desert rushed.

For to that fountain I would go,
And pitch my life-tent there;
That in its quiet I might know
A bliss beyond compare.

Sad men, oppressed with grief and care,
And boorish spirits, known afar,
Should never reach that region fair,
Its calm content to mar.

Sweet nightingales should scatter round
Their warblings on the grass;
The light gazelle should graze and bound,
And not a hunter pass.

There peace profound I would enjoy,
And Hafiz' rhymes repeat,
Till pleasure's honey-songs should cloy
My lips with dripping sweet.

GOETHE ON HAFIZ.

If the word is the bride,
The bridegroom, 't is implied,
Is the sense, and the twain
Hafiz weds in his strain.

FLEETINGNESS OF LOVE.

Swiftly rises up the peering, jealous Moon,
Looking down to see yon lovers' tender kissing:
When a month has gone, she comes again as soon;
But the silence old is there, — the lovers missing.

A LIQUID HOUSE OF GLASS. R.

Among the hills there sleeps a crystal lake,
Which, like a glass, a stick or stone can break.

But on the man who dares that glass to shake
The Spirits housed beneath it vengeance take.

Those Spirits there have scooped a mirror-room,
And overarched its roof with light and gloom.

The sun shines in that house, all clear and still,
And trees' cool shadows form its threshold's sill.

No beast nor bird comes near its liquid doors,
But drink and bathe they where its outlet pours.

When any man looks in that builded spring,
He sees the Spirits tread its floor and sing.

Should he disturb the glass, in strange reproof
A voice cries, "Who has shattered my smooth roof?"

And nevermore shall mortals look on him,
Till through the outlet far his corpse doth swim.

THE CUNNING PRIESTS. R.

In Mahadura's temple lies a golden shoe,
Three ells in length. Dost ask, "Who has fit feet thereto?"

My son, the god of hunting, who those woods doth thread
Which so impenetrably o'er this land are spread.

So rough and thorny is the way, that not a god
Could hunt in those preserves unless he were thus shod.

Each twelvemonth a new pair are placed that altar near,
Because the god wears out his old ones in a year.

A BELIEVER'S SHROUD. R.

I saw a Moslem work upon his shroud alone,
With earnest care, even as the silk-worms weave their own.

In his illness it always near his bedside lay,
And he wrote Koran-verses on it night and day.

When with that sacred script it was filled from side to side,
He wrapt it round his body, and in calmness died.

In that protecting robe, now buried in the ground,
Still may he know the peace he in its writing found!

HAFIZ' SONG OF THE SAINT.

Leave, O leave, Abou Nasar!
Height and depth and distance far.

List to reason, and come here,
In the wine-house, to the bar.

Glitters in the goblet's blood
Many a dusky heavenly star.

Shine here round the clinking board,
Thoughts as clear as diamond spar.

Wander to the tavern, then;
Sit, and leave the door ajar.

Hang your lantern in yon nook;
Drink, and laugh at priest and Shah.

In the wine-cup's dregs, behold,
All your life-grains sprouting are!

Glides, while you the beaker lift,
Past the portal, Fate's dark car.

Let it pass, and take no heed:
Bliss like yours there 's naught to mar.

For a seat in some wine-house
Sell the world, and shout, Hurrah!

In each wine-drop here your host
Pours the wealth of heaven's bazaar.

Brim the cup, and sip the foam, —
All the earth's not worth an "ah!"

HAFIZ REPUDIATES MEDIATORS.

Take an example from the roses,
Who live direct on sun and dew:
They never question after Moses,
And why, in heaven's name, should you?

THE RESURRECTION SPELL.

Come not with saddest of sighs,
Come not with bitterest tears,
Where the dead Hafiz' form lies,
At the dark goal of his years.
Come with a beaker of wine,
Come with a song on thy lip,
And at that signal divine
Will the dead drunkard up skip,
Join his old voice in thy strain,
Dance till the stars shout again.

HAFIZ IN THE JUDGMENT.

When the day of judgment solemn shall break,
And the earth's collected races all quake,
On a throne uplift, and shining divine,
Shall be seen mad Hafiz, Prophet of Wine.
Wouldst the sentence know that he will declare?
Then attend; these are the words he will swear:
"Come, ye drunken ones, be blest on my right;
Go, ye sober ones, and sink from my sight!"

MELLIFLUOUS SPEECH.

In vain you undertake to speak a bitter word;—
It meets the sweetness of your lips before it 's heard!

THE MEED OF HAFIZ.

Hark! hear'st thou not from heaven those strains of music ringing?
The angel-choir at practice Hafiz' songs are singing.

THE SPRING.

The Spring has come to loosen Winter's band;
Messiah's breath is through the meadows fanned.

A writing has been dropped from God's own hand;
The magic blossoms as its letters stand.

Now Hafiz seeks the wine-house, ancient planned,
That he the manuscript may understand.

One cup, — bright shine those hieroglyphics grand;
Two cups, — his heart becomes a flaming brand.

Three cups, — he ravished floats from this world's strand,
And reads the meaning clear in Houri-land.

LUTE AND BEAKER: FROM HAFIZ.

This lute to many a feast has added zest,
This goblet waited on full many a guest.

Believer, come! the wine-house lures; come, hark,
And drink; with cup and lute be wholly blest.

Their wine and music put to shame the lore
Of Koran, Puran, Ved, and Zendavest.

Believer, come! feel inspiration's breath
Exhaling through your soul, and through your breast.

And if the world would catch you in her snares,
Reject her with the might of one protest.

Unnumbered sages have rejoiced when soft
This lute's sweet solace has their hearts caressed.

Unnumbered kings have smiled to quaff this cup,
When anxious thought and woe their souls oppressed.

Through these two charmers dear, unnumbered bards
Have drowned their pain when grief their lives possessed.

This lute and cup have much life-wisdom won,
Experience of the East and of the West.

They know the ancient secrets to relate
Of Solomon's, of Jemschid's harem-nest.

They know of celebrated haughty thrones,
Of many a shattered crown and tattered vest.

They know the magic fruit of Paradise,
Which ripens not on this world's boughs at rest.

All this in their dear circles they impart,
At feasts, to the clear spirits of the blest.

They have against the idle host of cares
Declared a war by open manifest.

For ages' frost they give a robe of flame,
For sorrow's fire a raiment of asbest.

He in whose mind this witch-lute's music melts
The core from every mystery shall wrest.

He through whose veins this god-cup's nectar pours
Shall riddles read no other man hath guessed.

Who drains the wealth of both shall see at once
Dark Ahriman a solved and faded jest.

These lute-cup strains and streams of tone and taste
Make of the poorest inn a heaven confessed.

The pious saint who drinks their breath and blood
Shall sit, bliss-drunk, upon creation's crest.

He shall through dazzling skies of pleasure soar,
With godhead filled, and in delirium dressed.

He shall through reeling seas of wonder sink,
Still grasping fast the aim of every quest.

In joyous peace content, with safety crowned,
He shall despise each threat, each poisonous pest.

And when life ends, to heaven he shall spring,
And prove his bliss by death's supremest test.

The lute, then, twang! the goblet clink and kiss!—
'T is dying, drunken Hafiz' farewell hest.

THE KIBLA AND THE DEVOTEE. R.

The Kibla unto which the faithful turn themselves is Mecca;
The Kibla after which the royal strive is worldly empire;
The Kibla of the trafficker is piles of gold and silver;
The Kibla of the lover is the beauty of the loved one;
The Kibla of the sensual is good eating, drinking, sleeping;
The Kibla of the studious is knowledge, truth, and culture;
The Kibla of the ravished saint is but the face of Allah,—
The Kibla which is higher than all knowledge, truth, and culture,
The Kibla which is better than good eating, drinking, sleeping,
The Kibla which is fairer than the beauty of the loved one,
The Kibla which is richer than the utmost gold and silver,
The Kibla which is grander than the whole of earthly empire,
The Kibla which is holier than the holy house at Mecca.

THE DRAWBACK.

Better through life barefooted press,
Than in a pinching shoe;
Better no house or home possess,
Than have a bad wife too!

THE CAMEL'S TABLE.

The camel's table in the waste is spread;
He gladly picks a meal from out the dirt;
One pleasant herb is all he asks for bread,
And one sour weed suffices for dessert.

TIME OF LIFE.

The past is a dream,
The future a breath,
The present a gleam
From birth unto death.

THE SUNKEN SUN.

Hath the sun not yet sunk with its glitter?
Yes, and no, one may swear!
Look above, where those gay swallows twitter;
It is still seen from there.

TO A GENEROUS MAN.

To cloud of rain, refreshing all the land,
It is not fit to liken thy free hand;
For as that gives, it weeps meanwhile,
But thou still givest with a smile.

LOVE-BLENDED SOULS.

My soul is commingled with thine,
As water is mingled with wine.

THE NINTH PARADISE. R.

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises;
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in th' Paradises,
But blessedness dwells in the human breast.
Created creatures are in th' Paradises,
The uncreated Maker in the breast.
Rather, O man, want those eight Paradises,
Than be without the ninth one in thy bréast.
Given to thee are those eight Paradises
When thou the ninth one hast within thy breast.

THIRTY TRANSLATIONS FROM MIRTSA SCHAFFŶ.

I. A PROPHECY TO BE FULFILLED.

Through all lands shall thy verses, O Mirtsa Schaffŷ!
Be borne forth, and the tones of thy voice be heard sounding:
The brave thoughts and live words of thine utterance free
Shall go over the world, in sweet echoes rebounding.

II. A DEFENCE OF THE POETS.

The thistle asks the red-ripe rose,
"Why art not also thou a thistle?
The ass might eat thee as he goes, —
But now thou art not worth a whistle."

The goose, with accent patronizing,
Asks the bulbul, "Thou useless beast!
Why dost thou not, life sacrificing
Like me, afford to man a feast?"

So the philistine asks the poet,
"What good does thy song do the state?
Henceforth why not as well forego it,
And be to good works dedicate?"

O ye philistines, geese, and thistles!
Each one his proper calling plies:

Because, forsooth! an idiot whistles,
Shall wise men therefore not be wise?

III. THE GROUND OF DRINKING.

The best ground is the ground of wet gold
In the depth of a beaker:
The best mouth is the mouth, from of old,
Of the wine-praising speaker.

IV. A PERSIAN SERENADE.

In the mosque of true love,
See me kneel at the shrine;
Hear my heart call above
For an answer from thine.

With delight, or with scorn,
Dost thou hark while I sing?
Throw a rose or a thorn,—
Life or death it will bring!

V. SATIRE UPON MIRTSA JUSSÛF.

Surely Mirtsa Jussûf as a critic was born,
For his taste there is nothing sufficient to please:
The bright day is so clear he condemns it with scorn.
He regards with contempt every man whom he sees,
That his face has a nose its fore-front to adorn!

He dislikes the soft rose that impregnates the breeze,
Since beneath it by search he can find a sharp thorn:
And he loathes all the splendors of sunset and morn.

Every fact that perplexes his head he thinks wrong;
How it vexes and irks him! how anxious is he!
His conceit never dreams that himself in the throng
Is a mere speck of foam on the breast of the sea.
In sharp discord with art, and with nature more strong,
He goes fretting about; and calm Mirtsa Schaffy
With a roguish grimace makes him hasten along,
And extracts from his gall the sweet charm of this song!

VI. EMULOUS LOVE: TO BODENSTEDT.

As towards one lofty goal we drive,
In one entanglement we strive,
Both I and thou.

My heart holds thee, and me holds thine;
Though sundered, yet conjoined we twine,
Both I and thou.

My wit caught thee, thine eye caught me,
And as two fish we swim one sea,
Both I and thou.

Yet not like fish, but through the air,
We sailing soar, an eagle pair,
Both I and thou!

VII. LINES TO JUSSÛF, THE PLAGIARIST.

Better stars without shine,
Than the shine without stars.
Better wine without jars,
Than the jars without wine.
Better honey without bees,
Than the bees without honey.
Better please without money,
Than have money, but not please!

VIII. PRIESTS PERSECUTE THE RADICAL.

Who *loveth* the truth, the bridle must hold in his hand:
Who *thinketh* the truth, with foot in the stirrup must stand:
Who *speaketh* the truth, for arms must with wings be equipped:
Who telleth a *lie*, — says Mirtsa Schaffŷ, — shall be whipped!

IX. FRAGMENT OF A SONG TO ZULEIKA.

What is the blooming rose's cup, where nightingales may sip,
Compared with thy more blooming mouth, and thy much sweeter lip?
What is the sun, and what the moon, and what each glowing star?
They burn and tremble but for thee, still ogling thee from far.

And what am I, my heart, the love-mad songs that I create?
We are the blessed slaves thy beauty doomed to celebrate!

X. IMPROMPTU WELCOME TO A FRIEND.

Come in the evening and come in the morning;
Come when I ask you, and come without warning:
Mirtsa Schaffŷ, with you when a-meeting,
Always rejoices, and his heart gives you greeting.

XI. INTOXICATION OF LOVE.

She but wept my drunkenness,
And my utter sunkenness;
And no pity I found.
O to be for ever drunk,
And to be for ever sunk,
In thy white arms drowned!

XII. MIRTSA SCHAFFŶ ON EYES.

A gray eye is a sly eye,
And roguish is a brown one:
Turn full upon me thy eye,—
Ah, how its wavelets drown one!
A blue eye is a true eye;
Mysterious is a dark one,
Which flashes like a spark-sun!
A black eye is the best one.

XIII. TRUTH AND PRUDENCE.

The fulness of truth to express is most dangerous now;
Yet, Mirtsa Schaffŷ! ever noble and truthful be thou,
Nor as a false light on the marshes of lying be left:
All beauty is true; and from beauty be thou never reft.
Yet, every treatment perverse to avoid or outreach,
Thy wisdom be veiled in a raiment of flowery speech;
As clustering grapes, nearly bursting with daintiest juice,
Are hidden by leaves and green tendrils from sight and abuse.

XIV. ADMONITION IN REVELRY.

For pleasure's bright sport the carelessest seeker
All through the wide world to the South,
When Mirtsa Schaffŷ took up the red beaker,
With sayings of wit in his mouth, —
As, drinking, his heart grew ever more jolly,
He saw, o'er the goblet's foamed rim
Uprising in pomp, to judge the world's folly,
And fearfully frowning on him,
A dreadful avenger mount from the wine-lake,
And speak to remorse for wisdom's benign sake.

XV. THE DARK TRANSITION.

Where ends wrong-doing
Begins long rueing.

XVI. A SQUIB FOR THE WISE MAN OF BAGDAD.

Mirtsa Jussúf is a much-learned man!
Now reads he Hafiz, and now the Koran,
Dschamy, Chakany, Saadi's Gülistan;
Here steals an image, and there steals a flower,
Now robs a casket, and now strips a bower.
What has been often said says he again,
Sets the whole world in his plagiarized strain,
Tricks out his booty in scrambled-up plumes,
Spreads himself, and the name poet assumes!
Otherwise lives and sings Mirtsa Schaffy:
Not a purloiner from others is he;
Glows his own heart as a guide-star in gloom;
Scattering far a celestial perfume,
And with no stolen productions bedressed,
Bloom a whole garden of flowers in his breast.

XVII. LOVE, THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

When, on a day, the gates of Paradise
Stand open for the good as their reward,
Great hosts, both men of virtue and of vice,
Will look in doubt and terror to the Lord.
But I, whatever be the others' fates,
Shall stand, by doubt and fear quite unconcerned,
Since, long before, to me on earth the gates
Of Paradise through thee were open turned!

XVIII. LAMENT FOR DEPARTED DAYS.

When, as my life's appointed courses wend,
The blessed day of youth is ended quite,
'T is true remembrances, like stars, ascend;
But then they only show that it is night!

XIX. THE SONGS OF MIRTSA SCHAFFŸ.

As the floating raiment glances round thy limbs,
So the rhyming music hangs around my songs:
Charming is the lure that to the robe belongs,
Fairer far the dazzling beauty it bedims.

XX. MIRTSA SCHAFFŸ TO HIS YOUNG BRIDE.

Where rose aloft old Mount Elborz,
His top the cloud-world reached:
Spring blushed upon his flowery floors,
While snows his forehead bleached.

So I, as ancient Mount Elborz,
Have frost upon my brow:
While, blushing at my summer doors,
A beauteous Spring art thou.

XXI. THE WINE OF THE SOUL.

Once, as Mirtsa Schaffŷ sat a quaffing clear wine,
His heart's pity grew vast, his mind's wit grew divine.

He rose up, gave his lute a melodious clang,
And, beginning to sing, it was thus that he sang:
"As the hallowing flames of the wine I inspire,
And, they gush o'er my lips, touching all with their fire,
I in seas of wild ravishment limitless swim,
And a crystalline bliss fills the scene to its brim.
Such a joy to young Adam was given ere the Fall
O, I would it were poured o'er humanity all!
Could my body, dissolving to wine, only fall,
And each world be a drop in the flood of the All,
What a grand resurrection we then might acquire,
Coming forth from that bath in new strength and fresh fire!

XXII. THE POET'S OFFERING.

I, in my glowing songs, from out the skies
Snatch sun and moon and stars,
And lay them as a burning sacrifice
On Beauty's altar-bars.

XXIII. MIRTSA SCHAFFŶ DEFENDS HIS THEMES.

Doth it displease you that I sing
Of few things only as divine?
Of naught but roses, love, and spring,
And nightingales, and wooing wine?

Which were the best, that I should praise
Will-o'-the-wisps and wax flambeaux?
Or to the Sun's eternal rays
Fresh panegyrics still compose?

While, like a sun that shines abroad,
I pour my raying songs around,
The beautiful I do applaud,
And not what 's on the common found.

Let other bards their lyres attone
To wars, and mosques, and fame of kings;
To roses, love, and wine alone
My fingers strike the melting strings.

O pure Schaffŷ! how fragrant are
Thy verses on these lovely themes!
Thy songs are strains without a jar,
While others' best are painful screams.

XXIV. FINAL SATIRE ON THE BAGDAD SAGE.

Wretched Mirtsa Jussûf! all your sneers I despise;
While you sulk, with gay heart through the world I am tripping:
And instead of returning your hatred and lies,
Only see, how this beaker of wine I am sipping!

Retribution enough is inflicted on you,
In that nothing below your fastidiousness pleases;
While for me springs delight from the stars and the dew,
From the birds and the hills, from the flowers and the breezes.

Sprawling Mirtsa Jussûf with great awkwardness walks;
How he wrinkles his brow, as with thought it were laden!
And with all who pass by he finds fault as he stalks,
Because not as he goes goes each man and each maiden.

So the ox, as he rolls with unwieldiest gait,
And his voice is a hoarse and detestable bellow,
Thinks he must for this cause the sweet nightingale hate, —
That so lightly it flies, and its song is so mellow!

XXV. MIRTSA SCHAFFŶ TO HIS WIFE.

Of Joseph in the Egyptian land,
The handsomest of mortals brave,
'T was said, to him Jehovah's hand
One half of all earth's beauty gave.

But when this prince at last was dead,
His thrown-off beauty wandered forth;

From year to year she roamed and sped
From land to land through all the earth.

For this command had been decreed:
"Thou shalt thyself nowhere enthrone,
Except where thou shalt find, indeed,
Kind love and wisdom both in one."

At many doors she faintly knocked
Of huts and temples costliest:
Each one for her was quick unlocked, —
In none of them she stayed, a guest.

But when she came, Hafisa fair!
To thee, a final home she found,
Where sweetness and discretion rare
Were, once for all, together bound.

XXVI. WISE MEN UNNOTICED, WERE THERE NO FOOLS.

Shall I laugh or shall I wail it, —
That the most of men are such asses?
Borrowed wit, how they retail it!
A fresh thought their brains never passes.

The shrewd Maker, — how I thank him
That the world is filled so with ninnies!
Else the wise man had none to rank him
O'er the rest, and fame none could win his.

XXVII. CLOSE AT HAND.

The wise man will not roam afar
For what at home his finding naught can hinder:
He will not try to pluck a star
To kindle with its light a piece of tinder.

XXVIII. MODERATION.

The rose who doth not pick,
Its thorn will him not prick:
To-day, then, be content
To snuff its fragrant scent!

XXIX. LIFE DEEPER THAN BOOKS.

To learn the best experience of nations,
Search not through ancient books, in dusty heaps:
By far the choicest of all revelations
Is that which from the nearest fountain leaps.

XXX. THE UNRENEWABLE HOUR.

The winter bears no buds,
The summer yields no ice:
The fire which young hearts floods
The old man feels not twice.

THE BEGGAR'S REVENGE. R.

The king's proud favorite at a beggar threw a stone:
He picked it up, as if it had for alms been thrown.

He bore it in his bosom long with bitter ache,
And sought his time revenge with that same stone to take.

One day he heard a street mob's hoarse commingled cry:
The favorite comes! — but draws no more the admiring eye.

He rides an ass, from all his haughty state disgraced;
And by the rabble's mocking gibes his way is traced.

The stone from out his bosom swift the beggar draws,
And, flinging it away, exclaims: "A fool I was!

'T is madness to attack, when in his power, your foe,
And meanness then to strike when he has fallen low."

ACTIVITY.

Good striving
Brings thriving.
Better a dog who works,
Than a lion who shirks.

THE DIVINE GAZER: FROM MAHMOUD.

As thy beloved's eyes are mirrored in thine eyes,
God's spirit, painted so, within thy spirit lies.

THE LURE OF PLEASURE. R.

A fount-o'ershading tree stands near the highway-side,
And many a good fellow, pausing there, has died.

For in the fountain's depths a dragon lies asleep:
Sits on the tree a bird, his constant watch to keep.

The bird's sweet song allures the unwary wanderer near:
Then sings he loud, so loud the dragon wakes to hear.

The thirsty traveller drinks, — the dragon darts aloft, —
And on the tree the fatal bird is singing soft.

DANGEROUS INTERFERENCE.

If you should chance to see two dragons mixed in fight,
As mediator come not you between them;
For they may make a peace at the unwonted sight,
And straightway your poor form divide between them.

CONDITIONS OF SAFETY. H.

Be thou a poor man and a just,
And thou mayst live without alarm;
For leave the good man Satan must,
The poor the Sultan will not harm.

THE BEST OF GOOD WORKS.

"Of all good works of men, which is the best?"
A young man once a prophet thus addressed,
And this reply the prophet on him pressed:
"From strife exempt, good works together chime,
And all are beautiful each in its time."

TREACHEROUS PAYMENT.

Serve not thy belly with such zest:
He is a most ungrateful guest.
Who serves him most and best at first,
He finally will treat the worst.

ASSIMILATION.

The wise man never heard a joke
But living wisdom from it broke:
The fool no wisdom ever learned
But it in him to folly turned.

DEATH AMONG THE GODS.

Between divine and human life what is the odds?
A human life is but a watch-tick to the gods.
Their hour has many ticks; their day has many an hour;
And many days fill up their year's enormous dower.
But when threescore and ten of those large years a god
Has told, he is touched by death's appropriating rod.
And all those years like arrows fly in heaven's bowers,
Because in bliss unmixed they pass more swift than ours!

WORLDLY SUCCESS.

Vulgar souls surpass a rare one, in the headlong rush;
As the hard and worthless stones a precious pearl will crush.

THE GOOD OF SUCCESSION.

The mighty Khosru whispered once to his beloved Shireen,
"If stayed the crown with *one*, it were a prize indeed, I ween."
Shireen replied, "The blessing of its change dost thou not see?
Did it remain for aye with one, it ne'er had come to thee?"

THE DEEPER THOUGHT.

Sankára Atchareya held the wise man's faith,
That naught is real here, but empty as a wraith.
One day a hostile Brahmin to his friends observes,
"Drive we an elephant towards him, and if he swerves,
He is a hypocrite; if not, he is a saint."
Accordingly, to ride him down they made a feint.
Sankára fled aside at once. They ask, "O why
Before a mere illusion did you stoop to fly?"
Sankára says, "There was no elephant, no flight;
The whole was nothing but a dream's deceptive sight."

BENEFICENT DESIGN: OR NATURAL THEOLOGY.

The cocoa-palm leaves infidels without excuse,
For nine and ninety are its common uses:
In hardened carelessness they wait a hundredth use
Until some new discovery introduces!

PROUD HUMILITY.

In proud humility a pious man went through the field;
The ears of corn were bowing in the wind, as if they kneeled:
He struck them on the head, and modestly began to say,
"Unto the Lord, not unto me, such honors should you pay."

MOHAMMED'S OPINION OF POETRY.

Beneath God's throne a dazzling treasure lies,
Whose opening key is but the poet's tongue;
Without that key the wondrous hoard's supplies
Could ne'er be brought on earth to old and young.

THE BAD POET: FROM DSCHAMY.

Two poets sat to eat a dish of burning broth.
Through blistered lips one cried, by agony made wroth:
"'T is hotter than the sulphur, which, when you are dead,
The fiends in deepest hell will pour upon your head."
The other said: "Such fate to you could give no fright;
You would but have one of your couplets to recite,
To chill, throughout, the furnace of infernal night.
One verse, like those to which your brain has given birth,
If uttered in the realm that flames beneath the earth,
Or written on the gate of hell, would, in a trice,
Put out the fire, and turn the Devil's blood to ice."

MOASEDDIN'S GENEROSITY.

For when the sea of Moaseddin's gifts began to swell,
The sun itself was but a pearl, the sky its upper shell.

COLOR OF WINE AND GLASS.

Give me, fair boy! the wine and glass:
One red, the other white, alas!
Two gems from out one coffer rich,
Love both has painted to that pitch:
One rosy as his joy in blow,
One pale as his despairing woe.

THE SOUND AND THE HEARER.

Mewlana Dschelaleddin once proclaimed
That music was the noise of heaven's gates:
A foolish man, who heard this speech, exclaimed,
"So harsh the heaven-doors sound, it through me grates."
Mewlana Dschelaleddin straight replied,
"I hear those gates on opening hinges ride,
But you, when on the closing hinge they gride."

MATHEMATICAL LOVE.

My heart 's a point, round which, in fixéd curves of dawn,
The beauty of the fair one 's as a circle drawn:
Desire's divided pains are living radii,
Thick stretching from the centre to periphery.

THE TIMOROUS GIANT.

The sun aslant and low in heaven hung;
The pigmy a stupendous shadow flung;
A giant sat upon the mountain's head,
Beheld the shadow, and in terror fled!

THE NIGHT VISIT.

I sat beside a taper's flame;
The Loved One unexpected came.
I thought the time to sunrise drew:
It seemed my taper thought so too; —
The breezy light she shed about
Made it grow dim, and flicker out.

SCHANFERI, OR THE VENGEANCE-OATH FULFILLED.

Schanferi, the peerless runner who outstrips the swiftest steed,
Whom an arrow whizzing from the bow-string scarcely can outspeed,

Holding towards the tribe Salâman rancorous and deadly hate,
Swore to kill a hundred of them his revenge to satiate.

Nine-and-ninety he has slaughtered; for the hundred
but one more:
Schanferi, himself, outmatched, is slain within the entered door.

As his severed head from off his body rolled upon the hearth,
One, of tribe Saláman, kicked it on a pile of ord'rous earth.

"Schanferi, the peerless runner, — death has overtaken him.
Ere he could fulfil his vow and heap his hundred to the brim."

Swiftly, from the skull he kicked, a splinter like a dagger flew,
Smote the mocker dead, and thus the hundredth fated victim slew!

SLEEPLESS LOVER AND TURTLE-DOVE.

O Turtle-dove! that keepest me awake,
Thy breast and mine with love's deep longings ache.
Thy woe is loud, mine silent in the night:
But tears, wanting to thee, bedim my sight.
Love's treasure thus is halved between us twain:
To thee the plaints, to me the tears remain.

THE POET AND ALEXANDER. R.

To Alexander came a man in garb with tattered fold,
Bringing a poem splendidly adorned with silk and gold.

The king demands: "Why hast thou not unto thy body lent
Some of the pains upon this manuscript so largely spent?"

The poet says: "The law of labor is, that each must drive
At his appropriate trade, if he would honor it and thrive.

It is my work majestic thoughts to clothe in fit array;
But honor's robes — the king knows how to cut and give away.

I here have set thee forth in lasting praise and fame enrolled,
And left it unto thee for this to have me dressed in gold."

Amidst his loud-applauding courtiers, Alexander bade
The bard at once in gold-embroidered garments to be clad!

THE IDEAL PHILOSOPHY: FROM MAHMOUD.

Nothing is the mirror, and the world the image in it:
God the shower is, who shows the vision every minute.

THE AVOIDED CLUMP OF PALMS. R.

On yonder hill, where stand those seven tall palms, once raged
A battle as terrific as was ever waged.

The world's two dreadest monsters, frights to all that live,
We saw unto each other there a taming give.

One monster by the other one was crushed amain,
And the survivor by the dead one then was slain.

Long time those palm-trees to approach we did not dare:
In vain from far their precious fruits we saw them bear.

Because the thicket near a tiger for his lair
Had taken, and he howled, bloodthirsty, there.

When in the morning looked those palms alluringly,
The grumbling tiger made each frightened comer flee.

But once, as we were looking towards those palms at
dawn,
We saw a branch down from the highest summit drawn.

The branch, now up, now down, with strangest motions
went,
As in a serpent's coils it here and there was bent.

Upon those twistings gazing, quite a space it takes
For us to recognize the giant queen of snakes:

As thick as a large man, and sixty feet in length,
We calculated, and enormous was her strength.

Her tail aloft was wreathed around the palm-tree's top;
Her jaws were near the ground, upon her prey to pop.

Wide open were they for the helpless little beasts
By fate allotted for this dreadful huntress' feasts.

She seemed — we from the tiger's wrathful growl could
hear —
To intrude upon his beat, and in his lair to peer.

Then stepped he out to battle, dauntless champion like:
The mighty serpent spired in angry act to strike.

And as he sprang to clutch beneath her haughty throat,
She downward shot her head, and him from under smote.

He shrank convulsive, as she with a single bite
A great piece from his bright striped belly tore outright.

She holds him fast, and from the palm all slowly swims
Fold after fold, to let her lace about his limbs.

Her fangs soon choke his frightful yell with dripping clots,
And soon compressed him breathless have her rigid knots.

She is too weak to crunch the life left in his body lithe;
And so, for aid, she towards the palm begins to writhe.

Against the trunk she draws the tiger, and a crack
Is heard, as break the bones which form his lordly back.

He lies upon the ground; and she, exhausted, heaves
Herself up in the palms, to rest amidst their leaves.

On that the first day of the fight we stood in fear,
A few and far: for who would dare to venture near?

The second day the number of spectators grew;
Their courage rose, and nearer to the scene they drew.

We saw her through the bushes, but we did not feel
Disposed to trouble her, preparing for her meal.

She, with a yellow drool, red lumps has pasted thick
Of the repulsive carcass; in her throat they stick.

This gorging most obscene the whole day occupied,
But when we left at night, she seemed quite satisfied.

The third morning an eager crowd came streaming fast,
Of women, children, and old men. All fear had passed.

There lay the victress, swoln immensely, and half dead:
The triumph-feast with sleep her glutted stomach fed.

She safely killed the tiger, and then took her rest;
But such a fearful meal no creature could digest.

The people rushed upon her with swift blow and shout,
And in ten thousand fritters scattered her about.

Then quick they went, delivered from their deep alarms,
And plucked the fruit from off those long-forbidden palms.

MOHIJEDDIN AT THE RUINS OF SEHRA.

The place where courts and hosts once glittered thick,
Is now a waste which makes one sorrow-sick.
On all sides yesterday were heard gay songs;

To-day are hushed the migratory throngs.
One bird the echoes of a broken heart
Sang, sadly as if soul from frame would part.
I said, "What piteous hap dost thou grieve o'er?"
He said, "The time that will come back no more!"

AN ARAB ADVENTURE. R.

Teâbbata Scherrân, in time of war,
A spy, went forth, as eve was growing dunner;
His friend, Amru Ben Barrak, with him went;
And so did Schanferi, the matchless runner.

They paused about the middle of the night,
A-near a fountain where a palm-grove darkled,
Like hot and panting deer, their thirst to slake:
The silent moonbeams on the water sparkled.

Teâbbata Scherrân, the doughty, spake:
"I hear of some man's heart the muffled working;
It is, I think, some anxious foeman's heart,
Who, hidden here, for us in arms is lurking."

They said: "The only sound that we can hear
Is clearly but the gurgling fountain's rustle:
If thou discern'st the blows of any heart,
It doubtless is thine own faint bosom's bustle."

He takes a hand of each companion then,
And both upon his naked bosom places,
Crying, "The steady strokes that beat there, feel,
And say if me a timid heart disgraces."

"Indeed, thy heart makes stroke with even pulse,
Like his who is entirely free from terror;
But in such heat the stoutest heart might thump.
Come, let us drink; we frankly own our error."

Ben Barrak stooped him down, the first, and drank,
His hand meanwhile his trusty sword-hilt feeling.
Refreshed, then rose he up, and said, aloud:
"No secret foe yon palm-clump is concealing;

But if there be a foe, and he be near,
Then let him snort!" said Barrak, and loud laughed he.
The runner, Schanferi, descended next,
And while he moved, the cooling water quaffed he.

The runner, likewise, soon returned, but said,
In Barrak's ear, "Not where that spring aspireth,
But yonder, lies the foe; and not Amru,
It is Teâbbata that he desireth."

They say, "Now *fear* has saturated all
The burning nerves through which thirst lately fried thee."

He cries, "I am as hotly parched as you;
Behold ye now how much you have belied me."

At once the bold Scherrân throws down his sword,
No fibre of his dauntless courage shrinking,
And helpless lies upon the edge, and drinks,
With slow-drawn gulps, just like a wild bull drinking.

The ambushed foes dare not rush forth in front,
To seize the drinking bullock open-handed;
But from behind they fling around his arms
A netted rope, strong-woven, many-stranded.

"Ben Barrak!" calls Teâbbata, "come too;
For thou hast brought me to this plight unhandsome:
Thou, Schanferi, run back and tell the Sheik
To haste with bloody sword and win our ransom!"

THE ESCAPING BIRD. R.

Where, in the sacred North, the glittering mountains rise,
There lives a bird which wears a changing coat of dyes.

He is green in Spring, in Summer has a yellow tint,
In Autumn red, goes white through Winter's fleecy mint.

What for? In order that in plumes of fitted hue
He through the changing seasons may his course pursue, —

Spring's herbage, Summer's grain, Fall's leaves, and Winter's snow:
The cause is not mere pleasure, it is likewise woe!

He thus escapes the harm the sportsman's glance portends;
Because his raiment always with the landscape blends.

He is blest who has his life in such a garb infurled,
And so can lose himself unnoticed in the world.

INDESTRUCTIBLE FRIENDSHIP: FROM DSCHAMY.

My bosom's dazzling lamps were lighted at my friend;
My bosom's far-seen lamps no smoke nor ashes leave;
From him and me the chain of friendship naught can rend; —
Of its soft rings who can the ring-dove's neck bereave?

THE HERETIC BREAST.

The two-and-seventy sects on earth caressed,
Collective dwell in every human breast.

SAJIB'S ESCAPE FROM THE GREAT SHIPWRECK.

Life-embarked, out at sea, 'mid the wave-tumbling roar,
The poor ship of my body went down to the floor;
But I broke, at the bottom of death, through a door,
And, from sinking, began for ever to soar.

ARAB HOSPITALITY.

Lift up, O slave! the torch on high,
That any traveller may spy.
If thou a guest dost bring to me,
I will that instant make thee free.

The ship of the moon through the air-ocean swam without traces;
The glimmering stars not a ray shed beyond their own faces.

I looked to the sky's azure tent, where Orion already
Stood watching by night, and his sword in its belt glittered steady.

So I in the door of my house stood, as night round me darkened,
And heard a sole traveller's foot, with such sharpness I hearkened.

It was not the lion's proud tread, his poor enemy crushing:
It was not the step of the roe, the dewed grass lightly brushing.

It was not the robber's sly creep, nor a swain from sleep broken:
It was the slow, faltering step, of a stranger sure token.

I thrust my good sword in its sheath, waved a brand brightly burning,
To show that a sheltering roof for a guest was here yearning.

THE POET SAJIB.

As pen sweet Sajib takes the beak of nightingale;
The fragrant page on which he writes is rose-leaf pale.
For such a pen and page what fitting ink appears?
Ah! Sajib's ink is fiery wine and blinding tears.

THE THOUGHT-JEWEL.

The wondrous gem of thought Tschintamani is named;
Who knows it not is to be pitied, — to be blamed.

Who owns this stone can each conception realize,
Fulfil all dreams that in his yearning bosom rise.

Who bears it in his soul has wish-fulfilling power:
Who lays it on his brow, his mind is cleared that hour.

Through his bright, deepening eye its owner it betrays,
And through the finer wit that in his talking plays.

Hast thou that gem? Let no one snatch it from thy grasp,
And thou hast all that mightiest monarch's crown can clasp.

MUSSUD'S PRAISE OF THE CAMEL.

With strength and patience all his grievous loads are borne,
And from the world's rose-bed he only asks a thorn.

THE TWO RULERS.

While the great generations depart,
And full ages and firmaments roll,
Mighty love is the lord of the heart,
And pure truth the bright king of the soul.

SÚFISM DEFINED: FROM HUSSEIRI.

The true Sufi is he whose lofty strife
The most essential essence has obtained,
And through destruction of his mere self's life
An indestructible existence gained.
The true Sufi is he alone, I say,
Who what he has within his head lays down,
Gives what he has within his hand away,
And takes alike time's fickle smile and frown.

THE MADNESS OF PIETY.

Let the Loved One but smile on this poor heart of mine,
I will sell the two worlds for one drop of his wine.

TRUTH OUT OF CONVULSION: FROM DEWLETSCHAH.

Whene'er the sea upheaves its foaming hosts,
Pearl after pearl it tosses on the coasts.

THE GREAT FLOWER-VASE.

With blooming splendors God has sown creation's flower-bed.
And in the flower-cup of space has hung it overhead.

SELF-UNIVERSALIZATION.

The true journey from "me" to "God" is then completely made,
When "me" is free from "thee," as fire is from the smoke's foul shade.

THE TOILING HERO.

The earnest aspirant is he who knows
No aim besides the throne of God, and, till
He reaches that, allows of no repose,
And no companion has on plain or hill.

THE GOAL AT THE BARRIER.

I hotly strove to reach the race-course goal,
When seeking God beyond myself to find.
But now I see, since He was in my soul,
The first impatient step left Him behind.

THE HUMBLE SUPPLIANT.

I heard a camel-driver in the waste thus sing and groan:
"I weep, but you know not the reason why my tears are spent.

I weep from a depressing fear that you will strike your
tent,
And, swift departing, leave me in this desert-world
alone."

BEAUTY AND LOVE: FROM MEWLANA DSCHAMY.

Before eternity to time had shrunken,
The Friend deep in his glorious self was sunken.

Around his charms a firm-bound girdle hovered:
No one the lonely path to him discovered.

A mirror held he to each wondrous feature,
But shared the vision's bliss with not a creature.

In cradling Naught's abyss alone he rocked him,
No playmate's face or gambols sportive mocked him.

Then rose he up — swift vanished all resistance —
And gave the boundless universe existence.

Now Beauty, sun-clear, from his right side beameth;
Love, moon-like, quickly from his left side gleameth.

When Beauty's flame lights up the cheek's red roses,
Love fans a fire from which no heart reposes.

Between them glows a league which forms no cinder,
But from all Beauty's food creates Love's tinder.

When Beauty 'midst her snaring ringlets lieth,
Then Love the heart within those fair locks tieth.

A nest is Beauty, Love the brooding linnet:
A mine is Beauty, Love the diamond in it.

From God's two sides they came, twin emanation,
To chase and woo each other through creation.

But in each atom's point, both, clasping, enter,
And constitute all being's blissful centre.

THE BATTLE OF SUNRISE.

The red dawning proclaims a victorious fight;
From the sword of the sun flows the blood of the night.

DAY AND NIGHT.

The sun and moon, which light by day and night the earth o'er all its lands,
Are but two lanterns which the Day and Night bear, burning, in their hands.

The sun and moon are weights within the clock of God's
tremendous might;
One rises and the other sinks alternate with the Day
and Night.

The sun and moon are tables twain, with gleaming gold
and silver paved,
On which, as types of praise, mysterious Day and Night
are broadly graved.

The sun and moon are tapers, raised in front, to lend
some guiding sight
To us bewildered moths, whom Day and Night drive
round the endless LIGHT.

The sun and moon are doors to rooms between the
eager-gazing globes,
Wherein the Day and Night for ever interchange their
blending robes.

THE PARTING LOVERS: FROM THE CHINESE.

She says, The cock crows, hark!
He says, No, still 't is dark.

She says, The dawn grows bright.
He says, O no, my Light!

She says, Stand up, and say,
Gets not the heaven gray?

He says, The morning star
Climbs the horizon's bar.

She says, Then quick depart:
Alas! you must now start.

But give the cock a blow,
Who did begin our woe!

THE TWO TEMPLES. R.

There was a people once, by wisest counsels steered,
Who temples twain to Virtue and to Honor reared.

Excepting through the first, — they stood so, wall to wall, —
No man within the second one could get at all.

As forecourt unto Honor's temple Virtue's stood.
"Through merit praise is reached," — such was the moral good.

An age did those two temples thus together stand,
And all was noble-toned and prosperous in the land.

But long ago did Virtue's solemn temple fall;
And Honor's shrine, profaned, is open now to all.

INSTANTANEOUS SALVATION.

If any fiend of hell, laid in a chest of molten steel,
Subdues his will, and with a humble mind on God reposes,
His penal chest, the hottest berth that sense-filled soul can feel,
Becomes at once a most delicious bed of breathing roses.

THE WINE-SELLER: FROM MAHMOUD FERJUMENDI.

The Loved One bears the cup, and sells annihilation:
Who buys his fire ecstatic, quaffs illumination.

The giant Sun is dizzy, going and returning,
So swiftly, up and down, for one poor droplet burning.

Even Wisdom's self in drunkenness profound is sunken:
Both earth and heaven are drunk, and all the angels drunken.

The wine-house is the world, and all things in it beakers:
The Friend each goblet holds, and we are eager seekers.

Within the cup, upon the threshold, heaven lieth:
The nest is there towards which the soul for ever flieth.

The angels, in carousal high, their tankards clinking,
Pour out from heaven on the earth their lees of drinking.

They drank pure wine themselves, and joyously they shouted,
When from the dregs that fell on earth fair Eden sprouted.

In sin and sorrow here long time have I been roaming:
A sea of tears I 've shed is wide around me foaming,

And every tear 's a drop of blood. A poor wayfarer,
I longingly await the lovely goblet-bearer.

He comes, — a flood of molten music round him gushing; —
He comes, — all veils are raised, the universe lies blushing.

I snatch the cup, and, lipless, quaff the godhead's liquor,
As into unity of bliss the self-lights flicker.

A WHITE ELEPHANT.

The rare white elephant is widely worshipped in Siam,
As a fit representative of the unseen I Am.

THE THREE CHINESE SECTS.

The Buddhist priests declare their Fo in the abyss to be.
Say Lao's followers, "Paradise lies in the Eastern Sea."
But great Confucius' pupils look on real things around;
Before their eyes the airs of spring, fresh-blowing, brush the ground.

FOUR FRAGMENTS FROM DSCHELALEDDIN RUMI.

O renowned Dschelaleddin Rumi! thy so deep-lighted brain
Was of mysteries, lovely and wild, an unlimited main,
Whereon sailed the full fleet of all poetry's beautiful ships.
A pearl-fount was thy tongue, overflowing the rim of thy lips.

I. THE CREATION AND THE CREATOR.

The whole material universe is but a small cupful of force,
Dipped out from the unfathomable spring of God's dynamic source.

II. SÚFISTIC THEOSOPHY.

Whene'er I love a slave, cries God from being's highest peaks,
I do become his eye, ear, mouth, his search and what he seeks:
And thus it is through me alone that he perceives and speaks.

III. THE LAW OF INSIGHT.

To critic cold and sly God never yet appeared;
No riddle ever was by logic solved and cleared:
It takes a pure and humble heart the Lord to see,
And free-winged wit to soar through mystery.

IV. THE HAUNT OF WISDOM.

Seek truth from thought, and not from mouldy books, O fool!
Look in the sky to find the moon, not in the pool.

PRESCRIPTION FOR A REPULSIVE HOUSE.

That your house is unfriendly, you say, my young friend!
And to change it, you think still of ways without end..
Only bring you a dear friendly wife to that place,
And you friendliness then in all corners shall trace.

THE GREATEST GILDER.

True poetry is gold; and one who is well skilled,
With little of that metal pure both worlds may gild.

THE RICH MEN AND THE WISE MEN. R.

A wise man by a rich man once was with some shrewdness asked:
"How happens it that wise men oft are seen at rich men's doors,
While ne'er at wise men's doors rich men are seen, barefaced or masked?"
The wise man through the rich man's soul this piercing answer pours:
"It is because the wise men know that they of wealth have need,
While the rich men of wisdom's use know not. 'T is sad indeed!"

INVERSION OF TRUTH. R.

What use the preacher's truth and earnest exhortation?
The hearer makes thereof inverted application.

A miser listened once to a discourse most moving,
The habit of unstinted charity approving.

He said: "I never was before so much affected:
How beautiful is charity, when well directed!

So clear and noble is the duty of almsgiving,
At once I'll go and beg, as sure as I am living."

THE BIRTH OF VENUS.

The sweet Goddess of Love leaves the sea, with bediamonded locks:
Though it not as the cradle of Form, but Deformity, rocks;
In its caverns profound, horrid monsters all prowlingly roam,
While the fair Queen of Beauty is born from its glittering foam.

CHARACTER MORE THAN INSTRUCTION.

Doctrines didactic, by most wise advices backed,
Can really do no good, if nature doth not act.

They 're like the recipe to cure the bites of snakes,
Which from a wandering quack an ignorant person takes.

Of all the snakes that bite, not each is poisonous found:
A little toad is quickly laid upon the wound.

Innocuous was the bite, unvenomed was the tooth:
Yet if the wound be healed, it was the toad forsooth!

MAN AND WOMAN. R.

From mere dead earth was man created, hard and cloddy;
But woman afterwards was made from man's live body.

And thus arises the distinction of the sexes,
A question which so many empty heads still vexes.

The man is, as a first creation, genuiner:
The woman is the clearer, softer, and diviner.

For he was from the inorganic dirt unfolded;
But she came forth from clay which life before had moulded.

FRUITLESS REMORSE: FROM FIRDOUSI.

When cruel deeds are done, in vain relents
The doer's heart, and mournfully repents.
So when a fire has raged, the smokes that rise
In useless lamentation drape the skies.

GOD'S BOY-LOVER: OR, THE MYSTIC'S SUICIDE.

FROM FERIDEDDIN ATTAR.

There was a sailor once, in many harbors hailed,
Who full a thousand times had o'er the ocean sailed.
He had a boy, majestic as the sun at noon,
And lovely as at evening is the cloud-poised moon.
His cheek was rosy red, and heavenly blue his eye;
So straight his shape, the cypress could not with him vie.
The father was a pious man in every way,
The blameless youth pure as a breath of breaking day.
At last the father must another voyage make,
And will from fervent love his darling with him take.
As to the strand they come, the crew are weeping there;
For each himself from brothers, parents, friends, must tear.
They go, bidding their loves adieu, from door to door:
And in the resurrection-day they 'll meet once more.
"Be quick," a sailor loudly cries, "and ready make, —
Behold, in th' east, propitious breezes for us wake."
Now each one's farewell business closes in a trice,
And with huzzas they leap on deck as brisk as mice.
The waves the vessel rock upon the cradling deep,
The shrieking passengers into the corners creep.

The father and his son too step aboard apace,
And from the deafening crowd and clamor reach their place.
The sail is spread; the ship the even billows rides,
As through the unimpeding air an arrow glides.
The youth says: "Father, why didst thou exchange our life
Of beauteous peace, to face the wrathful ocean's strife?
No house is on the waves, no palace on the sea:
Come back, and on the flood again I will not be."
Then says the father: "All the world, my child, behold,
Driven right and left, and near and far, by lust of gold.
'T is sweet to sail the sea, for when the danger 's o'er,
Great wealth and honor is the fruit the danger bore."
To him the boy: "Father, no prize this brings, methinks;
For fame or pleasure thus won soon to nothing sinks.
Father, alas! thy vain discourse has given me pain;
O let me leave the sea, and go on shore again!"
Replies the father: "Dearest boy, give me thy trust:
Compared with thee, my gold and silver are but dust.
My child, where'er I look, there is of thee some trace;
The earth, moon, sun, and sky are mirrors of thy face.
'T is but from love for thee that I the ocean plough:
Shouldst thou go hence, O son! my life would fail me now."
"Dear father, thou know'st not the mystery aright:

Let me reveal to thee the Absolute's own light.
Know, father, in the heart I dwell of the Alone:
Simurg am I, the mountain Infinite my throne.
A revelation saw I from the flood upshoot,
Saw rise from th' sea an image of the Absolute."
"Dear soul!" then said the father, "cease from such discourse:
Before an old man boastest thou thy wisdom's source?
O infant! with the shell of Law be thou content:
Truth absolute is not as sport to children sent."
"Father," replies the youth, "my eye towards home is turned;
I see the way for which my heart has ever yearned.
The sea's a symbol how one must destroy self's root:
Upon the inmost selfhood now exults my foot.
Love waves a flaming torch, and goes as guide before.
Reason begone! who follows Love needs thee no more.
I see but One, and quickly fling the rest behind;
His love's bright eye alone I seek to find."
In rage the father cries: "Silence this instant keep,
Pert babbler! ere I throw thee in the yawning deep.
My precious gem, in need of reason thou dost stand;
The Absolute is not for thee, but Law's firm land."
"Thou understand'st me not," the love-drunk stripling cries:
"Know in each soul the hidden Loved One slumbering lies.

Know that I to myself seem as the Sea of Life:
I see my spirit with thee and all beings rife.
Why shall I not the truth announce? — not I am heard:
I fade away, and God himself speaks through my word.
Wouldst cast me in the sea? Ah, father! quickly do:
There, lost to self, the wave will give me life that 's true.
Father! I am the Loved One: Godhead through me gleams:
Incessant Revelation in my bosom streams.
And Revelation says, 'Thy soul 's a prisoner chained
In the Ship of Time and Space: whoever sinks has gained.'
Says Revelation, 'Swiftly leap beneath God's waves:
'T is thus thy riddle, deathless Soul! solution craves.'
I am God, father, and my being sinks in Him,
Even as a drop within the sea's stupendous rim."
He shouts, and springs amidst the waves from where he stands.
The crew with bitter grief lament, and wring their hands.
As in the sun a pure snow-flake dissolves to tears,
The beauteous youth beneath the flood so disappears.
The father gazes where that plunge a gurgling makes:
A piercing groan from out his anguished bosom breaks.
Then, realizing all, sudden he looks around,
Steps to the ship's frail edge, — is gone with silent bound.

Like points within a circle stand the crew all dumb:
Spell-bound, each stands, like a pearl in the muscle numb.

CARELESS TRUST.

My mind I still will keep free from perturbing pains,
Though destiny run through the night with slackened reins.

THE HIGHEST TRANSMUTATION.

Of all the famous alchemies, this is the chief: —
Upon a hundred thousand pounds of bitter grief
A single carat's weight of wine absorbing burns,
And instantly to joy the heap of sorrow turns.

PECULIAR SERVICE OF A FRIEND.

In all uncertain straits thy way by counsel trace:
Two helping judgments joined, for truth shall never lack:
Man's mind a mirror is, which showeth him his face:
Has he a friend? The mirrors twain reveal his back!

THE GRAVE A GREEN TENT.

A furloughed soldier, here I sleep, from battle spent,
And in the resurrection I shall strike my tent.

THE SINNER AND THE MONK: FROM SAADI.

In Jesus' time there lived a youth so black and dissolute,
That Satan from him shrank, appalled in every attribute.
He in a sea of pleasures foul uninterrupted swam,
And gluttonized on dainty vices, sipping many a dram.
Whoever met him in the highway turned as from a pest,
Or, pointing lifted finger at him, cracked some horrid jest.
I have been told, that Jesus once was passing by the hut
Where dwelt a monk, who asked him in, and just the feast had shut,
When suddenly that slave of sin appeared across the way.
Far off he paused, fell down, and sobbingly began to pray.
As blinded butterflies will from the light affrighted shrink,
So from those righteous men, in awe, his timid glances sink;
And like a storm of rain the tears pour gushing from his eyes.
"Alas and woe is me! for thirty squandered years," he cries,

"In drunkenness I have expended all my life's pure coin;
And now, to make my fit reward, Hell's worst damnations join.
O would that death had snatched me when a sinless child I lay!
Then ne'er had I been forced this dreadful penalty to pay.
Yet if thou let'st no sinner drown who sinks on mercy's strand,
O then in pity, Lord! reach forth and firmly seize my hand."

The pride-puffed monk, self-righteous, lifts his eyebrows with a sneer,
And haughtily exclaims: "Vile wretch! in vain hast thou come here.
Art thou not plunged in sin, and tossed in lust's devouring sea?
What will thy filthy rags avail with Jesus and with me?
O God! the granting of a single wish is all I pray;
Grant me to stand far distant from this man, in the judgment-day."
From heaven's throne a revelation instantaneous broke,
And God's own thunder-words thus through the mouth of Jesus spoke:
"The two whom praying there I see, shall equally be heard:

They pray diverse, — I give to each according to his word.
That poor one, thirty years has rolled in sin's most slimy deeps,
But now, with stricken heart and streaming tears, for pardon weeps:
Upon the threshold of my grace he throws him in despair,
And, faintly hoping pity, pours his supplications there.
Therefore, forgiven, and freed from all the guilt in which he lies,
My mercy chooses him a citizen of paradise.
This monk desires that he may not that sinner stand beside:
Therefore he goes to Hell, and so his wish is gratified."

The one's heart in his bosom sank; the other's proudly swelled:
In God's pure court all egotistic claims as naught are held.
Whose robe is white, but black as night his heart beneath it lies,
Is a live key at which the gate of Hell wide open flies!
Truly not self-conceit and legal works with God prevail;
But humbleness and tenderness weigh down Salvation's scale.

FAREWELL ANGUISH OF A HUMBLE HEART.

O Friend! thou findest friends enough like me;
But I shall never find a Friend like thee.

THE SACRAMENTAL BLUSH.

Love's candles burn, through doming day and night,
Upon the holy altar of her heart,
And, blushing in her cheeks, their lovely light
Makes every pulse with thrills of worship start.

THE MOTH, THE LIGHT, AND THE WAX: FROM SAADI.

As once, at midnight deep, I lay, with sleepless eyes,
These words between the moth and light did me surprise.
The moth kisses the flame, and says, with tender sigh:
"Dear radiance! I rejoice from love for thee to die.
My love, thou diest not, yet anxious groans and strong
Break loudly from thy heart, through all the darkness long!"
The bright flame says: "O moth! whom love to me attracts,
Know that I also burn with love for this sweet wax.
Must I not groan, as more my lover melting sinks,
And from his life my fatal fire still deeper drinks?"
As thus she spake, the hot tears coursed her yellow cheek,

And with each tear crackled a separation-shriek.
Then from her mouth these further words of pleading fall:
"Poor moth! boasting of love, say not thou lov'st at all.
Ah! how thou moan'st when the fierce heat one wing has seared;
I stand till my whole form in flame has disappeared."
And so she talked till morning shone the room about;
When lo! a maiden came to put the candle out:
It flickered up, — the wick a smoking relic lay.
'T is thus, O gentle hearts! that true love dies away.

THE FOUR WEAPONS.

The brave man tries his sword, the coward his tongue:
The old coquette her gold, her face the young.

THE HIGHEST TRADE.

Time and Space are outspread as the open Bazaar of God's love,
And who buys nothing there must be wretched all others above,
The great MERCHANT his wares will for ever keep back from our gold:
For pure throbs of the heart, all his gems, silks, and spices are sold.

SWIFT OPPORTUNITY.

A thousand years a poor man watched
Before the gate of Paradise:
But while one little nap he snatched,
It oped and shut. Ah! was he wise?

UNSEALING A LETTER.

The firmament is God's letter of love to man,
The sun the seal stamped on its envelope of air;
The confidential night tears off that blazing seal,
And lays the solemn star-script, God's handwriting, bare.

FORESIGHT AND DECREE.

Prophets appear to think they make what they but say:
Crowed not the cock, still just the same would dawn the day!

THE POET-CRITIC.

The field a youthful bard and critic enters bold,
A dauntless hero, in capacity twofold.
The martyr-crown he seeks from others to deserve,
And puts it on them when they from his standard swerve!

THE MONKEY AND THE COCOA-NUT.

The cocoa-palm for fifty feet has not a limb:
It were a task to climb its trunk, so smooth and slim.

The Western sailors come the weltering ocean o'er,
And moor their spacious bark hard by the Indian shore.

But how to reach those lofty nuts shall try their wits.
At last a cunning thinker thus the problem hits.

Each man advances near the grove, and there he stops.
A host of monkeys swarm amidst the palms' high tops.

Whatever done by man the mimic monkey sees,
That he will imitate, perched up amongst the trees.

Straightway the crew begin to shower the trees with stones:
The monkeys fling back nuts to break their pelters' bones.

The grinning sailors gather up a load of these,
And stow them in their ship till filled are all its knees.

These cocoa-nuts shall in the Western world be broke,
But those outwitted monkeys will not know the joke!

THE TRIAL OF FRIENDSHIP. R.

Between a wise magician, whom fair Maia knew,
And one of earth's poor sons, there once a friendship grew.

That friend his ear with protestations plied:
At length their truth the enchanter by his magic tried.

Within a meadow sits the friend in mild repose,
Sees how each flower, each blade of grass, in silence grows.

At once in order rise the grass-blades, and appear
A host of helmèd warriors, armed with pike and spear.

They throng around the friend, and greet him as a king,
And pearls and rubies at his feet profusely fling.

His heart beats strong with bliss: like a vast tent unfurled,
The sky is pitched; and he is lord of all the world.

A breathless man then through the crowding courtiers pressed,
And straight the king as a familiar friend addressed.

The monarch, with a look surprised, to him replied,
"My friend, I know you not," and turned away in pride.

Thrice waved his Maia-staff that grieved magician's hand,
And all the incantation faded from the land.

The friend, now disenchanted, bitterly repents,
Till thus the conjuror comforts him for his offence : —

"It is the world's low lusts that do our senses bind ;
Let Maia's veil but fall, we leave those snares behind.

The splendid courtiers shrink to grass-blades in the field,
The pearls and rubies are but drops of dew congealed.

Just now my art made shapes to you from out this mist :
And yet I never would your friendship have dismissed.

The worst of the illusion was that it turned friend
From friend, and therefore have I brought it to an end.

But doubtless, friend! had me the same proud spell possessed,
You would have seen me full as badly stand the test."

THE PARIAH'S APPEAL. R.

O Brahmin! let not your poor outcast child be blamed
Because he as a wretched Pariah is named.

My hut is placed afar, that your house may be sure
Not to become, through smoke from my hearthstone, impure.

You turn away whene'er the public road I tread,
Lest on your foot should fall the shadow of my head.

I from a distance, through the open door, behold,
Amidst the temple's throng, you standing calm and bold.

Knelt I before the graven god which there I see,
Would it not turn, as you, its back in scorn on me?

Shining through candles, jewel-glow, and rich incense,
It blesses you; but curses doth on me dispense.

Of yonder palm's dropped dates I gathered up a few;
None of its harvest, therefore, will be touched by you.

Beside the fount I draw from hangs a skull for pail,
That you to know who there has drank may nowise fail.

Should one a corpse or ashes in that water place,
The flowing stream would cleanse itself from every trace.

And yet the pitcher of my child, or his young lip,
Poisons it all, if there with yours he chance to dip.

O proud and cruel Brahmin! from thy visage stern,
For pity, I to condescending Krishna turn.

A SIGNIFICANT PUN.

Conceit, to gain instruction all too wise,
Bears pedants, and not pupils, in his eyes.

EVANESCENCE OF EARTHLY GREATNESS. R.

A king, who by the public mouth was named the Great,
Was on his station's frailty wont to meditate.

Against all arrogance as a protecting gate,
This phrase he oft repeated: Only God is great.

Those words he bade them on the palace wall ingrain,
Whose fragment columns, crumbling, to this day remain.

City and realm are sunk, but travellers relate
You still may read that motto: Only God is great.

THE TRUE TRINITY.

That Love, the Loved One, and the Lover,
All three are only One, discover!

STRAIT IS THE GATE.

Rise up betimes, and be awake! for wise men say,
That unto knowledge of the Lord to find the way
Is hard as barefoot o'er a razor's edge to stray!

GAUTAMA'S SISTERS CONVERTED.

Great Gautama, the sage, two sisters had,
Who of their beauty were exceeding vain.
The image of a lovely maid he bade
Appear to them; their hearts felt envy's pain.

Then wrinkles came that maiden's beauty o'er;
Her teeth fell out, her hair grew thin and gray.
No pride nor envy knew the sisters more,
But for Nirwána they began to pray.

DISTINCTIONS EVEN IN PANTHEISM.

The sea is one; yet who denies that waves, foam, spray, drops, froth,
Do from each other differ, makes each earnest thinker wroth.

SEED AND NURTURE.

The rain its bounty sheds on every field;
The sprouts will vary like the seeds that yield.

A FAIR HUNTER.

A hunter is yon maid; her eyebrows bows appear;
Her glances are the arrows, and my heart the deer.

THE HYPOCRITICAL FRIEND.

The friend who, before your face, to flatter disdains not,
But soon as behind your back, from slander refrains not,
Is like unto poisoned honey, luscious yet deadly,
Of pleasure and pain a perilous medley.

DIVINE DISTILLATION.

The dropping dew is God dispersed on all things fit;
Wilt thou not be a drop among the drops of it?

THE RÁHAT'S PATH.

With pride you boast your travels far and wide,
Your topographic knowledge multiplied.
I know a road which all your lore exceeds, —
The blessed road that to Nirwána leads.

THE INFESTED HEART.

Within the heart of every man are found a hundred swine;
Slay these, or the Brahmanic cord around your body twine.

THE DIVINE VICTORY.

He who forbears to take revenge, I know,
Achieves the noblest conquest of his foe.

DESCRIPTIVE GENIUS.

When Amruzail describes what he has seen,
Such power in his language lies,
That as he paints flocks, wastes, oases green,
His hearers' ears are turned to eyes!

THE FAITH OF THEISM.

Deny a living God, from seraph-host to plains of calc,
And the abyss of Space is but a star-decked catafalque.

OM MANI PADMI HOOM: BUDDHIST PRAYER.

The flood of time, the storm of life, are cruel;
Hail, hail to him with lotus and with jewel!
Whose faith and rites, destroying all the fuel
That feeds the existence-fire, will end the duel
Between the soul and limitation. Cruel
The strife of being with its bounds. But sweeter
Is Sakya Muni's faith to its repeater
Than honey to the tongue of famished eater.
No more he halts, of time and space a meter;
Of infinite Nirwána made a greeter,
His ills all die with speed than lightning fleeter!

THE ONE AND THE MANY.

Of all the world's ten million pools and streams and lakes,
Each one its image of the single sun-orb takes.

So every human soul within the nation-folds,
Its separate semblance of the single Godhead holds.
The sun remains, though all the waters flow away:
When men are gone will solitary Brahma stay.

THE GOODNESS OF SIVA.

The firmamental Indra once, in ire,
Chased Agni, the provoking god of fire.
Agni assumed a pigeon's shape, and flew.
How quick did Indra, as a hawk, pursue!
The panting fugitive to Siva fled.
"Fear not, poor trembler!" gentle Siva said.
Indra approaches, and demands his prey: —
"He takes my life who takes my food away."
"I ne'er betray the guest who trusts my word,
Although that guest be but a trembling bird.
Ask any substitute, however rare,
And you shall not behold me halt or spare."
"I'll have my prey, or else *thy breast*, I swear!"
"Be welcome!" Siva said, and laid it bare.
The hawk upon the breast took eager flight,
And fed till he had cloyed his appetite.
Upon the scene this miracle displays
The UNIVERSE became an EYE to gaze;
And from the drops of Siva's blood that fell
Redeeming sages sprang, the Shasters tell.

EGOTISTIC CRITICS.

Some men a fault in another will find
As small as a grain of meal;
But in themselves, though not otherwise blind,
Are quite unable to feel
A fault as large as the cocoa-nut's rind.

TO A SOCIAL ASPIRANT.

The struggle after honor leave
Forever; turn into thy breast
That fiery will which now, in strife
As sent abroad, but runs to waste, —
And thou shalt lead a noble life,
Nor longer vainly chafe and grieve.

DSCHELLALEDDÎN RUMY'S MATIN-CALL.

O arise! for to us is belonging all nature to-day,
And the Soul of the World comes alike as our host and our guest;
While the lutes of the stars through the morning entrancingly play,
And with roses is drunken the nightingale soul in my breast.

DSCHAMY RECEIVING A LETTER.

In the East the bright falcon of morning upflew;
From the rose-bed of luck a soft atmosphere blew;
By the post of good fate came thy missive to me,
That the prayers of thy soul their fulfilment might see.
Then, as swiftly I tore the envelope apart,
A sweet perfume embathing my flesh and my heart,
For the pearl of the meaning therefrom to be learned,
To the letter my mind as a muscle I turned.

A SUBLIME HEEDLESSNESS.

The real saint, absorbed in what he loves and knows,
Forgets alike caresses, spurns, and gifts, and blows;
The lover of the Lord, when blessed to see His face,
The dealings of His hand will never care to trace.

TURNING FROM TALE-BEARERS.

Withdraw your mind, however hard the task,
When gossips put their friends upon the rack;
In magnanimity refrain to ask
What any one has said behind your back.

For only that which to your hearing comes
Can vex your soul with anger, pain, and dread;
Whate'er beyond your hearing dies or hums,
Is just as though it never had been said.

SHARP-SIGHTEDNESS OF THE ARAB HORSE.

The lion and the horse one day disputed which
Of them possessed the most discriminating sight.
A hair all white in milk the lion saw by night;
The horse by night perceived a sable hair in pitch.

SWIFTNESS OF THE ARAB HORSE.

Mahlek Ben Essedin sings,
Horses are birds without wings.

LIGHT-FOOTEDNESS OF THE ARAB HORSE.

Hâymour, the peerless chestnut steed
Of Hussein, Sheik of El Medeen,
Was said to be so light of foot,
That on a woman's bosom he
Could dance, nor leave a bruise behind.

REWARD IS HUMAN: FROM LEBÎD.

Reward with good the good one does to thee, the least;
For it is only man rewards, and not the beast.

EVANESCENCE OF MORTAL THINGS.

O imperial Babylon! where is the pulp of thy rind?
And the throne of great Solomon where? They are
gone on the wind:

In the lore of the past though a million bright deeds
are enshrined,
Many more, brighter far, have evanished like mist on
the wind.
What are glory and riches? But firmans that Fortune
hath signed,
Just to glitter a moment, and pass on the breath of the
wind.
Hast been chained? or by love hast been crossed? or
in sorrow hast pined?
Ah! how glad thou shalt be when thy relics are dust
on the wind.
For the spirit in death all its burdens and bounds leaves
behind,
And will nevermore care for the things that must go
on the wind.

THE MAGNANIMOUS FRIEND.

Even if, when in my need, for help I sought,
My friend to me assistance never brought,
When cries that friend for help in his sore need,
Forgetting every grudge, to him I speed.

A LOFTY RESERVE: FROM MOTANEBBI.

Complain not to the crowd; you will but give them
joy, I say; —
As if a wounded deer complained unto the birds of prey.

THE PROPHETIC BEGINNING.

The gray morning, I see, in the night of thy beard has just broken.
He replied, with a sigh, soon as thus I had smilingly spoken:
Was there ever a dawn that did not the full noonday betoken?

LOVE SOWING AND REAPING ROSES.

An Arab, by his earnest gaze,
Has clothed a lovely maid with blushes;
A smile within his eyelids plays,
And into words his longing gushes.

The loving looks my heart out-throws
Upon your cheeks have planted roses.
O, let me pluck! That he who sows
Should reap, there is no law opposes.

THE DIVINE INTEGER.

Not an object can be, but the same has existed before,
Leaping up in the light, falling back in the dark, of its source;
Awful space is of God but the azure and echoless floor,
Where sufficingly dwells He, an absolute unit of force.

Thus, no matter how varied, all things are but sports
of the One,
From this mystical thought in my mind, to yon bubble,
the Sun;
What appears is a shimmer of spirit on matter's dim
screen,
As I long ago learned to perceive from great Dschella-
leddîn.

THE LAST PERCH OF DELIGHT.

For eons that no number can compute,
All drunk and wild with ecstasy of bliss,
The ráhat in a dazzling spiral flew,
And still the apex of perfection neared.
But in that endless flight, the sum of joy
Across his vision and his senses poured,
Were nothing to the rapture which he knew
The solitary instant when he stood
Upon *Nirwána's* edge, and took the leap
Which left poor Limitation's marks behind,
And made him absolute and total All.

THE RUINED HOUSE.

When Otbah saw the home of Bani Jash
Deserted by its inmates, once so gay,
Now still, — the fallen door and broken sash, —
He sighed: Alas! no house on earthly clay

Is built, — however fair and strong its walls,
  However love and peace its chambers fill, —
But at the last a fatal message calls,
  A mournful wind complains across its sill!

AN ARABIC RIDDLE.

The first and last are just alike, upon my soul;
But — who my riddle reads? — the middle is the whole.

I read it, so soon.
  New, old, and full *moon!*

THE FRIEND IN PROOF.

Name not as friends the men who by you stand
  In pleasant times, when peace and welfare please you;
But him indeed call friend who grasps your hand
  In that dark day when want and danger seize you.

THE DYED SOUL.

O thou in beauty's wild enchantment dressed,
  My soul has, like the tulip, been in blood immersed,
  And will, if here by thy rejecting scorn accursed,
Bear to the future world the marks thou hast impressed.

TRUE NOBILITY.

Who nobly lives and dies I noble call,
Although the most ignobly born of all.

A NEW MAN.

Leave ancestry behind,
Despise heraldic art;
Thy father be thy mind,
Thy mother be thy heart.

Dead names concern not thee,
Bid foreign titles wait;
Thy deeds thy pedigree,
Thy hopes thy rich estate!

EXCLUSION OF DEITY.

God must in all creation be.
Vile wretch, say not He is in thee!

BEAUTY THE SPRINGE OF HEAVEN.

Wherever, Zuleika, thou comest, breaks the night into day;
Enslaved by thy form I have gone through the world with my lute;

The charm of thy ringlets would lead even the Devil
astray;
The cherubim gaze on thy face in astonishment mute.
When love unto full contemplation thy beauty unfurled,
There stood the sweet Springe into which flew at once
the whole world.

THE CIRCUMSPECT TRAVELLER.

And well I judge,
As forward I trudge,
'T is best for each pilgrim chap
To be cautious very;
For I have heard
That the flying bird
Has oft come into the trap
For a luring berry.

TIMOUR'S STATESMANSHIP.

Timour, the Tartar, said: An empire is a tent;
Justice should be the pole around which it is bent,
Sure promptitude of equity its girding rope,
And its two fastening-pins philanthropy and hope.
Then it protection o'er its tenants long shall throw,
However loud and fierce the blasts of trial blow.

THE INFINITE DWELLER.

From the pitiful form of a flea, to the person of Rama,
All the bodies of beings are mystical cities of Brahma;
In what tissues organic walled up, an intuitive token
Still incessantly pines for the time when these jails
shall be broken.

FORBEARANCE IS POLITIC.

Never rejoice at death of foe, my friend;
Your own life too is hurrying towards its end.

THE PREACHING OF TOMBS.

As Adi, with the youthful prince, Nomân,
His pupil, strolled one day where slowly ran
A river past a cemetery gray,
He asked, Knowest what yon silent tenants say?
This is the speech their mouths of ruin hold,
The gist of a thousand songs and proverbs old:
"Ye toiling caravans, who travel by,
Like you, we lived; and you, like us, shall die!
What throngs have made their camels here recline
Before our doors, and in their halt quaffed wine
Mixed with this stream! The morning passed away,
And, lo! they had become of time the prey,
And disappeared in its mutations strange;
For Time itself is only change on change!"

AN OMNIPRESENT GOAL IS PATHLESS.

Whatever bears a sign, thou, Lord, must be;
But no sign bears the way that leads to thee.

THE COW-BOY OF GOPÂLA: PREM SÁGAR.

When KRISHNA, as a cowherd boy,
Among the cowherd maidens strayed,
With magic decked, full-wreathed with joy,
All in Gopâla's pleasant meads, —
Such heavenly charms around him played,
So wondrous were his countless deeds,
That in him Brahma, doubting, thought
An avatar of Vishnu wrought.
At once the surmise he would test,
The doubt confirm, or lay at rest.
While Krishna on a crumpled heap
Of breathing roses lies asleep,
The herd of cattle Brahma steals,
With every tending lass and lad,
And bears them through the traceless sky.
The youthful cowherd quickly feels
A warning sign of something bad,
Starts up, and seeks the reason why.
The sacred cows, his playmates too,
Are gone. He calls aloud. In vain!
Where'er he looks, the grassy plain

Is all that meets his anxious view.
At length he sees what has been done,
And, searching for some fit relief,
His ruminating mind employs;
For he foresees the boundless grief
That will throughout Gopâla run,
Thus reft of cows, of girls and boys.
Before his mind kneel all the fates;
His countenance no more is sad.
By one volition he creates
As many a charming lass and lad,
Just such a herd of grazing kine,
Exactly stamped with every sign,
As those that came there in the morn;
They were identical in each
Particular of form and speech,
And all events since they were born.
Just like the missing cows, the new
Entered their stalls with easy air,
As though they had been wonted there;
The boys and girls their parents knew,
And every reminiscence shared.
So Brahma's mischief was repaired,
And solaced those he did bereave.
But when the sacred milk they quaffed,
We may be sure that in his sleeve
The lovely, cunning COW-BOY laughed.

BRAHMANIC MATINS.

Valmîki early in the morning rose,
And, girding on his hermit garb of bark,
Repaired to where the smooth Tamâsa flows,
As tints of dawn began the clouds to mark.
His dress laid off, he bathes himself with care,
Repeating softly many a Veda prayer.
He scoops the wave, slow pours it on the sods,
In memory of his ancestors and gods;
Then takes with pure and cheerful mind his way
To enter on the duties of the day.

THE PROLONGERS OF TIME.

Sorrow, suspense, desire, and fear, —
These four can make a day appear
Long as the shadow of a spear.

BIRTH OF THE SLOKA; OR, ORIGIN OF VERSE.

When all the matter of his Epic lay in sage Valmiki's mind,
But in what form of prose or verse to clothe it he had not defined,
He wandered on the banks of fair Tamâsa, musing deep and long,
Seeking to choose the form and measure best for his immortal song.

While thus employed, he saw, perched near him on a fragrant spray,
A lovely pair of golden birds, who sang and wooed in guiltless play.
Just then a reckless archer came beneath, took careful aim above,
And murdered one exactly when he was inebriate with love.
His mate beholds him fall, all drenched with blood, and swiftly round him flies,
Giving a vent to her distress in rhythmical and plaintive cries.
Valmiki, deeply moved with sympathy, impulsively exclaims,
While sorrow dews his eyes, and righteous anger through his bosom flames:
"O wretch, my curse on thee! for of these warblers, brighter than the sun,
While all inebriate with love, thy cruel hand hath slaughtered one."
His tender voice his pulse divided as the mourning songstress wailed,
And in the rhythmic line it formed, the wished discovery he hailed.
That line, as born of *grief*, let all men by the name of *Sloka* know;
Thus formed, Ramâyanâ shall live while mountains stand and rivers flow.

IDEAL GENEROSITY.

Among generous kings was Ularka the chief
That e'er sat on a throne. Once, his virtue to try,
Mighty Indra came down, for a period brief,
In a mendicant's form, with a pitiful cry;
In appearance as poor as a shrivelled-up leaf.
At the feet of Ularka he stretched out his palms,
And looked up at the king with a suppliant eye.
To this silent request made the monarch reply:
"Ask whatever thou wilt, thou shalt have it as alms."

Then at once did the beggar, exclaiming, arise:
"O Ularka, the gift that I ask is thine eyes!"
But an instant the king hesitatingly sat,
Then outplucked the bright orbs, and, with hands that dim groped,
The two jewels resplendent he laid on the mat
At the feet of the god; who his Deity oped
In a sunburst of smiles, and applauded the king.
And a sardonyx chair, dropping down from above,
Took them in, and returningly flew without wing,
While both men and the gods made the universe ring
With their shouts, and the air was all loaded with love!

THE SAINT CONQUERING SATAN.

The World so darkly lies,
The fowler, Mara, few can see.
Before his nets surprise,
Be warned, poor bird, betimes by me!
As yon flamingo sails
Through sunny paths serenely on
Till straining eyesight fails
To follow whither it has gone;
So through the ether flies
The sage, with magic strength endued,
Nirwána for his prize,
The World and Mara all subdued.

BEWARE OF DELAY.

Fair opportunities are swift to go;
But in returning they are, ah, how slow!

THE END OF A KALPA.

The earth dissolves, the stars grow dark, the sun expires;
An ashy hue comes o'er the sky; all spirits fade;
Retreat chaotic glooms and cosmogonic fires,
Absorbing boundlessness claims all that has been made.

The elements reseek their transcendental deep, —
The kalpa ends, great Brahma is about to sleep.

CONTENTED DISCONTENT.

When sinful pleasure lapped me in her honeyed state,
My spirit was uneasy and disconsolate;
But thrills of deep contentment through my bosom went
As often as I felt my utter discontent.

THE BLESSED ISLE.

To calm and cleanse, and make thy heart thine own,
By prayer and lofty musing strain its blood
From restless self-desires. Whoe'er does this,
Not led and fed by hopes of heaven alone,
Amidst the rage of Time's destroying flood
Uprears himself a stable isle of bliss.

NO TEDIUM IN ETERNITY.

To the watcher the night seemeth long,
To the pilgrim each parasang long;
But, O, longer by far seemeth time
To him who hath nothing but time!

ABOU EL MAHR AND HIS HORSE.

It is Abou el Mahr, the gallant Sheik of Al Azeed;
How fondly he is stroking Lahla, his unrivalled steed!

Among the hills of Schem the tents of Al Azeed are pitched,
And close by every warrior's door the favorite horse is hitched.

For valor none can stand the men of Al Azeed beside;
And Houri only with their maids comparison can bide.

This tribe the unchallenged banner too throughout Arabia bears,
For the wondrous strength and beauty of their stallions and their mares.

But first among their warriors stands the Sheik, Abou el Mahr,
And conscious Lahla shines among their steeds, the peerless star.

When clasps Abou proud Lahla's neck to kiss his veinéd cheek,
The courser looks his love as plainly as if he could speak.

He waves his mane, he paws, he curls his nostrils and
his lips;
He makes half-vocal sounds, uprears or droops his neck
and hips;

His deep and pensive eyes light up with lambent flame,
then seem
As if they swam in the desires of some mysterious dream.

And thus his mind — in signs through changing nerves
and muscles wrought,
Of paleness, flush, and gesture — has a language for
each thought.

Abou caresses him before the people gathered there,
Who gaze with wonder at his loving and his haughty
air.

And Leila, Selim, Zar — the wife and children of the
Sheik —
Will pat and kiss him, and his hoof within their bosoms
take.

And twenty chiefs press near, their servants ranged in
ordered bands,
The privilege to claim that he shall eat from out their
hands.

For Lahla is of Al Azeed the crowning joy and pride;
The envy and despair of all the Arab tribes beside.

Another horse so celebrated never spurned the earth ;
Through white Koureen, the mare of Solomon, he
draws his birth ;

And traces back, in straight, untainted rill, his royal blood
To thrice illustrious Hûfafâ, great Abraham's sable stud.

Hang o'er his spotless forehead, which is white as
whitest milk,
Soft tufts of handsome hair as glossy as the finest silk.

Those tufts compose a veil which every breeze in open-
work hems,
And underneath it glimpse his rapid eyes, two burning
gems.

His neck and chest the graces of a swan's in nothing lack ;
A gorgeous mantle, woven of silk and gold, beclothes
his back.

His pedigree, two hundred high descents, his bosom bears
In bag of musk, wherewith two precious amulets he wears.

His limbs and sockets so elastic, all his motions are
So swift and smooth, the rider scarcely feels a start or jar.

Abou el Mahr would on his back, in rapid gallop still,
A brimming cup of sherbet quaff, and not a droplet spill.

Indeed, a bard so mounted might receive the fancy bold,
His courser was a bird whose wings an unseen move-
ment hold.

No price or bribe could cause the Sheik, nor any desperate need,
To part with his redoubtable and idolizéd steed.

. . . . .

It is Abou el Mahr, with twelve choice men of Al Azeed;
And they to seize the hostile Bagdad caravan proceed.

Soon through the Synor pass into the open plain they wind,
And shake their spears, and shout, their blue caftáns stream wide behind.

Abou, his Lahla's sinews strung with fire, is far before.
As on the undefended, scattering caravan they pour.

To guard their goods two merchants of Damascus bravely stand,
But in an instant both are stretched in death upon the sand.

The Sheik and his good men of Al Azeed pile all the spoil
Upon the camels, and their homeward way begin to toil.

At noon they halt to rest awhile beside a desert spring;
Ah! who can tell what utter ruin one thoughtless hour may bring?

Their foe, the fierce Pacha of Acre, leads his horsemen there,
Cries, "Strike! and I command you, save Abou, not one to spare!"

So all are slain. The Sheik, in his right arm a fearful wound,
His darling Lahla led before, is on a camel bound.

They journey on until they reach the mountains of Saphàḍ,
Just as the sun drops out of sight, and night falls dark and sad.

The old Pacha commands each soldier there to pitch his tent,
And take good care the escape of horse or camel to prevent.

The keeper of the Sheik has tied him fast both hand and foot,
And fallen asleep, and dreams of fighting, routing, and pursuit.

But the poor captive, restless with his torturing wound, still wakes,
And Lahla's low, disconsolate neigh his anguish sharper makes.

Bound as he is, he rolls and crawls one last caress to give
The steed from whom he had not thought to part while he should live.

"O Lahla!" sighs Abou, "no more shall I rejoice with thee
To skim the waste, the wild Simoom not prouder or more free;

"No more with thee the Jordan swim, whose spurnéd water drips
From off thy sides, as white and pure as foam from off thy lips.

"A bitter fate consigns me to my unrelenting foe;
But thou, bright gem of Al Azeed, in liberty shalt go.

"What would-st thou do, poor friend, shut in the close and wretched khan
Of some Turk huckster not deserving to be called a man?

"No, whether fortune dooms me for a slave or here to die,
Thou shalt, O jewel of a thousand hearts, in freedom fly.

"Go to the tents thou knowest so well, amid the hills of Schem,
And say, Abou el Mahr will nevermore return to them.

"Thy head put through the door where my dear wife and children are,
And lick the hands of Leila, Selim, and sweet little Zar.

"O Lahla, Lahla! must I now from thee forever part!
Farewell, farewell, belovéd comrade of my life and heart!"

So saying, with his teeth laboriously he gnawed apart
The tethering cord that went around the stake, and bade him start!

But the sagacious soul bounds not away. The bonds
he smells
That bind his master's limbs. Each fact to him its
secret tells.

With tenderness he licks the blood upon the shattered
arm,
Gives forth a low and painful whine, but raises no alarm.

His teeth the girdle seize; he lifts Abou, so spare and
tall;
Now foolish guards, now old Pacha, defiance to you all!

Great Lahla proves himself a steed of living steel and
fire;
To reach him vain are all the struggles of their mad
desire.

For the hills of Schem he aims his way through the
open, lustrous night,
Straight as an arrow goes, swift as the lightning in its
flight.

The stars one after one go down behind the desert's rim,
But the pale and eager moon rushes in even pace with
him.

The palm-clumps on oases lift their heads of yellow green
Above the downs of endless sand, and vanish soon as
seen.

The lagging sun comes up; twelve weary, mighty leagues are passed;
The lovely haunts and tents of Al Azeed appear at last.

The anxious tribe, whose thirteen best are out, is all astir;
The mother deems it time her sons should have returned to her.

Ha! what upon the far horizon moves? A single steed?
Is this what we looked for with such intensity of greed?

Nearer! can it be Lahla? In his mouth a bundle? No,
The matchless Lahla never from adventure came so slow.

The godlike steed, with staggering steps, faint pantings, almost spent,
The girdle bites, reels up, and lays Abou before his tent.

One instant stands he, looking round, as if reward to reap
From those who, thrilled with grateful love and wonder, gaze and weep.

Then, while the congregated tribe break forth in piercing cries,
The noble creature, gasping, falls, all blood and foam, and dies.

Thabît Ben Ali, poet of the tribe, leaps through the crowd,
With soul on fire, and sings the feat in panegyric proud.

To thrilling tones of love and pride he smites his burning lyre;
With raining eyes and heaving bosoms all as one respire.

"No *man*," he says, "not even Hatim Täi, could have done
A nobler deed, a more impassioned gratitude have won.

"Long as the Horse shall be the friend and servant of our race,
The glorious fame of Lahla shall resound through time and space."

Full many a day has passed since Ali sang his touching song,
And from the vale the tents of Al Azeed have vanished long;

But in the night of Arab lore still shineth, like a star,
The story of the peerless Lahla and Abou el Mahr.

POEMS OTHER THAN ORIENTAL.

DEBENT ET PRODESSE ET DELECTARE POETÆ.

It is the poet's happy duty,
Whose breast his singing eases,
In joint behoof of truth and beauty,
To profit while he pleases.

THE RIDE OF LIFE.

Each day you have is but a steed,
Caparisoned or well or ill;
The weeks, the fresh relays you need;
Your soul, the mystic rider still.
The spurs and stirrups are of deed,
The sightless bridle is of will;
While faring forth you smile or bleed,
Take care, with heed the saddle fill!

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

While through the halls in the school of life we flit,
With hearts still turned where thou, O God! dost lead them,
Be all thy ceaseless benefits deep writ
Where every day we turn the leaves to read them.

THE FOOL OF FOOLS.

Soon as himself man knows,
He knows himself a fool;
Yet, ah! how mad he grows
If one but *call* him fool!

A MOOD.

O the burden of the dreams that have long been dead,
And the brightness of the hopes to my soul that clung!
O the sadness of the tears that never were shed,
And the sweetness of the songs that never were sung!
There is nothing a man knows, in grief or in sin,
Half so bitter as to think, *What I might have been!*

THE DOUBLE HARVEST.

A dying girl, in autumn time,
Lay fading at the close of day, —
Stole o'er the fields the reapers' chime,
While fast around the brown ranks lay.

"Open the casement wide," she said,
"And raise me up, that I may look,
Ere yet my heart and eyes are dead,
Once more upon the field and brook!"

"The harvest is the Lord's," loud sang
The reapers in the distant field;
With piled-up sheaves, with sickles' clang,
To him they all the glory yield.

Abroad the dying maiden gazed,
Then all around grew sudden black;
The sun in setting dimly blazed, —
Her head upon the couch fell back.

"Farewell!" she sighed, "ye scenes so dear."
"The harvest is the Lord's," replied,
Unconsciously, the reapers clear;
And ere the distant echo died,

An angel-reaper darted there,
Too swift for mortal sight to spy,
And bore the flower that drooped so fair
To God's great garner in the sky.

VOCAL PHANTOMS AND REAL EXPERIENCE.

Amidst a parlor-full of strangers
He sits within his easy-chair,

Without a thought of lurking dangers,
And asks his auditors to share
The secrets which themselves but dare
To face in solitude and prayer.

To themes so shy and private listen,
With prim propriety, the crowd;
No eyes with softening radiance glisten,
No quickening hearts beat time aloud;
Depressed sit those with love endowed,
Complacent stare the cold and proud.

Ah! thou who so remotely talkest
Of friendship's sentimental stake,
With words at one remove thou balkest
The wants with which our bosoms ache.
Set forth the facts, — this throng would wake,
Their eyes would gush, *their hearts would break!*

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

My way in opening dawn I took,
Between the hills, beside a brook.
The peaks one sun was climbing o'er,
The dew-drops showed ten millions more.

The mountain valley is a vase
Which God has brimmed with rarest grace;

And kneeling in the taintless air,
I drink celestial blessings there.

Behold that guiltless bird! What brings
Him here? He comes to wash his wings.
Let me too wash my wings with prayer,
And cleanse them from foul dust and care.

To one long time in city pent
The lesson seems from heaven sent.
For pinions clean yon bird takes care;
Of soul defiled do thou beware!

FUNERAL HYMN.

The worlds that shine above us nightly,
Then hide beyond our clew,
Do surely shine all day as brightly
Behind their veil of blue.

When friends with natural misgiving
We lay in earth's cold bed,
We know that thus they still are living
Where comes no sigh nor dread.

O while our saddest tears are stealing,
When fate's worst dart has sped,
'T is light, not darkness, is concealing
Our well-belovéd dead.

Whene'er a funeral bell is tolling,
Some weary one doth rest;
And loudly through the skies are rolling
The anthems of the blest.

Then wherefore should we sink in sorrow
To part from those we love?
Since God will join us all to-morrow,
In the endless home above.

EPITAPH ON TIMON, THE MISANTHROPE: CALLIMACHUS.

Timon, hat'st thou the world or Hades worse? Speak clear.
"Hades, O fool! because there are more of us here!"

THE PATHOS OF LIFE: GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

The race of man is like a summer breeze that transient blows, —
A stranger to himself, in all his life he nothing knows.

THE POOR MAN'S COMFORT: GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Thou scorn'st not me, but poverty in me as realized;
And God himself, if on the earth, and poor, would be despised.

THE MISER'S MISERY: GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Hermon, the miser, dreamed he was in debt, and poor;
Waking, he quickly hung himself above the door!

CAUSE AND EFFECT: GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Thy mind is lame as is thy foot; for nature still doth make
What is without from that which is within its being take.

DISSIPATION AND ITS PROGENY: GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Limb-loosing Bacchus and limb-loosing Venus, without doubt,
A horrid daughter sometimes get, — the fierce, limb-loosing Gout.

VULCAN COMPENSATED: GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Fair Eros for thy son, sweet Aphrodite for thy wife;
Brass-worker, it is just thou take thy lameness without strife.

CYNIC AND PLATONIST.

Diogenes once cried,
"See how I tread on Plato's pride!"
"Yes, with far greater pride!"
The wise philosopher replied.

THE RETORT RETORTED.

Pyrrho was wont to say,
"There 's no distinction bred
Between who lives to-day
And who to-day is dead."
"Why hast thou not then died?"
Asked one, to show his sense.
"Because," Pyrrho replied,
"There is no difference!"

EINDRUCK UND AUSDRUCK: RÜCKERT.

Let something make the right impression on your mind,
And for it soon the right expression you will find;
So, too, let something but the right expression take,
And it will very soon the right impression make.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FEUERBACH, THE SATIRIST.

I. USE OF SATIRE.

Enlarging, but not altering, Satire lays all bare;
Aye, like a microscope, it shows things as they are.

II. FINAL CAUSE OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

Dost know the reason why the apple Adam bit?
To do a favor to Theology was it.

III. THE WISE ASCETIC.

Flowers are for heaven; and though they bloom on earth, 't is true,
Let us not look, but still for heaven reserve the view.

IV. THE NOBLE ECONOMIST.

What good are tulips and roses profuse?
Potatoes let us raise; *they* are of use!

V. THE HOLY EMBARGO.

The priests will have no precious product landed,
Unless the crucifix is on it branded.

VI. INSPIRATION NOT LOCALLY LIMITED.

Appears but to a bigoted and foolish elf
The Palestinian Flora as Botania's self.

VII. SIGH OF A LAYMAN.

The Holy Ghost but Greek and Hebrew knew;
Alas for us, illiterate laic crew!

VIII. SIGH OF A THEOLOGIAN.

Alas! the Holy Ghost but drizzles drop by drop,
When a great stream should burst the pen our thirst to stop.

IX. THE TWO SHADOWS.

Behind the thing the shadow doth in nature stretch;
Before the thing the shadow doth in history reach.

X. THE WORLD EMPIRICALLY TREATED.

All sickness is specific, Science doth assure,
And only special means its ails can really cure.
To lack of Bibles do the Bible-Unions tax
The world's diseases all. Get out, you arrant quacks!

XI. THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ORIGIN OF MYSTICISM.

Unnatural warmth the heart's rich chamber filled,
But cold as Greenland stood the empty head;
Through reason's coldness feeling's mist distilled,
And dimmed the windows which to nature led.
The vapor, gathered thus, in ice-flowers froze; —
And from that vision mysticism rose.

INCLUSION ABOVE NEGATION.

The wise critic his power in help displays,
And not in hurt; as when great Goethe says,
"Divide and conquer! is a maxim fit;
"Unite and lead! is a much finer wit."

TO A LAZY GLUTTON: LESSING.

In eating you are swift; in going, slow; —
Eat with your feet, and take your jaws to go!

THE PATHETIC CONTRADICTION: ANASTÅSIUS GRÜN.

When on her bashful mouth I hung,
And wildly drew her fragrant breath,
My dreams, why only, only clung
They still to parting and to death?

And now, as sadly on the grave
I stand, where she lies cold and dead,
Why do I taste the kiss she gave,
And see her modest cheeks so red?

THE MINSTREL'S BREVITY: HÖLDERLIN.

Why art thou all so brief? Lov'st thou no more the song?
When once thy lay was heard in days of youth and Spring,
It seemed as if the strain could never be too long;
But now the close is nigh whenever thou wilt sing.

My song is as my life. Wouldst bathe thyself in light?
Behold,
The darkness settling round with mournful omen stirs;
The sunset faded out, the earth is growing cold,
And close in front the bird of night uneasy whirrs.

FROM THE RUSSIAN POET, LERMONTOFF.

Rememberest thou the day when we —
  Late was the hour — were forced to part?
The night-gun boomed athwart the sea;
  In painful silence beat each heart;
The lovely day found cloudy close;
  A heavy mist the landscape palled;
And seemed it, when that shot arose,
  An echo from the ocean called.

Alone I wander by the flood;
  And when a gun booms in its might,
I think with pain how we once stood
  Together on that parting night.
And as the mournful echoes roll,
  Muffled, along the fluid walls,
From out the caverns of my soul
  Death answeringly calls and calls.

POEMS FROM THE GERMAN OF NICOLAUS LENAU.

I. MOTTO TO LENAU'S LIFE.

A fading gleam, a dying crash,
  Is human life, perceived and gone.
Whence comes the noise? Where goes the flash?
  The stars are dumb; the waves roar on.

II. PRAYER TO LETHE.

O Lethe! break the fetters of thy shore,
And from the shadow-world upon me pour,
And let my restless spirit, wounded sore,
Thy wave of healing drink!

Spring comes, with fragrance, song, and love awake,
And greets me as of old; a heavy ache
Lets not my heart respond. O Lethe, make
Thy wave within me sink!

III. THE PAST.

The evening star, a pallid spark,
Sadly shines and winks afar;
Again a Day has changed to dark,
And found the rest that naught can mar.

Upon the moonlight, soft and clear,
Yon airy cloudlets float away,
And out of roses pale appear
To weave a crown for the dead Day.

Dim tomb of precious times gone by,
Inexorably holding Past!
In thee, asleep, my heart's pains lie;
Alas! its raptures too thou hast!

IV. TRUTH AND HYPOCRISY.

Grief smote her by surprise
  Amidst the giddy play;
Tears, raining from her eyes,
  Washed all the rouge away.

O Grief! thou art most true;
  Thou mak'st disguises known;
False paint is trickled through,
  The faded cheeks are shown!

V. VANITY IS WRETCHED.

A heart that humble love and toil surround,
  Is happy; but a heart on haughty ways,
That with great wishes goes, with woe is crowned,
  And languishes beneath its envied bays.

VI. SHE CAME AND WENT.

Whene'er she came, her form before me stood
As lovely as the first green in the wood.

And what she said sank in my heart as sweet
As Spring's first song heard in the grove's retreat.

And when she waved me with her hand farewell,
My latest dream of youth in fragments fell.

VII. MY HEART.

A sleepless night; the rain pours fast;
My wakeful heart, between the flurries,
Now harks where silent goes the past,
Now where the threatening future hurries.

O heart, thy listening must be bad;
Seek what enduring Will resembles;
Behind are heard complainings sad,
And forward many a question trembles.

Whate'er the danger, never shrink;
The storm itself thy trust discloses;
The boat with Christ no storm could sink;
So in thy bosom God reposes.

VIII. THE WINTER CRUCIFIX.

Stripped of its Christ, a naked cross I see
Upon the cliff; as though the winter storm
Which, roaring, tears the leaves from every tree,
Had also torn from that the God-man's form.

Shall I therefore the horror, widely strown,
Collect, and to a single image mix?
Shall I dead Nature, clad in snow alone,
Nail there on yonder empty crucifix?

IX. DEPARTURE OF ILLUSION.

Above each joy of life I see
A threatening vulture, sight of dread!
What I have loved, or sought to be,
It all is either lost or dead.

In Nature's gloomy council dares
The human heart no voice to bring;
Soon Death, remorseless vulture, tears
The joys that o'er our pathway wing.

I will not longer, fool-like, seize
The foam that bright on darkness lies,
But with such bitter tears as these
Wash the last dream from out mine eyes.

X. TO AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR.

The watchful hunter, skilled in tracks,
Can tell, from traces on the snow,
As if they were portrayed in wax,
The feet of stag or wolf or roe.

To him each foot-script thus displayed
Upon the ground, before his eyes,
Doth, through the shape its movement made,
Betray the writer's age and size.

So, from the print its track has formed,
To his perception it is clear

Whether across the meadow stormed
A fawn, or sixteen-antlered deer.

The tracks of my shy soul dost think,
Lover of autographs, O say,
To follow through this lineal ink,
As creeps the hunter to his prey?

XI. THE DILEMMA.

Before thee a Dilemma he proposes;
With such a logic-fork will he transfix me?
Between its arms, he says, the truth it closes.
Dost doubt? Then flee, ere on its points he sticks thee.

Suggests the two-prong of his technic sermons,
The journey of an ancient king recited.
In peasant's cart he fared among his Germans,
And as the way was long, he got benighted.

The wagon, used to loads of hay, moves slowly;
The peasant lets the oxen trudge at leisure.
The night is fair; and through the soul, made holy,
Glides many a picture of idyllic pleasure.

Behold, the moon's high horn serenely beaming!
The sluggish team between their horns have caught it.
So he shall find the truth in mid-space gleaming,
Who vainly on the pronged Dilemma sought it!

XII. REFUGE.

Hapless deer upon the forest floor,
  Has the hunter given thee a wound?
Flee, then, swift within the wood's dim core,
  Where the hidden lakelet spreads around,
That the gentle freshness of its wave
May thy throbbing wound with coolness lave.

But man, when thy wounded bosom swells,
  Flee within thy household's inmost shrine,
Where the purest fount of comfort wells,
  And upon thy mother's heart recline.
But the mother, ere a long time, dies.
  Has thine own already fallen asleep?
Flee, then, where the forest silent lies,
  With the hunted, wounded deer, and weep!

XIII. SPRING-GREETING.

After long frost how breathes the air so mild!
Spring violets brings to me a beggar child.

Sad, that the earliest greeting of the Spring
A child of misery to me must bring.

And yet the pledge of earth's sweet loveliness
Is dearer from the hand of wretchedness.

So bears to future men our grief or crime
The vernal greeting of a better time.

XIV. TO DEATH.

When once my heart begins to moulder,
When poesy's audacious flame
And fires of love already smoulder,
Then, Death! in pieces break this frame.

Not slowly dig, but quickly break it,
And let thy singer soar away.
Enrich his life-field not, nor rake it
With feeling's ashes, Death, I pray!

XV. THE CRUCIFIX.

When man towards heaven holds his trusting face,
His lifted arms in love outstretching steady
To draw the world unto his heart's embrace,
He makes himself for crucifixion ready.

Such love as this upon the earth is rare;
And that the world might lose its image never,
Mankind, O Jesus! bound, with hasty care,
Thy loving posture to the cross forever.

XVI. O MY MOTHER!

Within my heart I bear a hidden wound,
And silently shall bear it till I die;
I feel it gnawing, gnawing there profound,
While heavily the hours of life go by.

There is but one to whom I might confide
Without distrust, and freely tell her all,
Could I my face upon her bosom hide;
But she, alas! is sleeping in her pall.

O mother, come! If still thy love survives,
Cannot my tears prevail to draw thee back
To help thy child, who here in anguish strives,
With doubt and fear and grief upon the rack?

I long to leave this world of undelight,
Strip from my soul this fleshly wretchedness.
O mother, come! as thou wert wont at night,
Thy weary child from his sad life undress!

PARTINGS AND MEETINGS ON THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Full oft, when starting in life's morning road,
With fond associates of our youth,
Gazing on lawns of green with flowers strowed,
Not on the flints and thorns of truth,
We take our early playmates by the hand,
Just where our paths grow strange amain,
And with more faith than we do understand,
Utter a cheerful, Meet again!

Full oft, when journeying o'er life's noonday road,
We pine for some companion dear

Whose voice of love would ease our toilsome load,
And banish each intruding fear;
And when with such we 've travelled through the day,
We see our paths diverge with pain,
And clasping hands, beneath the sunset ray,
We breathe a saddened, Meet again!

Full oft, when pausing on life's evening road,
While shades of night are gathering round,
All nameless agonies our hearts forebode,
As sinks in faintness to the ground
Some fellow-pilgrim, bound to us through years
By love and trust without a stain;
We kneel to bathe the well-known hand in tears,
And sigh a faltering, Meet again!

And O, amidst the disappointments deep
Of this most cold and selfish world,
Where treacherous stabs and blights oft make us weep,
And jeers on gentle hearts are hurled, —
And O, within this life of sorrows dire,
Of sundered souls and prayers vain,
Our yearning hearts must in their grief expire,
Did we not hope to MEET AGAIN.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

THE MYSTIC MONOSYLLABLE.

Creatures all have come from A;
Firmly stand they now with O;
Dark was all when all was M.
S will set the whole thing free:
Even mystic Aom is naught
If not unto Siva brought.

PRAJNÂ PÂRAMITÂ.

In these distracted days men seek no more
The wisdom that has reached the other shore.
The weak in understanding fail to see
That every thing is pure nonentity;
But sages know that all that is or seems
Is made of naught but shadows, echoes, dreams.
And those in whom this freeing insight grows
Have won the path which to Nirwana goes.

MAN AND THE WORLD.

A few short seasons go by, and, lo! the haughtiest king
That was ever installed in pomp on a throne, and the sceptre bore,
Gives up his friends and his breath, and drops as a lifeless thing,
While the world exclaims, with a smile, "He, too, is now no more!"

ONE OF BUDDHA'S SERMONS.

The men who waste their opportunities in youth,
And lay not up in store good habits, love, and truth,
In their old age, when joys and hopes no longer last,
Shall lie, like broken bows, still sighing for the past.

THE SECRET.

But long enough, through tug and gasp,
With Hegel's concrete Logic wrestle,
And that Becoming you shall grasp
Wherein both Naught and Being nestle.

THE STUDY.

If you would see the universe that Hegel saw,
Enmeshed and rolling in the net of one pure law,
Then climb like him the height of philosophic mind,
Ripe lord of all the speculative lore behind.

THE SOLUTION.

All that thou askest will be clear if but thy soul
Be an interpretative focus of the whole;
Because the undulations of thy wishes still
Blend in the order of the Universal Will.

DUALISM OF LIFE.

Then fame is sweet, beyond a doubt,
When Love within greets Praise without.

SELF-PROTECTION.

Whoso remembers well this triple truth,
Shall keep himself from sin, in age as youth:
God's ear doth hear, God's eye doth on thee look,
And all thy deeds are written in God's book.

THE LAW OF LEARNING: FROM GOETHE.

If I am unto thee the view to show,
Thou must with me unto the summit go.

WHO SHALL INTERPRET?

What is our life? the constant question asked by man.
And what our death? the eternal answer given by God.

HEARTS AND STARS: FROM THE FRENCH.

Each little thronging star that shines
Below the eternal throne,
Amidst the crowd of burning lines,
Revolves and burns alone.

Upon its earthly pathway hurled,
So every human heart,
Even as that lone and burning world,
Aspires and beats apart.

Mysterious star, and heart as well,
We little know, alas!
But God can look through both, and tell
The smallest things that pass.

LAVATER'S ADVICE.

He who claims
That he aims
At the truth
As the feoff
Of the mind,
From his youth
Let him spy
With the eye
Of the deaf,
Let him hear
With the ear
Of the blind.

CAMADEVA.

Sweet witch, thy voice, thine eyes, thy lips,
A threefold charm compose, — a charm
Which sets all others in eclipse,
And fills me with divine alarm;
For should my lips thy lips but touch,
The maddening bliss they hint is such,
Our limbs and nerves would intervolve,
And soul and body both dissolve.

HEINE'S NOTICE TO HIS READERS.

Compressed Philistine spirits, these
I have a right to vex and tease;
But all the other style of folks,
The bold and generous hearts, will know
The art, from out my sourest jokes
To see sweet love and friendship blow.

DER TOD IST DAHER EINS MIT GOTT: FEUERBACH.

At noon of day I gazed upon the emptiness of space,
And saw in Nothingness the Deity unveil his face.
At noon of night Death raised his veil where slept the grave's pale clods:
Shuddering with awe, I saw that *His* face was the same as God's.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FEUERBACH.

In the great Epic of Humanity
The Christian Epoch is an Episode
In which the Poet, God, forgets his theme!

DEDICATION FOR AN ALBUM.

Dear Margaret, as these leaves no stain yet bear,
And your young heart is spotless still,
So here let friendship breathe its fervent prayer
That holy tributes both may fill.

Within these lids while artless hope and thought
Their pure and simple offerings place, —
Within your heart, with heavenly virtues fraught,
May every blessing leave a trace.

Your album, Margaret, thus I dedicate
To tributes warm with love and truth;
And may its pages ever consecrate
The sweetest memories of your youth.

Then, as in distant years you think of those
Who trod with you life's morning hour,
The cherished tokens that this book bestows
Will rob old Time of half his power.

A HYMN.

O Father, kindly deign to hear
The thanks thy children bring;
Help us with love and reverent fear
Thy lofty praise to sing.

And while before thy throne we bow,
Come Thou to every heart:
From sin oh purify us now;
Give us that better part.

Remove to-day the world's wild din;
Our souls from evil save;
Help us life's noblest crown to win;
Guide us beyond the grave.

PRAYERS.

I.

Approach, O God, now I beseech;
Within thy love my spirit keep;
And let thy still atomic touch
Encrystallize my brain with sleep.

II.

O boundless Watchman, everlasting Warder,
All weary frictions, shocks, and jars remove;
Adjust me with the universal order,
And let me sweetly slumber in thy love.

III.

Almighty One, in whom alone is rest,
Assume my sins, and clasp me to thy breast.

IV.

The morning light, the kiss of God,
Dispels the darkness from mine eyes:
Exhale, my heart, like dewy sod,
A grateful breath of sacrifice!

V.

Come now, O Lord, and with thy breath
Remove from me this load of death.

THE CLOSE OF A DAY.

The royal Sun, just setting in the west,
His blazing robes around him rolled,
And, like a monarch, grandly sank to rest
Upon his couch of burnished gold;
While up the sky her star-droves Evening drave,
More lovely than a hundred morns,
The crescent Moon, from out the smiling wave,
Rose up and shook her silver horns.

FIT CHARACTER, FIT DEED.

Of reason it is a degrading abuse,
The deeds of a zany to fix upon Zeus.

THE MELANCHOLY VAPOR: FROM THE GERMAN.

Thou gloomy mist, whose dim shroud broods
  Upon the vale and stream,
To hide the mountain and the woods
  And every sunny gleam,

Thou tak'st away in thy grey veil
  The earth so broad and vast:
Oh take away, what makes me pale,
  The ever-haunting Past!

LATE FRIENDSHIP: FROM LENAU.

'Tis late, dear friend, that I have found thee,
  And I bewail the cruel fate
That not in years of boyhood bound me
  With thee, my bosom's better mate.

Life's festive time long since has vanished,
  The dreams of youth dissolved in air:
Oh how should I, ere they were banished,
  Have joyed those dreams with thee to share!

But since the Spring could not unite us,
  While breathed its roses and its cloves,
The calmer Autumn shall requite us,
  Amid its sadly faded groves.

The blast that strips the trees, loud blowing,
Such chill and mournfulness imparts,
That we shall never be for going
Beyond two warmly-glowing hearts!

THE FADED ROSE: FROM LENAU.

In turning o'er the pages of a book,
I found a rose there, faded many an hour;
And wholly vain were all the pains I took
To tell who once gave me this withered flower.

Ah! more and more, in darkening twilight's breath,
Doth memory blow away. Soon dust confronts
My earthly destiny; and then, in death,
I shall no longer know who loved me once.

THE INVALID IN THE GARDEN: FROM LENAU.

What! stays a nightingale so late?
The blossoms have been withered long.
Summer has passed the fields in state,
And still hear I a vernal song?

O Spring! was it to thee revealed
That I shall perish ere the year?
And sendest thou, from some far field,
One greeting more to me so dear?

THE PRESENT LIFE: FROM LENAU.

'Tis fortunate, O Man, at last thou learnest,
In spite of all the juggling of the saints,
With life before the grave to deal in earnest:
This world is not made up of hollow feints.

To break illusion's chain make thou no halting:
The earth is but a place for exercise,
And life itself a block to help in vaulting
Upon the steed who bears us to the skies.

But on the free, green earth's broad meadows pleasant,
Must each one, through the here-allotted hours,
His courser rule and pasture in the present,
Until the grave its clods upon him showers.

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

I stood on the outermost edge of the world,
And gazed in the dreadful abysses of space,
Thick columns of vapor so slowly upcurled,
And swift ran the worlds on their echoless race;
Their orbs in resplendence gleamed grandly afar,
And tides of blue ether around them were poured,
While stepped the redeemed on each welcoming star,
And wide through the gulfs the black evil-flood roared.
Then came a bright Island of Gold sailing by;
Green palm-branches waved the sweet angels to me,

And voices enchanting called on me to fly.
I could not ascend, and I cried, Death, for thee:
That instant thy face and thy work were made clear,
And never again shall I view thee with fear.

MY BIRTHPLACE VISITED.

Years, years have passed. I have returned once more
To view the sacred spot where I was born,
And muse me back unto my natal morn.
The silver pond with kisses laves its shore
As when I sailed upon its breast a boy.
Around the homestead stand the well-known trees
Whose murmur lulled me oft with summery breeze.
And yet to stand here is but little joy:
My mind is busy with the days long gone;
And, though the sky of youth is overhead,
My steps are slow, — they fall among the dead.
Before me, marked by many a mouldering stone,
My fathers and my early friends are sleeping low.
Spirits, I feel you o'er me. Bless me ere I go!

A MIDNIGHT MOOD.

It is the solemn midnight's silent hour,
And shadows vast are creeping o'er the earth.
With feelings hushed and awed from careless mirth,
I sit alone; and thought's unbounded power

Doth bring to me whate'er I wish or love.
Both Time and Space, like hounds, it drives away,
And calls before me wonders while I pray.
O God! from round thy throne in heaven above,
Send thou some spirit-friends to cheer my heart,
As in the earth-life here it strives to gain
That love and wisdom high from joy and pain
Which will prepare it for its heavenly part.
They come, and, lo! amidst that dim and mystic band,
One form of earth I see, and clasp her proffered hand.

THE CONTAINING LIMIT.

That he who praises you without reserve or bound
Has any real love for you, you well may doubt.
Upon the least reflection, will it not be found
That where there are no bounds the contents must fall out?

RUDENESS AND REFINEMENT.

When a delicate spirit is thrown
With a spirit unfeeling and vain,
Of the jar that results, be it known
That the finer one suffers the pain.
The plebeian the victory takes,
In collision of yeoman with earl:
Is it not the more precious that breaks
When a pebble encounters a pearl?

SELF-CONCEALMENT.

In vain dost thou thyself behind thyself conceal,
For God will still thyself before thyself reveal.

THE STUDENT'S VISION.

A student sat in his study dim,
Reading of themes that gladdened him,
When suddenly from the page arose
A vapory mist like that which goes
From a lake when morn is in the skies;
And in that mist were his Lady's eyes,
Looking to him a world of sad love,
Like that of saints to the saints above.
He saw her snowy teeth, and her lips
To which from her eyes each sweet smile skips;
And her soft cheeks suffused with such flush
As into a rose a lily should blush.
His inmost soul was thrilling with bliss
As he bent him down those lips to kiss.
But, ah! they vanish, vanish away;
And a mournful smile doth seem to say,
More plaintively far than words can tell,
"I have passed away: farewell, farewell!"
The student gazes with fixèd look, —
But on the leaves of his open book.

Was this a dream?

O, no: for his betrothed
That day was dead, while he, afar, knew not;
And, on its homeward way to heaven, her soul
Had paused to visit him she loved in life,
And in the spirit-land would not forget.
And longer then with him that soul had stayed
But for his thought and deed of earthly love.
By these 'twas stained, and God would not permit
An angel visible to linger near
Him any more. Yet afterwards this soul,
Unseen, with his he often knew.

Full soon,
With torn and bleeding heart, the cup of bliss
Dashed brimming from his lips, he learned that she,
The strength unto his soul, star to his mind,
And the great gladness of his life, was gone,
Forever gone from earth.

He long survived,
A blighted and a sorrowing man. His heart
Was like a tree leaf-stripped and desolate,
In whose dry boughs no bird doth pause to sing.
The memory of this fair youthful love,
Oh vague and melancholy! haunted him,
And haunted him for aye. Never did he
Forget, I ween, the sacred vision once
He saw, alone, within that study dim.

THE BEGGAR'S DEATH.

One winter night the storm was loud,
When in a mansion, rich and proud,
A fire upon the hearth burned bright,
And from the windows streamed the light.

A weary beggar, lame and old,
Sought refuge from the bitter cold.
Some bread he asked, for Christ's dear sake:
The door was shut while yet he spake.

The old man uttered no complaint,
But laid him down, forlorn and faint,
Then clasped his hands, and prayed to heaven
That those hard hearts might be forgiven.

O'erhead the trees their dry limbs creaked,
And wildly by the tempest shrieked.
O pride and hate! the beggar sighed,
Then feebly closed his eyes, and died.

And why was he thus driven to die?
Did he the laws of heaven defy?
Of dreadful crimes was he a doer?
Oh, no, — the hapless wretch was *poor!*

Of Christ himself was it not said,
He had not where to lay his head?
The ills of earth will find their cure
When CHRIST is seen in all the POOR.

NOW IS THE TIME.

Some unknown one has said,
He doubles
His troubles
Who borrows
To-morrow's.
And I venture to add,
That he offsets
To-morrow's debts
Who pays
To-day's.

BY-GONE TIMES.

Full oft in the hours of vanishing night
I think of the years sped swiftly away,
And call to my mind, in memory's light,
The friends that I knew in life's sunny May.

Oh, then to my heart too dear are the hours
That went like the leaves borne by on a stream,
When first with my Love I roved in these bowers
Where life, youth, and hope are one in a dream.

That dream! — oh, away, ye memories dear
That gather about the happiest days
This heart ever knew. Will never appear
The truth of that dream in life's busy maze!

The ashes are pale which thrice-holy fires
Of love and romance once kindled so bright:
In darkness and grief my heart still aspires
The dreams of that time to clasp till death's night.

THE SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY.

We meet to give you cordial greeting, brother Ross!
Fast in your honor shall our steaming tea-cups flow;
And, hoarding all your by-gone days without a loss,
We drink the memory of sixty years ago!

An honest man and genial are you, brother Ross;
And, while we hope that to the end your joys may grow,
We praise the cheerfulness with which you've borne each cross,
Since first you entered life, now sixty years ago.

We recognize your faithful friendship, brother Ross:
It's worth a thousand fickle contrasts make us know.
You have not been a rolling stone that gains no moss,
But ever firm and true, since sixty years ago.

Though in your mind experience has its treasures rained,
And on your head has fallen many a winter's snow,
Your soul with guile or meanness is as little stained,
Your heart as young to-night, as sixty years ago.

We envy you your even temper, brother Ross:
Its steady radiance keeps your face and house in glow,
It makes us think no mortal ever saw you cross;
Still shine it as it has since sixty years ago.

And when you pass the great ordeal, brother Ross, —
Far off may that time be, and be its motion slow, —
May the Divine Refiner say, He 's free from dross
As when he first was born, a hundred years ago!

THE LIFE OF MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ALOYS SCHREIBER.

In the world, an outcast utter,
Stands the man, forsaken there:
Winds are raging, tempests mutter, —
Nothing touches his despair.

Loving call to him the star-host,
And exhort him, too, the flowers:
"Gaze not sadly at the far-most:
Know, O Man, that thou art ours."

While with sighings deep he presses
Earth and heaven to his heart,
With her gentle tear-caresses
Love assuages sorrow's smart.

From the cold no field is living, —
Each young floweret has its grave;
In the earth, without misgiving,
Thrusts he down his pilgrim stave.

And with hope, in glad surrender,
Towards the starry choir he turns;
Straightway then a blossom tender
Forth from out the dry wood burns.

His companions all desert him,
And to danger him expose;
No one halves the ills that hurt him,
Weigh upon him age's snows.

Anxious seeks he for the dwelling
Where his cradle once did stand:
It is changed beyond his telling, —
No one gives a greeting hand.

Yet with faith his bosom yearneth;
Looks he towards the heaven's blue source:
Ah, my youth no more returneth,
And completed is my course!

Much becomes of Time the booty;
Yet not all can fade away:
One whom still to trust is duty
Is there, — Him the stars survey.

Love on can I, trusting, hoping:
This a light in darkness makes,
And I see the heaven oping,
When my heart in dying breaks.

A CANTATA OF THE SWISS CHILDREN IN SPRING.

I.

Old Winter, wrapped in icy blasts, hath fled;
The budding charms of youthful Spring appear;
Heaven holds its bluest banner overhead;
The fields their mats of green fling far and near.

II.

And now the Switzer girls and boys
All gathered on the village slope,
With song and dance and gladsome noise
Keep time and tune with love and hope.

III.

The avalanches raise their voices dread;
The chainless torrents rush, and sing aloud;
The lammergeyer, his wings with lightning red,
Outlines himself against the thunder-cloud.

IV.

With sprigs and flowers among their curls,
With heart to heart, and hand in hand,
The merry Switzer boys and girls,
A crown of beauty, deck the land.

V.

The Alps uprear in heaven their snowy domes,
The precipices gleam, the dark pine waves;
The sons of liberty here build their homes:
A scene like this was never meant for slaves.

VI.

With bounding sport, with laughing shrieks,
The children shake their wreaths in glee;
While hunters shout from distant peaks,
"Halloo! halloo! we're free! we're free!"

VII.

But threatening clouds across the heavens crawl;
A sudden hush on vale and summit broods.
It breaks: how thick the big black raindrops fall!
And floating ghosts forsake their solitudes.

VIII.

Before the frown on Nature's brow,
Still leaping, shouting in their bliss,
The children scamper homeward now,
And greet their mothers with a kiss.

IX.

And, lo! above those homes, without a scar
The sky looks forth again; the tempest dies;
The Alpine horns their echoes blow afar;
The smile of God on all the landscape lies.

X.

And when full soon the summer's bloom
Has riped in turn these boys and girls,
They too shall think, o'er spade and broom,
Good children are their country's pearls.

MEANNESS AND NOBILITY.

'Tis the motto of meanness and pride,
If this man doth belong to our set
He is welcome to all we enjoy.
Be he one of the medley outside,
We will every measure employ
That among us he never be met.
But the nobly descended in soul
Opens wide all he has to the whole.

THE BEST SACRIFICE.

The vying worshippers of God
One time their various offerings brought:
A thousand altars decked the sod.
Each worshipper acceptance sought
To crown his gift above the rest,
And mark his sacrifice the best.
Among the thousand kneeling there,
With love or pride or fear in prayer,
A saint obscure and nameless stood,
Silent amid the noisy brood.

And, while the rest in show essayed
To have their altars best arrayed
With deeds or words or forms of art,
This man drew from his aching heart
The dearest sacrifice of all,
Which on the loving God can call.
And while the other altars still
Are cold and dark with omens ill,
This one the sacred lightnings fold,
And wrap it in a blaze of gold.
What magic sacrifice is this,
That brings its offerer such a bliss?
Of all religious mysteries
The deepest one is here displayed.
The other shrines bear boasts: on his
His inmost *egotism* is laid.
Man's purest offering is still
The sacrifice of his self-will:
Of this be thou but dispossessed,
And God will clasp thee to his breast.

RETRIBUTION.

And still it is the transcendental creed
Of all who feel the spirit through the letter,
That God rewards us best for a good deed
By giving us the power to do a better.

INSPIRATION.

Heaven dropped a star upon my path one night:
I picked it up, nor since have lacked for light.

FAITH.

Still the gifts of God our hopes outrun:
Searching with a lamp, I found the sun.

CHRISTMAS HYMN. 1845.

Jesus has lived! and we would bring
The world's glad thanks to-day,
And at his feet, while anthems ring,
The grateful offering lay.

Jesus has lived! and his pure life,
So perfect and sublime,
Shall conquer man's dark sin and strife
Through every rank and clime.

Jesus has died! and o'er the stars
Gone home to God on high;
He burst the grave's cold prison-bars,
And said, Man cannot die.

Jesus yet lives! and from the sky,
Where victory he wrote,
Before the good man's closing eye
Visions of glory float.

Jesus yet lives! and oh, may we,
While in this valley dim,
So feel our immortality
That we may be like him!

HYMN AT DIVINITY SCHOOL. 1847.

Within the shadow of his cross we stand,
Whose words are wisdom to our youth,
And pray that he will bless our humble band,
And consecrate us to the truth.

Oh, be his deathless love of God and man,
And faith in truth, the living power
Whose fruit shall crown our Christian toils, and span
With heavenly hopes the dying hour.

Come down, his holy Spirit from above,
Direct each mind, and warm each heart,
And ere we go, to speak the truth in love
Each one anoint and set apart.

We are but twelve, and all the fields are white
With harvests wide of worth untold:
Lord, give us tongues of fire and souls of might,
And make us like thy Twelve of old.

INSTALLATION OF THOMAS STARR KING.

Before thee, Lord, a servant bows,
To set himself apart in youth
And breathe his consecrating vows
To preach salvation through the truth.

He does not trust in human lore,
Or pride, for strength to walk aright,
But in thy Word, which from of yore
Has guided men through faith to sight.

With holy love his heart inspire,
His mind with heavenly wisdom fill,
And touch his faltering lips with fire
To teach the lessons of thy will.

Within these courts prolong his years
Of labor for a faithful flock;
And, if assailed by foes and fears,
Be thou his friend and wall of rock.

ELISHA KENT KANE. BOSTON, 1857.

Why breathes the slow and solemn dirge?
What means this hushed and sad array?
This badge-decked crowd what motives urge
To leave, to-night, the world's vain play?

A saintly hero from us gone
Before the noontide of his years,
His fame and genius in their dawn,
Demands our tribute-thrills and tears.

A band of brothers, we have met
To weigh the story of his life,
And o'er his holy traits forget
The hardening cares of daily strife.

Though nations join in mourning him,
We, mystic brothers, mourn the most;
For with lamenting hearts we hymn
The noblest one of all our host.

As thus we pause to contemplate
Thy deeds, it shall not be in vain
That we are charged to emulate
Thy virtues rare, immortal Kane.

FROM CONCORD TO BOSTON. MAY 6, 1857.

The dew is on the grass,
The sun is in the sky;
The swollen brooklets pass,
The cars in thunder fly.

The engine pauses now;
The lifted window through
Fresh morning laves my brow
From out the cloudless blue.

The glens are gloomy here,
The tree-tops glitter there,
And birds with carols clear
Besprinkle all the air.

From hamlet-roofs up-curl
The early smokes in peace;
Beneath I hear the swirl
Of rills, the gabbling geese.

The hill-side slopes outspread,
The vales in sun-mist glow;
All heaven is overhead,
Spring everywhere below.

My heart to Nature's smile
Leaps out in boyish glee;
From slavish toil and guile
I once again am free.

Behold yon farmer-boy
Amidst the sparkling fields,
Half conscious of the joy
Untainted being yields.

What visions wander back
From childhood's careless years,
Beheld o'er memory's track
Through gilding smiles and tears!

The Babel ways of men
Are quite forgotten now:
Once more I feel as when
I hid me in the mow.

My steps fond fancy takes
Where still the well-sweep hangs;
And every heart-string aches
With mingled bliss and pangs.

We reach the jangling town,
Alas! its dust and roar
The winsome landscape drown,
And my snatched dream is o'er.

Yet here in turmoils vain,
Through days of sin and noise,
This glimpse I shall retain
Of rural peace and joys.

FOURTH OF JULY. BOSTON, 1857.

Now bend we low, and ask our fathers' God
To smile on all o'er which our banner waves, —
The busy mart, the deck, the prairie sod,
Old Plymouth roofs, new San Francisco graves.

Commending unto Him, the only Good,
This country as one undivided fold,
Our patriot hearts o'er all its borders brood,
From Eastern pines to Western strand of gold.

And thus to heaven our pleading accents call:
May wrong and strife among us disappear;
And soon their sacred rights be given to all,
While truth and love lead in a Golden Year!

A HIGHER DEVOTION.

Away, O Fame! Thy star has set,
To charm me never more:
Thine airy visions I'll forget;
Thy luring dreams are o'er.

God's love, a flaming sun, appears,
To fix my wandering eyes;
It hides each feebler orb that steers
Along the lighted skies.

Rule now, O Lord, in this poor heart
That driveth Fame away:
That thy true reign may not depart,
My God, I deeply pray.

A BIRTHDAY, 1872.

While in this world, though deep delusions mask it,
Forth underneath the sun of truth to bask get;
And, freshly still to have your mental flask wet,
Seek nectared meanings in each outward casket.
In sport unbent, or closely at your task yet,
Whenever comes an interruption, ask it,
"Art thou a secret sign divinely sent me?
Then show me clear the clew of guidance lent thee,
While I conspire, whatever Fate's intent be,
To say with all, 'This, this forever meant we!'"
Live thus; for you, when taxing years shall spent flee,
Possess an endless lease of being, rent free.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE UNIVERSAL.

The conscious life of thought and deed has ebbs and flows;
The deeper automatic life no ceasing knows.
Our personality in that asserts its will;
But this the laws of universal being fill.

Then, when men sleep, God wakes, and in them rules,
To equalize knaves, saints, philosophers and fools?
Ah, no; for, while they sleep they dream, and in their
dreams
The quality of what they are still works and gleams,
And base from noble, good from ill, distinguished seems.
So both our waking and our sleeping may conceal
Or private whims or public truths: and what we feel,
Or do not feel, betray ourselves or God reveal.
The mystic scorns his thoughts and wishes as malign,
But blindly holds his intuitions for divine:
The true believer, scientific and devout,
Tries all by tests of criticism and of doubt.

THE SELF-DEFEATING JOURNEY.

The same tide pulses in the abyss and in the shoal,
From end to end the central undulations roll,
And every part contains the spirit of the whole.
In vain man seeks a way to God outside his soul:
No path can lead unto an omnipresent goal.

I. THE PAIN OF SOCIETY.

Alas, fair Friendship, heavenly Fawn on earthly ground,
Thy scent I cannot shun, thy lair I have not found.

II. THE GLORY OF SOLITUDE.

Phœnix sola facta solum Deum sequar.

With no companionship except my own,
That I alone may soar to God alone.

III. THE RECONCILIATION.

Ah, vainly thus our yearning hearts may ache and reach:
The answer to our longing never will be found
Till all shall recognize that God is hid in each,
And, hunting not for him the universe around,
In each kind face perceive what Fate through Time would teach.

IV. THE RESULT.

I hold the laws of truth, so far as understood,
To be the will of God, and perfect in their good:
And all the awful mysteries of things unknown
I also hold decreed from his unbounded throne.
Since known and unknown rest alike on him alone,
No room is left for me to question or rebel
While ranging through the blended spheres of heaven and hell.
Happen what may, above or underneath the sun,
I only say, Thy will, O God, not mine, be done!

APPENDIX TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

THE GRIEF OF BUDDHA.

Soon as the keeper Sun upraised the latch
To let the morning in, Gotâma rose
And looked through every path in which man goes,
To see what souls the truth that day should catch,
And guide in ways that to Nirwâna lead,
Where sighing ends and wounds no longer bleed.
And still, as forth the flawless truth he threw,
And watched the trembling bait, the saving clew,
The deepest sorrow that the Teacher knew,
Was not the lack of love and praise his due,
But that the unappreciating crew
Were to the truth all blinded through and through
Which first himself into Nirwâna drew.
Neglect in loneliness is still the grief,
In every age, of him who ranks as chief.
Who once hadst none to hearken or to bow,

Great Buddha, millions think upon thee now;
Their honors cluster on thy mighty brow,
Their prayers with power unmatched thy name endow.
Oh, if, in future ages, one should come,
Like thee again, amidst the human hum,
Superior, alone, whose yearning heart
Is nigh to break, it is so set apart, —
Neglected or rejected by the throng, —
When tempted oft to feel his insights wrong,
Let him recall thy fate, and thus grow strong.

THE TREASURE AND THE HAND.

When I dive in the sea and return with no pearl,
As, all dripping, I come once again to the strand,
No complaint at the covetous sea do I hurl;
For I know that the blame is alone in my hand.
An abundance of pearls overspread the deep sand,
But an unlucky fortune has blinded my hand.
Over riches unsounded the bright billows curl,
And no curse but a blessing upon them I swirl.
Oh, I never will stand with the arrogant band
Who their fingers at Fate still conceitedly twirl.
Lord of Fate! let a smile from thy features unfurl,
And remove the unfortunate luck of my hand!

SELF-SURPRISE.

Wouldst know thyself as thou art known by God alone?
Conceive thyself as wholly to thyself unknown;
Then for thy secret traits in silent ambush lie,
And see what starts when strong temptations travel by.

THE TRUE SHEKINAH.

A hundred times around the world in tears I went,
My God to find, and vainly sought him everywhere.
One day his love to me this guiding message sent:
"Forsake these painful roads, and to thy heart repair."
I turned within, and lo! His dazzling face was there.

THE WORSHIP OF THE THORN.

The bulbuls not alone adore the rose
With bleeding breasts, and notes in sweet accord;
But every thorn, that on the rose-bush grows,
With hidden tongue doth praise the Lord.

THE RANK OF VALUES.

I offered a conceited cock, one morn,
The rarest pearls ever from ocean torn.
He spurned them with his claws, and crowed for corn!

THE THREAD OF ARIADNE.

To two religions take this clear and simple clew:
The dead man's ashes in an urn the heathen roll;
A heavenly future is the mausoleum blue
In which with pious faith the Christians shrine the soul.

EROS-PHANES.

The gods are thy laughs, — they blossom into light;
But men are thy tears, — they vanish into night.

THE MASQUE OF LIFE.

This world is but a stage, and life a show,
Great Shakespeare said, — and still we find it so.
The actors seem like shadows in a glass,
That swiftly come, and look, and part, and pass.
But, deep within those vizards, souls are shrined,
With pedigrees immense, though veiled and blind,
Whose loaded and illumined tokens show,
In traces mute, the lines they bring below, —
No two of all alike. What roles divine
Have they once played, what destinies malign
Endured, in that unbounded time behind,
Whose sightless treasures constitute their mind!
Whenever one is seen among the rest

In figure that proclaims transcendent guest,
What thrills of awe, desire, amazement, zest,
Arise and burn within the wondering breast!
The speechless histories of heaven and hell
Beneath those mystic features breathe and swell,
While still their secrets, in mysterious ways,
Allure and baffle the bewildered gaze,
As now the symbols darken, now they blaze.
No uninitiated spy appears
In these phantasmal roamers of the spheres.
Though spells Lethean cause them to appear
As awkward supernumeraries here,
The incarnate actors of the play of life
Have borne their parts through all the kosmic strife.
Their various grades of rank — slaves, kings, or gods —
Are hid, as through his role each player plods
Disguised in folds of his oblivious frame,
Through which dread omens gleam in pride or shame.
And so, in musings lost, amidst the maze,
Upon the passing masks of men I gaze,
To see, beyond all peering of the eye,
If there I may some glimpse of God descry.

THE EXHORTATION OF DSCHELALEDDIN RUMI.

Let not this low empire of change thy soul elate,
Nor all its passing joys thy thought intoxicate.
Presume not, slave of change, to think that thou art free.

From every transient object, purified and clear,
He is free alone who drinks that draught of unity
Whose drops impart the taste of all eternity.
His circle rolls above this planetary sphere,
Where still the goblet gleams, without alloy of sense,
And, to the deathless kings of love and truth immense,
The wine of souls the everlasting Host presents.

THE VEDANTIST PHILOSOPHY.

When dense illusions from the spirit fall,
It sees but one reality in all.
In striving that this vision may be won
By all who through this empty lifetime run,
The aim is that they may themselves become
The absolute and solitary One,
Who but reflects Himself in endless sum
Of blind and waiting mirrors, each in turn
Ordained with knowledge of the truth to burn.
When there was nothing else to love He loved
Himself, and, to increase the bliss, was moved,
The Self in many forms to multiply,
Though all were but the One who cannot die.
What *substance* have reflections in a glass?
Let all the dewdrops vanish from the grass —
One Sun remains, and never will it pass.
The soul that knows itself the SOUL to be,

Becoming thus a live eternity,
No grief within itself will longer see.
The dewdrop then in perfect clearness knows
Itself to be the Sun which in it glows.

THE SANKHYA PHILOSOPHY.

Of what the inspired and ancient teachers call
Producing causes there are *eight* in all:
The *undiscrete*, which has no parts nor round;
The *intellect; self-consciousness* in bound;
The *five sensations*, elements subtile,
Known as the hearing, sight, taste, smell, and feel.
Fine entities, from the beginning strayed,
Sensations must not be imagined made
By our sense-organs, only there displayed.
Material shapes from spirit-forms must flow,
As all initiated thinkers know.

From this great group of eight, before our eyes,
Sixteen concrete productions then arise.
The organs five *of sense* which each man grows,
The ear, the eye, the skin, the tongue, the nose;
Organs of action six, hands, feet, and voice,
The two excretories, and, far more choice,
The mind, to doubt and to resolve designed;
The *five gross elements*, the ether, light,
And, coarser much, the earth, the air, and water bright.

These twenty-four are causes and effects.
But he, the pupil whom the sage selects,
By din and glare of errors unseduced,
Will learn that, unproducing, unproduced,
The *twenty-fifth* is the *eternal soul*,
Around whose rest incessant changes roll.

Sure knower, everlasting seer, in joy
Detached, whom naught disturbs or can destroy,
Unborn, undying, making not nor made,
A strange spectator hidden in the shade, —
This, changeless, sees the changes, swift or slow,
Producers and produced still undergo.
No agent is the soul, but, far removed
From all by mortals hated or beloved,
In endless peace it holds its state divine,
Beyond the moving maze of lives malign.

These principles whoe'er with clearness sees,
From him *the qualitative triad* flees,
And pleasure, pain, delusion, never more
Shall vex him, rescued from their turmoil sore.
Great Kapila, the sage whom none pass by,
Who built the Sankhya wall that naught can shake,
Declares a separate soul in each to lie:
For else their states would one experience make.
But some, we see, are dark and poor and sad,

While others are as bright and rich and glad.
The same distinctions which their bodies sign
Likewise their inward faculties outline.
So, if a multitude of forms unrolls,
There is as well a multitude of souls.
Were there, in all, a single soul alone,
When *one* was saved, no evil more were known.
But, as it is, each one, apart, must win
The insight which redeems him from his sin.

The goodness, foulness, darkness, triple chain
Which binds all life in worlds where seemings reign,
No one can tear away, in age or youth,
Except by the immediate sight of truth.
Worth wins reward in all the mortal states;
Insight alone it is that liberates.
Virtue as cause exalts the rank of life;
But knowledge frees the living from their strife, —
In dazed desire and pain no more to reel,
Plucked o'er the rim of birth's entangling wheel.

The man, where'er he breathes mid ranks alive,
Who doth these principles, in number twenty-five,
Well understand, surpassingly shall thrive.
Whether the staff of mendicant he bear,
Whether in matted mass he grow his hair,
Or wear a top-knot, or be shaven bare,

Dwells he at home, or goes for alms about,
He is emancipate, beyond a doubt.

Before great Kapila, while ages go,
Let each successive pupil, bending low,
Imbreathe the precepts from his lips that flow,
Ascribe to him all honors men can show,
And muse upon the peace the sage must know,
With gods immersed in pure beatitude
Where vain simoons of pain cannot intrude
Entranced in contemplation, deep and sweet,
Of Kapila we kiss the hands and feet.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME MANOURY LACOUR.

How sad it is to find no comrade at my side,
To whose dear hand I may with joy my own confide!
Time flies. What use for me to watch? To while away
Hours yesterday so sad, and sadder still to-day?

To love? Wherefore to love? We only have the pain
Of loving for an hour, a day, within a chain
Which it requireth all the rest of life to sever.
How blest it were to love, if we could love forever!

Forever? Hapless dupe! the thought is most absurd;
Man bears in feeble frame the spirit of a god.
To engrave on unattempted mountain he pretends.
The infinite, of which he dreams, in nothing ends.

THE TRAGEDY OF EARTH.

Alas! alas! the king was old;
His head was gray, his heart was cold.
Full young was she who near reclined;
Ah! why to him by fate assigned?

The page, alas! was fair in form;
His head was brown, his heart was warm.
And he was ever at her side;
And sighing, sighing, still he sighed.

When heart for heart in flame is sheathed,
The heart for which the sighs are breathed
Too well their meaning still doth know.
She understands. Alas, the woe!

The end, for pair so sweet and young,
To tell, needs neither pen nor tongue.
The matchless charm, the fatal touch —
Alas! alas! they loved too much.

A THOUGHT OF KANT.

Two things my soul confronts with awe, —
The starry sky, the moral law.

GOETHE ON NAPOLEON.

When great Napoleon came before the judgment throne,
The devil boldly rose and claimed him as his own.

God said: "As self-possessed, he stands before your eyes,
If you can *take him*, you may have him for your prize."

LICHTENBERG'S HERO.

Among his puppies postures this most vain of men,
And fancies he is Daniel in the lion's den.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

One lovely morning, on the sward I lay;
The air was heavenly fresh; the sun shone bright;
The lustrous leaves were twinkling in their play;
The earth and sky seemed all at one that day.
A voice in silence said from out the blue,
"The angels send this message unto you:
No truth withholds from him its rich reward,
Who, free from self, lies open to the Lord!"
Alas! since first upon the earth began
The struggling and aspiring race of man,
What multitudes this message old have heard,
And eagerly to give it forth bestirred!
How few, not satisfied the law to tell,
Have in themselves observed its order well!
These two or three have mighty epochs made;
And when another such shall be displayed,
Supported by the joined and ripening race, —
The heavenly kingdom comes with speedy pace.

THE CAPTAIN'S DREAM.

(From the German of Anastasius Grün.)

Over a distant sea
A ship by night is speeding;
The captain silently
In slumber lies unheeding.

The keel cuts, still and calm,
The wide and silent spaces;
But, full of dire alarm,
A dream his sleep embraces.

He dreams a lightning flash
The lofty mast has riven,
And on the cliffs in crash
A storm the ship has driven.

Swift overboard he leaps,
And, as the vessel sunders,
Strikes out to swim the deeps
Beneath the bursting thunders.

With fainting arms he steers,
And sees the coast grow nearer;
But on the rocks he hears
The breakers roaring clearer.

Upon a crag, full high,
There stands a beckoning maiden,
Who flings, as he floats nigh,
A rose, with dewdrops laden.

A plank drifts towards his grasp, —
His safety if he chooses;
But, mad the rose to clasp,
The buoyant waif he loses.

His arms can bear no more,
Quick death his spirit crosses;
When from the gulf, ashore,
His form a billow tosses.

Awaking with the shock,
On deck the captain hurries.
The waves the heavens mock;
No breath the calmness flurries.

The sea fresh sunbeams deck;
The air with peace is laden;
No trace of storm or wreck,
No sign of rose or maiden!

A SPEAKER BEHIND THE SPEAKER.

When the stinger stings without intent,
He who then is stung is doubly stung:
For the taunt the taunter never meant
Deeper sinks as launched from Nature's tongue.

THE BLUE TRINITY.

I met her on the first fair day of spring,
When all around with joy appeared to sing.
Within her hand a bunch of violets blue;
Above, all bluely overhung the skies;
Below, more deeply blue were her dear eyes
Whose tender glances thrilled me through and through,
As met we on that first fair day of spring
When all around with joy appeared to sing.
And many a time since then I wish, with pain,
To see that vision fair but once again, —
The triple blue — blue flowers, blue skies, blue eyes
Whose soft, mild glances thrilled me through and through
On that spring day when life was young and new.
All deep and pure desires are prophets true;
And surely somewhere, in yon wooing blue,
A reconciling world of truth is due,
Where sweet fulfilment waits for me and you;
And we shall grasp the meanings with surprise
Of flowers blue, blue heavens, and blue eyes.

CHARM.

From the gem and the flower to the storm,
There is beauty in color and form.

POISE.

Let truce prevail, or battle lower,
Still peace remains the poise of power.

THE GUIDING MAXIM.

Our life on earth flies faster than a dream,
And many ask how most they can enjoy it;
But me true wisdom teaches, as I deem,
Rather to seek how best I can employ it.

A SONG OF TIME AND LOVE.

I loved when yesterday was bright:
To-day, that joy no longer nigh,
I grieve and mourn in doleful plight,
The fatal truth in constant sight,
That when to-morrow comes I die, —
That when to-morrow comes I die.

Then both to-morrow and to-day
Is love a woe? Ah! no, I say;

Because, in noonday or in night,
I find a marvellous delight
In still remembering yesterday, —
In still remembering yesterday.

PRAYER OF A PROBATIONER.

Long doomed to wander solitary here,
Amidst a wilderness of frozen souls;
Still seeing visions that they cannot see,
And hearing voices that they cannot hear;
Most lonely where the crowd most thickly rolls;
Consuming with desires beyond their dreams;
Betossed between extremes of hope and fear,
Where all that is most near most worthless seems,
And solid good a distant vanity;
Myself, O God, I prostrate in the dust,
And cry to thee in agony of trust, —
Enlighten, calm, and guide my mind, I pray,
And how to bless mankind teach me the way.

THE PILGRIM AT THE GOAL.

In rags and sweat and dust, barefooted, tired,
Without a friend or staff, I had aspired, —
Still toiling, patient, on my pilgrim way,
Almost despairing, when, O happy day!

Appeared a sudden light my steps before,
And well I knew the dazzling Tavern door.
The Host himself the glittering wine-cup poured;
Amazed, I reeled, fell prostrate, and adored.
Then, as with long-parched lips the cup I drained,
Swift vanished all that e'er was falsely feigned;
The universe of matter shrunk to naught,
Resplendent blazed the universe of thought;
No speck of ill was left in great or small.
My soul ecstatic soared to embrace the all;
And straight the low was high, the far was nigh,
In boundless God dissolved the raptured I.

Then seemed it not to me that I was He, —
Who could endure such fearful blasphemy?
I was not He, myself in godhead blent,
But every egoistic limit went
Before the drenching flood of Unity,
And I was not at all, but He was me.

Ah, lonely pilgrim, weeping on thy way,
Take heart, and with this truth thy courage stay.
The inmost life of every conscious soul
Impels it toward a universal goal,
Where all the travellers shall unite at last,
To read in one clear view what they have passed,

And, seeing in each part the Whole complete,
Find all they deemed most bitter turned to sweet.

As million dewdrops show the single sun,
Each Unit of the Many holds the ONE!
'T is true, no man the throne of God can reach;
But since no bounds the Infinite enthrall,
The Lord can sit upon his throne in each
And from that point his sceptre sway o'er all.

Although the creature never can become
The pure Creator in his boundless sum;
Yet, since within the humblest mind resides
The MYSTERY no language can declare,
He can from thence expand o'er all besides,
And bring all truth to conscious vision there.
Ah, when at last the vast infinitude
Of finite minds — intelligential brood
Of latent gods, woven in that web of laws
Which represents the omnipresent Cause —
Shall break from out the old chaotic din
Of night and ignorance and strife and sin,
And a divine uniting knowledge win;
Then, focal point of universal thought,
Each one shall be to full fruition brought,
While evermore the blended meanings of the Whole
Make perfect music in the conscious soul.

SOLILOQUY OF A BELIEVER.

Let thy soul keep its poise, undisturbed by the storm
Of misfortune and fear that explodes at thy side;
And no matter what clouds may the prospect deform,
Still be sure that no evil thy soul can betide.

For the infinite God is the ruler of all,
And his image of law has a temple in thee;
Though the world into pieces should threaten to fall,
No remediless ruin can possibly be.

And remember, however the tempest may rip,
That there still, in the heart of the whirling typhoon,
Is a region of absolute calm, where the ship
May repose, like a picture asleep in the moon.

Then whatever the racket that rages around,
Let thy breast never yield to distrust or alarm;
God himself is enthroned in a peace without bound, —
Let his image in thee know as perfect a calm.

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